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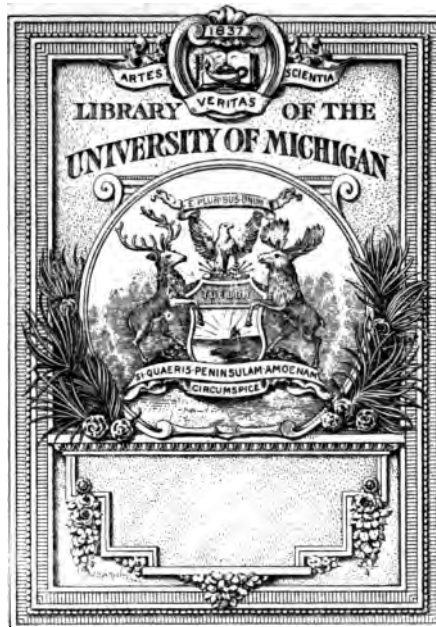
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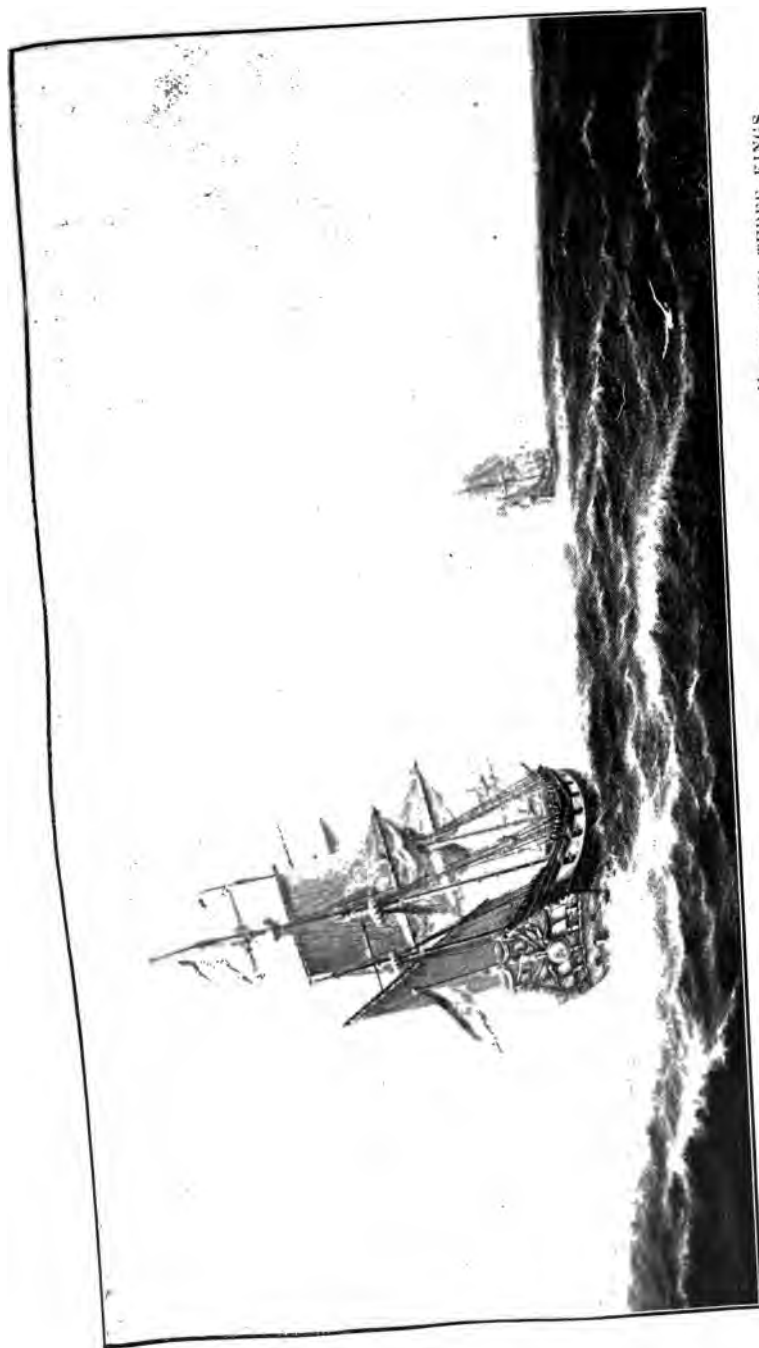
NEW ZEALAND.

i—New Zealand.



*“ A good land, a land of brooks of water,
of fountains and depths that spring up out of
the valleys and hills. . . . A land wherein
thou shalt eat bread without scarceness ; thou
shalt not lack anything in it.”*





From the painting by Capt. M. T. Clayton.]
ABEL TASMAN'S EXPLORING-SHIPS, THE "HEEMSKIRK" AND "ZEEHAAN," OFF THE THREE KINGS,
NEW ZEALAND, A.D. 1642.



NEW ZEALAND,

OR

AO-TEÄ-ROA

(The Long Bright World):

ITS

WEALTH AND RESOURCES, SCENERY,

TRAVEL-ROUTES, SPAS, AND SPORT.

BY

JAMES COWAN.

—

*Published by the New Zealand Government Department
of Tourist and Health Resorts.*

Wellington, N.Z.

BY AUTHORITY: JOHN MACKAY, GOVERNMENT PRINTER.

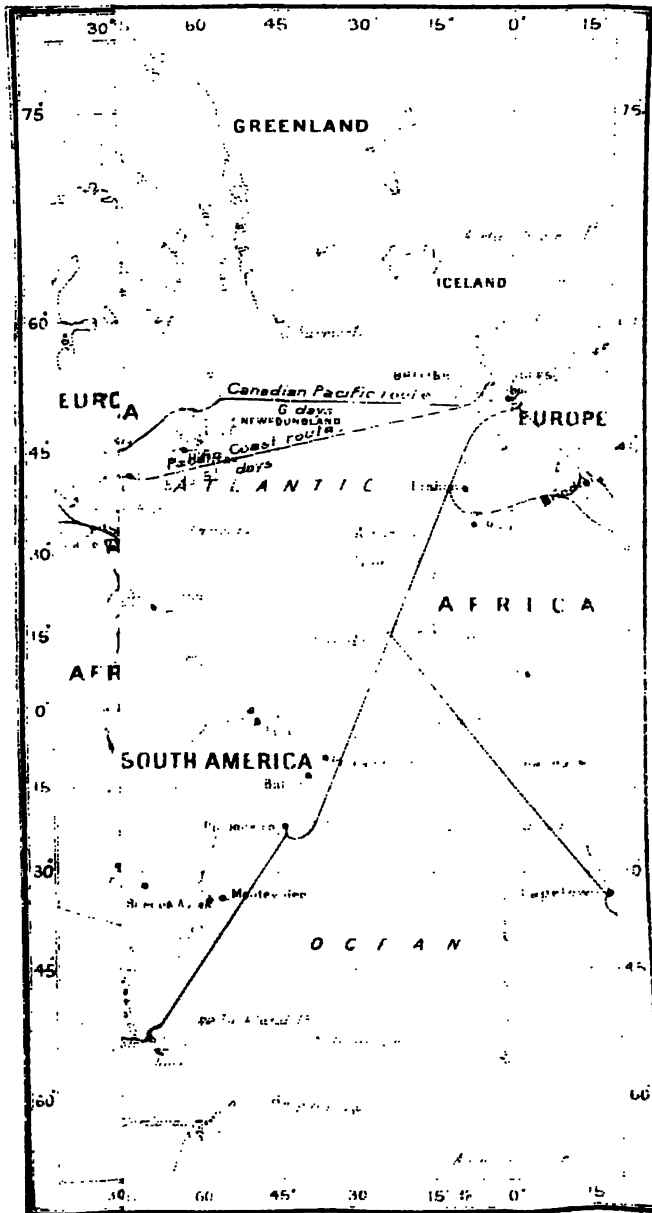
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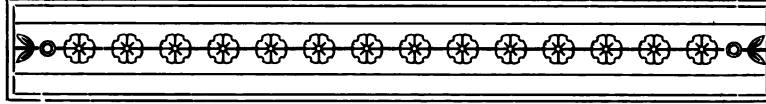
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Ka u ki Mata-nuku,
 Ka u ki Mata-rangi;
 Ka u ki tenei whenua,
 Hei whenua.
 Mau e kai te manawa o tauhou.

[I come where a new land is under my foot,
 Where a new sky is over my head;
 Here on this new land I stand——
 A home for me.
 O Spirit of the Earth! The stranger offers his heart to thee!]

Maori incantation on arriving in a strange country.

....THE DOMINION OF.... NEW ZEALAND.



O-TEA-ROA!" [THE LONG BRIGHT WORLD!] cried Tamatea the Explorer when six centuries ago his Viking-canoe, the Takitumu, made landfall on the east coast of the North Island of New Zealand and the Hawaiian sailor-chief saw stretching athwart his bows and shining in the summer sun the far-extending white cliffs, tree-fringed, of a strange new land. It was a new world indeed of hope and plenty to Tamatea and his adventurous brown seamen,

who left their palmy isles in Eastern Polynesia in search of a less circumscribed home; and on its soil the Maori developed a virility and a national vigour unknown in his olden tropic home, until he became quite the most splendid savage the world has ever seen. And a land of equal promise was it to the white pioneers who founded here a new Britain, the Britain of the Southern Cross—a land that in kindliness and fruitfulness surpassed all their dreams; a perfect home for the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic stock, where the white man might have opportunity to develop, as the brown had done before him after his fashion, the perfect nation.

The white settlers found the Long Bright World capable of producing in abundance everything that is requisite for the comfortable

subsistence of man, and found it above all endowed with perhaps the best and healthiest climate known—not too hot, not too cold, with plenty of wind and plenty of sunshine, plenty of rain throughout the year, and little seasonal variation of temperature.

Probably no island-groups washed by the seas of the Pacific, not even Japan, carry greater interest for the traveller than these islands of New Zealand. This outermost warden of the English flag—lately promoted to the titular dignity of a Dominion of the British Empire—occupies a unique position on the world's map, lying near the middle of the greatest oceanic area on the globe, and its physiography and its indigenous fauna possess, too, features of a unique character. It is a remnant, geologists say, of the old, old southern continent that once extended perhaps nearly to the coast of South America; a long-buried continent where tropic forests bloomed and gigantic struthious birds roved, but where now roll the waves of the loneliest of oceans.

"New Zee-land" the old Dutch cartographers called it when they mapped "Skipper-Commandeur" Abel Janz Tasman's discoveries in the Great South Seas from his sketch-charts of two centuries and a half ago. The name perpetuates under southern skies the memory of the half-drowned coasts of the Netherlands, but this New Zee-land was a very different country to the low, flat birth-land of the Dutch navigator. Long and high, with mountain-peaks that rise to regions of perpetual ice and snow, with islands and coasts of the most irregular and picturesque form, this isolated country down in the South Pacific is as unlike the land of dykes and windmills as it is possible to conceive. Tasman, who was despatched on his exploring cruise to the Pacific by the Dutch East Indies Government in Batavia, Java, in 1642, first named it "Staten-Land," after the Dutch States, but as "Novæ Zeelandia," or New Zealand, it soon came to be known. After all, though, New Zealand is not at all an inappropriate name. It is truly a "New Sea-land"—a lofty land uplifted from the wastes of the most romantic and mysterious sea that ever the high-pooped galleons and barkeys of Spain and Holland ventured into; those quaint old ocean-wagons with their sails piously painted with crosses and their gilded sterns with saints' pictures, and their little spritsail-masts sticking up from sharply-stepped bowsprits. Its scenery and its life are largely of the sea. Long bright arms of blue water stretch far up among the hills; long tidal-rivers carry the salt sea for miles and miles inland, and provide grand waterways; beautiful islands, great hill-and-wildwood parks, are strewn about the warm seas of the northern coasts; and in the south immensely deep sea-fiords push their way through narrow ice-carved water-cañons between tremendous perpendicular walls until they end abruptly at the foot of huge mountains whose indomitable steepness and sternness are only redeemed from utter and overpowering gloom by the wondrously lovely garment of moss and fern and clinging flowering shrubs that the humid climate fosters in these strange regions of the Far South. A sea-land

that is breeding a seafaring, sea-loving race, too. No part of the country is quite eighty miles from the coast. In some places the coast-settlers are half-farmers, half sailors; they can run a motor-launch or sail a cutter, and build one, too, as well as hold a plough or fell a kauri-pine; the sounds and estuaries and mangrove-fringed sea-creeks are their high-roads.

Geographically considered, New Zealand is the Japan of the South Pacific. It has much the same varied configuration, the same abundance of bays and harbours, and, like Japan, lies about midway between the tropics and the Pole. Separated from Australia by eleven hundred miles of ocean, it presents a striking contrast to the island-continent in physical features, in climate, and in fauna and flora. The Dominion consists of three islands lying between the parallels of 34° and 48° south latitude, and the meridians of 166° and 179° east longitude, besides several groups of smaller islands some little distance from the principal group. The main islands of New Zealand, known as the North, the South, and Stewart Islands, have a coast-line of 4,330 miles in length; that of the North Island is 2,200 miles, the South Island, 2,000 miles, and Stewart Island 130 miles. The total area of the Dominion is about 104,750 square miles, or about one-seventh less than the area of Great Britain and Ireland. The North Island covers 44,468 square miles, the South Island 58,525 square miles, Stewart Island 665, and the Chatham Islands 375. The North Island extends over a little more than seven degrees of latitude; the distance between the extreme northerly and southerly points of the Island is 515 miles. Cook Strait, about sixteen miles across at its narrowest part, separates the North and South Islands. The extreme length of the South Island is 525 miles.

The North Island, renowned for its thermal and volcanic sights, is the chief home of the Maori race. Besides the ancient names "Aotearoa" and "Nuku-roa" ("Far-stretching Land"), a classic Maori term for the North Island is "Te Ika-a-Maui" ("The Fish of Maui"), a name which preserves the legend of the ancient canoe-navigator and explorer who is said to have fished the Island up from the depths of the ocean—the Polynesians' allegorical fashion of describing the discovery of a new land.*

* A New Zealand poetess, Miss B. E. Baughan, in her epic "Maui's Fish," thus finely pictures the "Ika-a-Maui," fresh-hauled from the ocean by the magic Fisherman:—

Land! a young Land from the Sea!
 A dark land, of forest; a bright land, of sky and of summits, of tussock
 sun-gilded, of headlands proclaiming the sun:
 Tattoo'd with blue—behold Waikato! lo Wanganui!
 Ey'd with quick eyes—Wakatipu, and over there, Taupo:
 Plumed with sky-feathers, with clouds and with snow, begirt with the
 mat of the Ocean
 Border'd with foam, with fine fringes of sand, with breast-jewels of
 clear-coloured pebbles:—
 Up it sprang, out it burst from the folds of the foam, out it stood,
 Bare-bright on the jewel-bright Sea:—
 A new Land!



From the painting by Capt. M. T. Clayton.]
CAPTAIN COOK, IN THE " ENDEAVOUR, " OFF THE EAST COAST OF NEW ZEALAND, A.D. 1769.

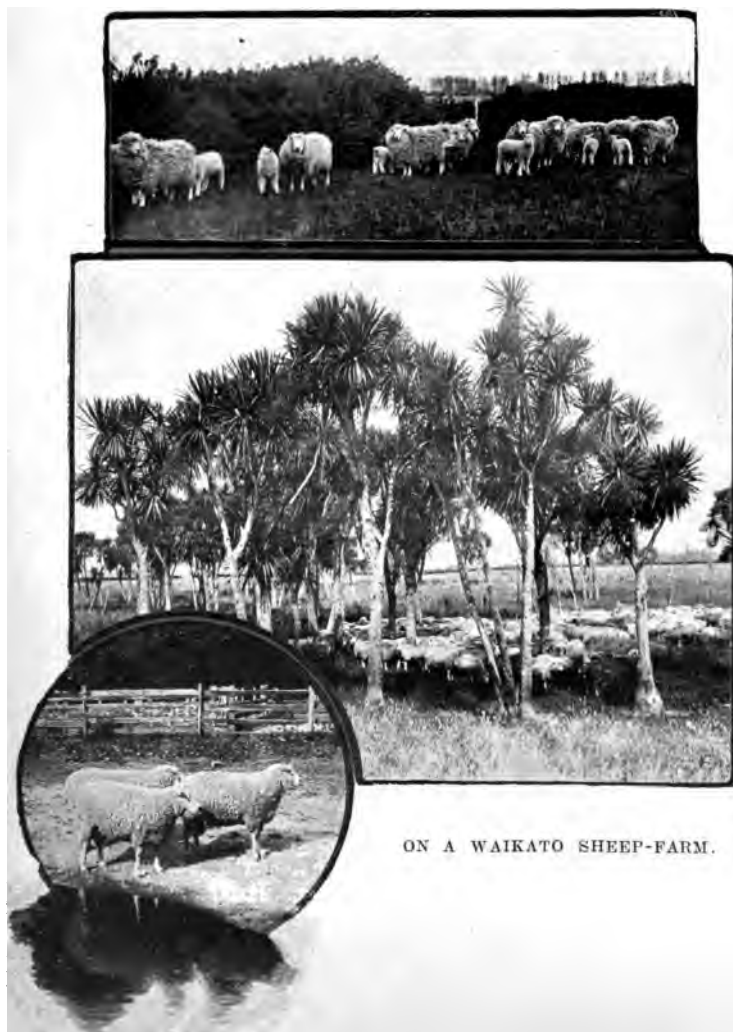
The South Island, with its great snowy range, its rushing ice-fed rivers, windy tussock-grassed plains, and dark illimitable forests, was less suitable as a home for the Maori than the sunny Fish of Maui; nevertheless it possessed an enormous attraction for them in the form of the precious green jade-stone (*pounamu*), of which they made ornaments and weapons, and the Island is to this day called by them "Te Wai-pounamu" ("The Waters of Greenstone").

The boundaries of New Zealand include a number of outlying islands—the Kermadec Group, the Chatham Islands, and others, and were in 1901 further extended to include for purposes of administration a number of islands and atolls in the South Pacific, aggregating an area of 280 square miles, with a Polynesian Native population of between twelve and thirteen thousand. These tropic islands, small of size, but rich and productive, lie between 8° and 23° south latitude, and 156° and 170° west longitude, and include the Cook Islands (of which Rarotonga is the most important), Niue or Savage Island, Suwarow, Danger Island, Palmerston Island, Penrhyn Island, Manihiki, and Rakahanga. A considerable trade is carried on with New Zealand by means of steamers and schooners; the principal articles of production are oranges, bananas, and other fruit, copra (dried cocoanut), and pearl-shell.

Climatically, New Zealand's chief characteristics are breeziness and brightness, with a plentiful and regular rainfall, and a sun whose rays have none of the merciless glare of tropic latitudes. It is a land of never-fading verdure. The native forest vegetation is evergreen, and introduced trees such as the oak and the willow are longer in leaf than they were in their original English homes. And even the trout and the deer introduced from the Northern Hemisphere thrive and increase to an extent hardly to be credited in the old lands, for here they find conditions of life favourable to their highest development—and these conditions suit the human animal equally well. The climate is everywhere tempered by the sea-breezes; and it may be broadly said that New Zealand's climate presents no great extremes of heat or cold. The mean annual temperature of the North Island is about 56° Fahr.; that of the South Island is set down at 51.9° . The difference in the mean annual temperature between the cities of Auckland and Dunedin—630 miles apart—is less than 9° ; Auckland's mean of readings for the year is 58.8° Fahr.; Dunedin's is 50.1° . The climate has been called "a wine without headache." A traveller testifies that "it has the variability that gives vigour without the perpetual smile that makes Hawaii so depressing if you outstay its first welcome."

Owing to the position and configuration of the country, it is free from such plagues of continental lands as disastrous droughts and floods, burning summer winds, dust-storms and blizzards. The country is not locked up by winter snows; ordinary pursuits, both in town and country, can be followed every day of the year. An unimpeachable proof of the healthiness of the climate is the low

death-rate of the Dominion—the lowest in the world. In 1907 the death-rate was 10·95 per thousand of the population; but for the eleven years' period, 1896–1907, it averaged only 9·86 per thousand. Epidemics of such pestilential diseases as plague, smallpox, malaria, are unknown. Everywhere the country abounds with good fresh water, in thousands of lakes, rivers, streams, and never-failing springs. There are no snakes or venomous reptiles of any kind. Certainly a country of pleasant prospect for the traveller and the home-seeker.



ON A WAIKATO SHEEP-FARM.

A period of barely sixty-eight years covers the life-story of New Zealand as a civilised settlement. What a wonderful story of pioneering and of nation-building that short era holds! From an almost unknown country of cannibal savages New Zealand has become a British Dominion of great wealth, covered with farms, towns, and cities; her seaports resorted to by ocean-liners from all parts of the globe; peopled by a strong, healthy, virile race, who possess the highest average wealth per head of any people in the world; whose laws are framed in the interests of the whole community, and not for the aggrandisement of any one class; a land where man may live a happier, more independent life than in many an older land of the North; a country already of some note for the development of its great natural resources—for its gold-mines and its pastoral industries, for the meat and wool and other products which it sends away in many millions of pounds' worth every year to help to feed and clothe the people of the



AN OTAGO HARVEST SCENE.

Old Country, the land from which its founders sailed to build new homes in a wild and savage land. The population of New Zealand is small as yet—just a million souls all told. There is room in the island-group for ten, fifteen, perhaps twenty millions. But already this tiny nation is wealthy in a degree marvellous to think of; and its natural blessings of fertile soil, good climate, and an enormous range of natural resources are well seconded by its beneficent and humanitarian legislation and helpful State institutions.

Consider some figures that definitely fix for us some idea of New Zealand's progress in a period that is less than the allotted span of a man's life. The aggregate value of the production, including manufactured goods, of the Dominion during the last year for which returns are available was something over £41,000,000, or \$205,000,000. Of this amount, something like £22,000,000 was the product of the soil in the form of wool, frozen meat, butter and cheese, grain, and other

agricultural produce. Very nearly half the total production is exported; the value of exports was over £20,000,000 for last year. There are over 37,000,000 acres of land in occupation, divided into more than seventy-three thousand separate holdings. There are on the farms of New Zealand more than 22,000,000 sheep, whose wool-clip is worth considerably over £8,000,000 sterling per annum. There are more than 1,800,000 cattle in the Dominion. Along the coasts ply fleets of splendid steamers; one fleet alone, that of the premier shipping company in the Southern Hemisphere, which belongs to the port of Dunedin, numbers over sixty fine steamships. Over forty large ocean-liners are constantly engaged in carrying passengers and cargo between New Zealand and Great Britain. These carry away between three and four million pounds' worth of New Zealand's frozen meat every year, and, in addition, more than two million pounds' worth of butter and cheese, besides the great bulk of the wool already referred to, and millions of pounds' worth of other produce. New Zealand's gold-mines yield over £2,000,000 per annum, and have since their discovery produced gold to the enormous value of over £70,000,000. Her yield of coal—much of it equal to the best Welsh steam-fuel—is about 1,750,000 tons per annum, and is capable of an exceedingly large increase. There are four large cities whose population range from fifty thousand up to over eighty thousand, and there are scores of towns and hundreds of villages and hamlets. The country has a good State railway system, on which over £25,000,000 has been expended. There are nearly two thousand State schools for primary education, besides a New Zealand University, with colleges in each large centre. New Zealand spends nearly three-quarters of a million sterling on educating her children. In the various facilities and conveniences of daily life the Dominion is well equipped. There were at the last return 9,656 miles of telegraph-line, and these lines and the telephones are being constantly increased. There are hospitals, public libraries, museums, &c., throughout the Islands.

Judged by the test of accumulated wealth, New-Zealanders are in a more prosperous condition than any other civilised people on the face of the globe. The average amount of private wealth per head of the population in the Dominion, as estimated early this year by New Zealand's Registrar-General, is £335, or \$1,675. The average wealth per head in 1895 was £219, so that the average accumulation per head has increased by £116, or over 50 per cent., in a little over a decade. Ten years ago the gross amount of private wealth was estimated at a little over £170,000,000. This amount has been almost doubled, for the aggregate private wealth of the people last year was set down at £304,654,000. The average increase is about ten millions sterling each year. For the year 1906 the average amount left by each adult person who died in the Dominion was £591 10s. Then, in addition to the private wealth, there is the public property in the form of State lands, the Government Railways, and other public works, aggregating over £62,000,000; of this total the railways alone

represented, at the date of the estimate, £24,000,000. Adding to these totals the estimated value of Native-owned lands, nearly £10,000,000, it is found that New Zealand, a country with just under a million inhabitants, possesses public and private property to the value of £376,400,000, as against its external national and municipal indebtedness of about £59,000,000. The public revenue, a large portion of which is devoted to reproductive works, such as new railways, now amounts to more than £9,000,000 per annum.

There is a general "well-to-do" air; and there are abundant proofs of the prosperity of the country producer—the man whose wool, frozen meat, butter, and cheese go to fill the great ocean-steamers that tramp the seas regularly between New Zealand and London. The farmer and stock-raiser often has his own motor-car for pleasure and for business; he not infrequently can afford a trip to England or America—for New-Zealanders, in spite of their geographical isolation, are great travellers.



A NEW ZEALAND HOMESTEAD.

There are many ways in which a strenuous life on the land is brightened in New Zealand. There is plenty of good sport, for everywhere there are trout-streams carrying big fish—the rainbow trout from California in particular has thriven wonderfully in these well-favoured lands; and there is no lack of food for the rifle or the shot-gun. Perhaps the pleasantest life of all is that of the settler who has fixed his home near some sheltered bay or tidal river or estuary, where the good land, with its flocks and herds, and grain-crops and orchards, slopes gently down to the curving tree-shaded beach of white sand, where his sailing-yacht or motor-launch, perhaps, lies moored close by, and where he can spend delightful days cruising from sheltered bay to bay and from island unto island, or fish and shoot to his heart's content. Hundreds, thousands of beautiful sites for just such homes there are in these islands, from North Auckland and the

Hauraki Gulf down to the Bay of Plenty, and to Kawhia Harbour, and further south along the thousand-armed sounds of Marlborough and the shores of beautiful Nelson Province.

What a marvellous country it is, too, for the traveller! In the North Island, crossing the long grassy plains and mounting the woody ranges, he enters the wonderful Geyserland, and sees geysers spout and hot springs bubble up from the underworld; hears fumaroles roaring like a hundred steam-sirens; and boats over boiling lakes. In the South Island he sees the huge white wall of the Alps; sails along great solemn blue glacier-fed inland seas; travels by rail or coach through immense stretches of mossy and ancient pine forests, with their fairylands of ferns; or, in the country of the Sounds, cruises along the ice-bevelled bases of tremendous granite castle-walls that shoot up very nearly a mile in vertical height above the blue-black waters of the greatest of the world's sea-fiords.



A WESTLAND PICTURE: THE FRANZ JOSEF GLACIER FROM THE FOREST.

The sportsman-tourist can combine trout-fishing with his sight-seeing if he arrives any time between October and the end of May, and during the months of April and May he can, if a shooting-man, add the pleasure of deer-stalking to his other experiences. Every kind of English sport flourishes here, from polo to golf, and following the hounds to yachting. And if one is fond of variety and rapid change of scene he can, in the space of a very few days after he has been cruising lazily on the warm blue summer seas of the many-islanded Hauraki Gulf, find himself, ice-axe in hand, making a traverse of the biggest glacier in the temperate zones of the earth, or scaling one of the many scores of lofty snow-blanketed peaks that build up the splendid white cordillera of the Southern Alps.

This island Dominion is pre-eminently a land of mountain, stream, lake, and forest. Nowhere are you very far out of sight of a mountain, and even on the great wheat-growing plains of South Canterbury—the largest extent of level land in the Dominion—the outlying ranges of the Southern Alps can be seen far away to the west, while the blue ocean rolls on the east. This combination of highland, running water, lake, and greenwood helps to make New Zealand a very pleasant country for the traveller. Cultivation, too, has improved the character of the scenery over a great portion of the land, and the thousands of beautiful homesteads scattered over the length and breadth of the Island group are all the more eye-pleasing by contrast with the tangled luxuriance of the deep forests or the free, wild distances of the fern- and tutu-scrub-clad country still waiting to be broken in to the purposes of man.

New Zealand is particularly well provided with national pleasure-grounds. With the recent addition of the magnificent Fiordland National Park of 2,000,000 acres, the State's recreation, forest, and scenic reserves total about 3,000,000 acres—a national heritage of immense value as pleasure-lands and great schools for nature-study.

In a new country like this one of the largest items of State expenditure is necessarily the construction of means of inland communication—roads and railways. Just now a great deal of public money is being spent on roading the backblocks in order to give settlers access to their bush farms, and on building railways absolutely necessary for inter-communication between different provinces of the Dominion. More than half a million sterling is now in course of expenditure on roads in new country, the country that will very quickly repay this sum in its output of beef and mutton, and butter and cheese. As for railways, this year has seen the completion of the most important rail-track in New Zealand, the North Island Main Trunk, connecting the two largest cities of the Dominion—Auckland and Wellington—and penetrating some exceedingly fine country, both from the traveller's and the farmer's view-points. It is a monumental work, conquering engineering difficulties almost as great as those which were encountered on some of the great American railways through the wild mountain country of the West. Several immense viaducts of steel and concrete and a singular spiral where the line curves and recurves back on itself are remarkable features on this 426-mile rail run. One viaduct, the Makatote, of massive yet graceful design, is 260 ft. above the bed of the creek it crosses—a magnificent intricacy of steel girders, trusses, ties, and cross-ties.

In the South Island, on the trans-alpine railway which is to connect the Canterbury Plains, on the east side of the island, with the well-wooded and highly mineralised littoral of Westland—particularly rich in coal and gold, and celebrated because it is the home of the greenstone or *pounamu*—an even more colossal work is on hand. This is the piercing of the great snowy range of the Southern Alps by a tunnel five miles and a quarter in length, which will cost something over £600,000, and take five years at least to cut.

It has been said that no country "finds itself," as Kipling's ship "found herself"—no country achieves nationhood—until it has passed through the fiery furnace of war. New Zealand has passed through hers; has known long years of contest with a fierce and brave Native people; and the white man has long changed places with the Maori in the domination of Maoriland. In the North Island there are few places you can travel, along the well-beaten tourist routes or off them, where you will not pass spots renowned in local story, *pakeha* or Maori. There are old battlefields where now grass and corn wave over the graves of brave men of both races who met each other in deadly conflict; ruined hill forts by the hundreds; rivers where once British gunboats peppered the patriot "rebels"; deserted redoubts where once British redcoats paraded and regimental bugles sounded. In Taranaki, where the richest pastures in the Dominion are watered by scores of streams from the lordly cone of Egmont, swelling up for more than 8,000 ft. in exquisitely symmetrical lines to its snow-tipped



MOUNT EGMONT, TARANAKI.

summit, nearly every yard of the beautiful province is historic ground, sacred to the tragic memories of the Ten Years Maori War.

New Zealand's one great need is population—a population of the sort that will open up the back-country with axe and plough. A million of people, counting the Maoris, is certainly a thin peopling for our 67,000,000 acres of territory. Large areas of Native lands are now in one way or another being made available for settlement; and Crown lands in many parts, more particularly in the North Island, are being surveyed and cut up in farm areas, varying according to quality and situation of the land. The Dominion needs a large inflow of population of the carefully selected kind to bring her waste places into cultivation, and cover the silent hills and valleys with cattle and sheep, with homesteads and villages, and multiply by a score of times the present numbers of bales of wool and carcasses of prime mutton and beef and shiploads of butter and cheese exported to the other side of the globe.



VER forty large steamships are engaged in the passenger and cargo trade between New Zealand and Great Britain. The voyage direct from London to New Zealand takes about forty days. The steamers of the New Zealand Shipping Company and the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company leave London and New Plymouth fortnightly for New Zealand ports *via* Capetown and Hobart: the return voyage is made round Cape Horn and *via* Rio de Janeiro or Monte Video. The splendid liners of these companies are from 6,000 to over 12,000 tons register. There is also the excellent passenger and cargo service of the Federal-Houlder-Shire lines, carried on under contract with the New Zealand Government. This company, with a fleet of fine steamships of up to 10,000 tons, carries on a direct service between the west coast of the United Kingdom and New Zealand. The British ports visited are Liverpool, Manchester (by the great Manchester Ship Canal, which enables the largest ocean-liners to steam into the heart of England), Glasgow, and Avonmouth; some South African ports are also included



AN OLD-TIME NEW ZEALAND LINER.

[Up to twenty-five years ago most emigrants to New Zealand reached the colony by sailing-ship, of which the fine clipper here pictured, the New Zealand Shipping Company's iron ship "Rangitiki," is a good example. The voyage from England to New Zealand occupied from about eighty to a hundred days.]

to New Zealand is about thirty-eight days. An interesting route from America to New Zealand is by way of Tahiti (Society Islands), in the Eastern Pacific. Mail-steamers run to Tahiti from San Francisco, and a regular mail-service between Wellington and Tahiti has just been arranged by the New Zealand Government. The time from San Francisco to Wellington by this route is to be about twenty-four days; London to Wellington, *via* San Francisco and Tahiti, thirty-four to thirty-five days.

in the service. These steamers have good accommodation for first and third class passengers. The Tyser Company, with a fleet of large cargo-carriers, conducts a regular New Zealand trade with New York, as well as with Great Britain.

The next most convenient way of travel from Great Britain to New Zealand is by way of the "All Red" route, across British North America by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Vancouver, thence by mail-steamer across the Pacific, transshipping at Fiji or Sydney for Auckland. The time occupied from London



A NEW ZEALAND LINER OF TO-DAY.

[The Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company's R.M.S. "Corinthic," 12,231 tons. Time from England to New Zealand, about forty days.]

The route from England *via* Suez and Australia by the steamers of the P. and O., Orient, and other lines takes from five to six weeks.

Between Australia and New Zealand ports there is communication every few days by the fine steamers of the Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand, and the Huddart, Parker, and Co. proprietary. In the coastal trade there are numerous large and comfortable steamers belonging to these and other companies. Auckland,

which may be taken as the most convenient port of disembarkation, can be reached from various parts of the world, as follows :—

From London	..	..	in 34 to 40 days
„ New York	..	..	31 „
„ Chicago	..	..	30 „
„ San Francisco	..	..	24 „
„ Vancouver	..	..	22 to 23 „
„ Honolulu	..	..	16 „
„ China	..	..	23 „
„ Japan	..	..	29 „
„ Colombo	..	..	20 „
„ Sydney	..	..	3½ „



THE N.Z. SHIPPING COMPANY'S
S.S. "TURAKINA," 8210 TONS.



A NEW ZEALAND CARGO-STEAMER.

[The F.-H.-S. Line's "Oswestry Grange," in the Manchester Ship Canal.]

The following are the fares charged on the principal routes from London and other parts of the world to New Zealand :—

Direct Ocean route (about 13,000 miles): By New Zealand Shipping Company and Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company: Single fares—First-class, £64 to £74; second-class, £38 and £43; third-class, £17 to £21: return fares—First class, £115; second class, £66; third class, £31 to £37. By Federal-Houlder-Shire Line: Single fares—First class, £50; third class, £16 to £21. The Aberdeen Line and Lund's Blue Anchor Line steamers, trading to Australia, *via* South Africa,

also book passengers for New Zealand, transshipping at Sydney or Melbourne. The saloon rates of passage are from £60 to £70 single, and from £105 to £121 return; third class (single-journey fares), from £17 to £21.

London to New Zealand *via* the Canadian and Australian line (the "All-Red" route), crossing America to Vancouver by the Canadian Pacific Railway, thence by mail-steamer to Fiji and Auckland: Single fares London to Wellington—First class, £68 4s. 5d. to £74 4s. 5d.; second class, £40 18s. to £43 5s. 2d. Vancouver to Auckland or Wellington, *via* Fiji, and thence branch-steamer to New Zealand: Saloon, \$200; second class, \$100. *Via* Sydney: Saloon, \$213.25; second class, \$113.25; third class, to Auckland or Wellington, \$80 to \$87.75. Return fare, London to Wellington and back, going and returning by the C. and A. line and the C.P.R. from and to Vancouver, with an Atlantic-steamer berth at £20 16s. 8d. each way, *via* Montreal, Halifax, Portland, New York, or Boston: First class throughout, £135. Full particulars as to fares are to be had at any office of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Canada, the United States, or the United Kingdom.



A VANCOUVER LINER: THE U.S.S. CO.'S
"MANUKA."

Route *via* Suez and Australia, by P. and O., Orient, and Messageries Maritimes lines: Single fares—First class, £88; second class, £47 6s. and £50 12s.; third class (Orient line only), £18 to £22: return fares—First class, £132; second class, £75 18s.; third class, £32 to £39. By Nord-Deutscher Lloyd line: Single—First class, £77 to £88; second class, £47 6s. and £50 12s.; third class, £16 to £18: return—First class, £132; second class, £75 18s.

From Capetown to New Zealand the fares are: Saloon, £25 10s. to £30; second class, £20; third class, £10 10s. to £12 15s. By Lund's Blue Anchor line (transshipping in Australian ports), the fares range from £14 14s. to £36 15s.

The fares from Colombo to New Zealand *via* Australia (P. and O. and other lines as far as Sydney and Melbourne) are: First class—627 rupees single, 941 rupees return; second class—528 rupees single, 792 rupees return.

From Hong Kong or Manila to New Zealand (transshipping at Sydney) by the steamers of the Eastern and Australian S.S. line, the fares are: First class, £47; second class, £33 (with saloon accommodation, intercolonial steamer).

By the Nord-Deutscher Lloyd line the fares from Hong Kong (also *via* Sydney) to Wellington are: Saloon, £47; second class, £33.

The steamer-fares (saloon) from Australian ports to New Zealand are: Sydney to Auckland or Wellington—Single, £7; return, £11 10s. Melbourne to the Bluff—Single, £7 10s.; return, £12 5s.

Passengers' luggage and worn personal effects are admitted into New Zealand free of duty, subject to Customs examination.

New Zealand is in constant touch with other countries by means of the electric telegraph. Besides the Eastern Extension cable-line from Sydney, there is the trans-Pacific cable—the "All Red" line—connecting the Dominion with Vancouver, British North America, *via* Norfolk Island, Fiji, and Fanning Island.

New Zealand was the first country in the world to adopt penny postage for oversea letters as well as for letters within the Dominion. The telegraph rate is a half-penny per word.

The New Zealand Government Railways cover about 2,500 miles. The gauge of the lines is 3 ft. 6 in. The carriages are constructed



CLIMBING THE RIMUTAKA RANGE, ON THE WELLINGTON-NAPIER RAILWAY.

on the American saloon-car principle, with reversible seats. There are dining-cars on all the long-distance lines. No long-distance train are run on Sundays. Passengers are allowed to carry 112 lb. of luggage free. The cost of travel is very moderate. A tourist excursion-ticket

first-class, over all the Government rail-lines in both Islands, available for six weeks, costs £7 ; a ticket over the North Island lines only, for one month, can be had for £4, and one over the South Island lines, for the same period, £5.

Many of the most interesting parts of the Dominion are traversed by stage-coaches. This is often an exceedingly pleasant method of travel ; the roads are good, and the coaches well-horsed and skilfully driven. Motoring is now well established in New Zealand, and many travellers adopt this expeditious fashion of seeing the country.

Good hotel-accommodation throughout New Zealand averages 10s. per day.



DINING-CAR ON NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS.

A very useful State Department in New Zealand is the Department of Tourist and Health Resorts, which, under the management of Mr. T. E. Donne, undertakes the development of the Dominion's great scenic regions, its hydro-thermal districts, and its magnificent travel-tracks. To the end that visitors to the Dominion may travel, take the baths, climb the mountains, and sail across the lakes in comfort, and with enjoyment, Mr. Donne's Department is charged with the task of improving as much as possible the holiday-grounds, routes, and spas. The Department has all kinds of duties to perform, from giving rheumatic or gouty travellers hot mineral-water baths and

scientific massage to guiding the adventurous ones over the Alps. It makes roads and bridges, and builds boats and steamers; yearly it opens up new travel-tracks by land and water; in fact, it pioneers the country for the pleasure-hunter. The Department has agencies in all the cities and the chief tourist-resorts of the Dominion, and here the tourist, the sportsman, and the health-seeker are furnished, free of any charge, with full information as to the scenic routes, spas, and mineral waters, shooting and fishing, cost of transit and accommodation, &c., and are, in short, shown exactly how to extract the utmost benefit and pleasure from the New Zealand tour at the minimum of expense. At Auckland, Rotorua, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, Invercargill, Queenstown, and elsewhere these information-offices are maintained. Then, besides the famous spas and watering-places of Rotorua, Te Aroha, and Hanmer Hot Springs, the Department has comfortable hotels and accommodation-houses in some of the principal scenic centres, and runs its own steamers, motor-launches, and boats on various celebrated lakes and rivers. The Town of Rotorua, the centre of the great Geyserland, is now under the entire management of this Department, as far as the municipal functions and utilities are concerned.

The General Manager of the Tourist Department has his headquarters in Wellington. The Department has branch offices in Sydney (339 George Street) and Melbourne (289 Collins Street). In London all information desired concerning the Dominion is furnished at the office of the High Commissioner for New Zealand, Westminster Chambers, 13 Victoria Street, S.W.

A useful informative office associated with the Department of Tourist and Health Resorts is the Department of Industries and Commerce, of which Mr. T. E. Donne is also the executive head. The chief objects of the Department are to supply information regarding the world's markets to New Zealand exporters; to open up new markets; to see that the country's produce and manufactures are placed upon British and foreign markets in a condition best suited to merchants and consumers; to arrange for favourable shipping-facilities and freights; and to give reliable information to persons in any country who may desire to settle in New Zealand for the purpose of working the soil, or to enter into commerce or manufactures.



COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL SUMMARY.

NEW ZEALAND'S WEALTH AND PROGRESS.

Population 31st December, 1907 (European)	929,484
Maoris (census, 1906)	47,731
Cook and other Pacific Islands (census, 1906)	12,340
Arrivals in Dominion in 1907	36,108
Increase in population for year 1907	20,758
Imports, 1907 (for year ending 31st December)	£17,302,861
Exports, 1907	£20,068,957
Value of principal exports—	
Wool	£7,657,278
Frozen meat	£3,420,664
Gold	£2,027,490
Butter	£1,615,345
<i>Phormium tenax</i> (hemp)	£832,068
Kauri-gum	£579,888
Cheese	£662,355
Output of coal (tons)	1,831,009
Land in cultivation, 1907 8 —	
Total number of occupied holdings (one acre and over)	73,367
Total area (including sown grasses and land in fallow) (acres)	15,001,940
In crops (acres)	1,709,592
In sown grasses (acres)	13,128,305
In fallow (acres)	49,272
Total area of land in occupation (acres)	37,564,278
Live-stock—	
Horses	353,257
Cattle	1,816,299
Dairy cows (included above)	600,363
Sheep	22,449,053

SUMMARY OF PRODUCTION FOR 1905–1906 (LATEST OFFICIAL ESTIMATE).

Estimated value of production—	£
Net agricultural produce	6,163,895
Pastoral, dairy, and poultry produce	15,882,132
Mining produce	3,871,991
Manufactures	6,636,120
Miscellaneous (including fisheries and forestry)	1,761,251
	£34,315,389
Value of building trade, industries not included in manufactories, and general labour	6,838,380
Total value of production and works	£41,153,769

The following statement shows the most important industries in operation in 1906, giving the values of their output for 1905, and compared with the output of each for the year 1895 :—

	Total Value of all Manu- factures or Products.	
	1905. £	1895. £
Meat freezing and preserving and boiling-down works	4,928,545	1,652,275
Butter and cheese factories	2,581,639	501,274
Sawmills, sash and door factories	2,128,766	898,807
Tanning, fellmongering, and wool-scouring establishments	1,836,310	1,237,252
Printing establishments (not including Government Printing Office)	1,067,827	389,124
Grain-mills	1,058,686	874,656
Iron and brass foundries, boiler-making, machinists, &c. (not including Government Railway Workshops)	877,834	302,815
Clothing and boot and shoe factories	810,008	638,512
Breweries and malthouses	645,637	418,830
Tailoring establishments	578,416	..
Flax-mills	557,808	32,546
Woollen-mills	397,348	302,423
Gasworks	386,920	199,025
Dressmaking and millinery	331,268	..
Furniture and cabinetmaking	328,185	85,327
Coach building and painting	294,818	148,969
Grass-seed dressing	270,028	..
Ham and bacon curing	253,937	86,022
Biscuit-factories	225,476	118,979
Brick, tile, and pottery works	216,550	66,140
Agricultural-implement factories	199,741	102,054
Aerated-water factories	189,561	98,609
Soap and candle works	178,556	152,298
Saddlery and harness factories	140,813	63,735
Chaff-cutting	139,060	78,497
Sugar-boiling and confectionery	138,635	33,235
Tinware-factories	127,150	63,723
Woodware and turnery	110,225	18,276
Lime and cement works	107,675	15,881
Rope and twine works	100,753	52,400
Fruit-preserving and jam-making	98,032	36,108



SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC PROGRESS.

WHAT THE STATE DOES FOR THE PEOPLE.



THERE are no millionaires in New Zealand. *Wealth is distributed more widely and equitably amongst the people of this little nation in the South Pacific than in any other country on the globe. There are no starving poor. As far as the efforts of an advanced and helpful system of government can assure it, a fair opportunity to earn a comfortable living is given to every man. There are no trusts, no private monopolies that pile up huge fortunes for a few individuals at the expense of the community. Politics are not dominated by rings or "machines." The great body of the people control the affairs of the nation.*

The land system is based upon the firm conviction that the ultimate happiness and prosperity of the nation depend upon the successful settling of the people upon the soil, with reasonable limits as to the area occupied by each individual.

These, summarised, are some of the chief features of State control and national enterprise in New Zealand :—

The Land.—The people are encouraged and assisted to settle upon and develop the land.

The long-lease system, with right of renewal, enables the new settler to devote his capital to the development of his holding. The State buys large improved estates, and cuts them up for close settlement on easy terms.

State Ownership.—The railways and telegraph and telephone lines are owned and managed by the State. The Government also owns and works two coal-mines for the benefit of consumers.

Help for the Farmer.—The Government Department of Agriculture aims at securing the adoption of the most modern methods of farming, improving the conditions under which crops are produced and stock reared, and safeguarding the reputation of the Dominion's produce by raising the grade of the products exported. It has a staff of about three hundred officers; it has ten divisions, covering every branch of agricultural and pastoral industry in the Dominion. In the Dairy Division, all dairy produce prior to shipment is inspected and graded;



RIGHT HON. SIR JOSEPH G. WARD, P.C., K.C.M.G.,
PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND.

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all sales of New Zealand butter and cheese are based upon the Government grade. In addition to the grading staff, experts are constantly employed in making periodical visits of instruction to those engaged in the manufacture of butter and cheese both in the co-operative factories, now so numerous throughout the Dominion, and private dairy farms.—In the Veterinary Division much good work is done in the way of preventing the spread of contagious diseases amongst stock, and in the inspection of all meat for export and meat killed at the public abattoirs for local consumption. Every animal killed at the abattoirs and every carcass and every tin of meat prepared for export is subject to a most careful inspection. The Chief Veterinarian at the head of this division has a staff of about sixty qualified veterinary surgeons and other officers.—The Divisions of Horticulture and Biology are mainly concerned with the fostering of the fruit industry. Orchards throughout the Dominion are inspected by qualified instructors, and fruit-growers have the practical assistance of the division in dealing with orchard and garden pests. Settlers are given useful information concerning grasses, weeds, insects, &c., and the best methods necessary for combating diseases affecting crops. The fruit-canning industry is assisted by the services of a fruit-preserving expert, and there are bee-keeping experts for the instruction of all those interested in the honey trade.—The wine-making industry has the attention of the Government Viticulturist, who superintends the Government vineries in the Auckland and Hawke's Bay Districts, and makes visits of inspection to the vineyards throughout the Dominion. Large quantities of phylloxera-resistant vines are supplied to growers.—The Poultry Division is now becoming an important branch of the Department. There are poultry-breeding stations at Ruakura, South Auckland; Moumahaki, in the South Taranaki district; Burnham, near Christchurch; and Milton, in Otago; and at the four chief ports of the Dominion there are depots for the dressing and grading of poultry for export. Many thousands of birds are now sent away annually from these stores in the freezing-chambers of the large ocean-steamers.—The flaxmilling industry engages the attention of a special division, consisting of a Chief Fibre Expert and a number of graders and instructors and other officers. Experiments in the systematic cultivation of the native *Phormium tenax* for hemp-making purposes are now being carried on by the Department, for the benefit of flax-growers and millers.

Government Loans to Settlers.—The system of Government loans to farmers and others, under the Advances to Settlers Act, is of great assistance to many a man beginning his life on the land. It has lowered the rate of interest, has done away with the necessity of resorting to private money-lenders, and has afforded relief to many thousands of settlers. The business of the Government Advances to Settlers Office is the advancing of money in New Zealand on first mortgage of lands and improvements held in fee-simple or under the various systems of tenure from the Crown, or on lease from Maori

Land Boards. Loans are granted on the instalment principle—(a) on all freeholds up to three-fifths of the value of the security (in the case of first-class agricultural freeholds loans may be made up to two-thirds of the value); (b) on leaseholds up to three-fifths of the lessee's interest in the lease. The loans granted range from £25 up to £3,000. Loans are repayable by seventy-three half-yearly payments of principal and interest combined. They may also be repaid in whole or in part at any time. Interest is charged at the rate of 5 per cent., reducible to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for prompt payment.

Help for the Workman.—With the object of providing sanitary and up-to-date suburban dwellings in healthy surroundings for urban workers, the Government is establishing in the vicinity of the principal cities model homes at cheap rents, with purchasing clause; and frequent train services between city and suburbs are arranged for the convenience of workers. Under "The Government Advances to Workers Act, 1906," money is loaned to workers desirous of providing themselves with homes, on first mortgage of urban and suburban lands, either freehold or held under any of the classes of Crown tenure. The maximum limit of these loans is £350, and the interest is the same as in the case of advances to settlers.

The Railways.—The railways of the Dominion are run for the public service and the development of the country, not primarily for profit. State ownership of the railways encourages settlement, by cheap passenger and freight rates and by large concessions to farmers and facilities to producers for export. There is no discrimination between shippers; no favouritism for the big consignor. State control of the railways has been a splendid success in New Zealand. Over twelve thousand men are employed by the Department on the various lines and in the big workshops, where the Department builds its own locomotives and other rolling-stock. In spite of the very moderate passenger and freight rates and liberal concessions to the farming population, the railways bring a substantial sum into the Treasury every year.

Public Works.—Most large public works, such as railway-construction, are carried on by co-operative labour, which means direct employment by the State, the abolition of the old contract system, and the relief of the unemployed on reproductive works. "Under the co-operative system every workman is a contractor."

Capital and Labour.—The Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act provides a means for the amicable settlement of labour disputes, in order to avert the disastrous consequences of strikes and lock-outs; friendly conferences between the representatives of labour and capital are encouraged.

The People's Savings.—The Post-Office Savings-Bank, managed by the Government, has been in existence for nearly forty years. Deposits—over eleven millions and a half sterling.

Insurance.—There is a Government Life Insurance Department (total amount of policies about twelve millions sterling); also an Accident Insurance Branch. A State Fire Insurance Department has been established. These Departments have the great security of State guarantee.

The Public Trust Office.—The Public Trust Office, which has under its care estates valued at about four millions and a half sterling, takes charge of intestate estates, and undertakes all the duties that may be imposed upon a private executor, trustee, or attorney. It takes over the management of property if desired, collects rents, &c., and invests trust funds, the capital and interest being guaranteed by the State.

Assistance to Immigrants.—In order to assist small farmers with some capital to settle in the Dominion, passages thereto from the United Kingdom at reduced rates are provided for persons who possess some little means, and who are approved by the New Zealand High Commissioner in London.

Old-age Pensions.—Old-age pensions up to £26 per annum are paid by the State to reputable indigent persons of sixty-five years of age or over, who have been not less than twenty-five years in the Dominion.

Education.—New Zealand has an excellent State system of education, free, secular, and compulsory. There are about 2,220 schools of all classes, at which members of the European and Maori races are being educated. The schools in the various provincial districts of the Dominion are made the care of Education Boards, who have the control of expenditure, which consists of Governments grants and of receipts from education reserves. There is a New Zealand University, with colleges in Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch (Canterbury), and Dunedin. Undergraduates keep their terms at these colleges, each of which has a staff of professors and lecturers. The University has power to confer degrees in literature, law, science, medicine, and music; theology is not one of the subjects. By a liberal system of State scholarships, scholars may pass free from the primary to the secondary schools, and thence to the University. The Education Act provides for public instruction in manual and technical subjects. Special annual grants are made to Education Boards for the maintenance of training-classes for teachers in subjects of manual and technical instruction prescribed for school classes. The subjects taught in the technical schools are: Drawing (various branches), painting, modelling, design, wood-carving, architecture, carpentry and joinery, plumbing, painting and decorators' work, mechanical and electrical engineering, natural and experimental science (various branches), farriery and smithing, languages, mathematics, commercial subjects, cookery, laundry-work, dressmaking, millinery, tailoring, wool-sorting, and vocal music. In connection with the Canterbury College there is an endowed School of Engineering and Technical Science, providing for courses for the University degree of B.Sc.

engineering or for the Associateship in Engineering. The Canterbury Agricultural College, at Lincoln, has a large experimental farm, and offers an opportunity to young New-Zealanders to acquire a thorough knowledge of the science and practice of agriculture. There are several schools of mines located in districts in which mining is actively carried on.



ONE OF NEW ZEALAND'S FINE EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENTS :
THE BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, DUNEDIN.



MORE than three-fourths of New Zealand's total annual production comes from the soil. Of her exports in 1907, totalling a value of over £20,000,000, about £17,000,000 represented the products of the soil in the form of wool, frozen meat, butter and cheese, hemp (flax), and grain. The history of the agricultural and grazing businesses in New Zealand, particularly during the last decade, is one of wonderful expansion. New Zealand has the three essentials for a farming country—good soil, good climate, and a plentiful water-supply ; and, taken all in all, this long, narrow, irregular island-Dominion is just the land for the grazier and the husbandman. If there is a country better suited for all agricultural and pastoral pursuits it will have to be a well-favoured land indeed. New Zealand's only drawback, indeed, is that it is so far from the great markets of the Old World, but this disadvantage, applying, of course, also to Australia, is being lessened every year with the increasing convenience and speed of ocean-carriage. New Zealand is pre-eminently the country for the small, or, rather, the "moderate" farmer. It is a land where a man can often make an excellent living on a comparatively small area of land ; there are many hundreds of such farms, of only a very few hundred of acres, that are proving little gold-mines to their fortunate holders. New Zealand's farm produce holds a splendid position in the estimation of English and European buyers ; and the quantity of dairy produce and meat of first-class quality shipped away to London

is annually increasing very largely. The increase in quantity is naturally due to the opening-up of the back country, to the operation of the Government's closer-settlement policy, and to the dairy-factories that are springing up in all directions in the newly-broken lands; but in a very appreciable degree the satisfactory condition of New Zealand's export trade should be credited to the Dominion's Department of Agriculture, which has done immensely good work in disseminating principles of scientific farming amongst country producers, in carefully inspecting butter, meat, &c., and in systematically grading all kinds of country produce before export, all helping to secure a high reputation and good prices for the country's output. The farmers of New Zealand have come to regard the Agricultural Department as a real help to them in their battle with the soil.



DAIRY-FARMING COUNTRY, SOUTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND.

For those who possess the necessary modest amount of capital—and if they do not, the Government will lend it to them on very easy terms—there are opportunities of becoming prosperous farmers. Recently the Premier of the Dominion, Sir Joseph Ward, made the announcement that about 1,750,000 acres of the Native lands in the North Island would be shortly available for European settlement. This means a great deal to New Zealand. It means the pick of the country—the best of the Maori's ancestral lands—will be no longer locked up from useful occupation, but will be turned to profit by agriculturists and stock-raisers. "It means," says the Premier,

“fresh life, fresh vigour, fresh homes, further enterprise for Europeans, and new avenues for the investment of money.” Sufficient land is to be reserved for the comfortable and independent subsistence of the Maori people, who are beginning to take a fresh interest in life, and are making particularly good sheepfarmers. The rest will be open for the white man. New Zealand’s area of land is too limited in comparison, say, with Canada’s, much too valuable as a money-making medium, to be given away in free grants to immigrants. But under existing conditions there is little difficulty in obtaining good land in New Zealand, Crown or Native owned, in suitable areas, on terms which are easily within the means of the small-farmer class.



IN THE WAIKATO, NORTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND.

Farming conditions in the well-settled parts of the Dominion as nearly approach the ideal rural life as man may reasonably expect. With good soil, a certainty of good seasons, a regular rainfall and never-ceasing water-flow, proximity of markets and good prices for dairy-produce, meat, and wool, the settler’s lot is fortunate indeed. The back-blocks pioneer in the North Island has in many cases a difficult row to hoe at first, for roading sometimes lags behind the furthest-out settler ; but the bush settler has the satisfaction of knowing that a very few years will see him fairly comfortably off.

The North Island offers the greatest possibilities for the new-comer, whether he intends to take up sheep-farming, dairy-farming,



FROM STATION



TO SALEYARD.



mixed pastoral and agricultural work, or horticulture, for the reason that it is here that there is the greatest area of unoccupied land. The principal districts in which new land is to be had for settlement are North Auckland, a beautiful country for the grazier, the fruit-grower and the vine-grower; the "King Country," good limestone and volcanic land, much of it heavily forested, in the South Auckland District, particularly well-suited for sheep and cattle runs; the shores of the Bay of Plenty, a rich, well-watered, partly forested country, inviting to the stockowner, the fruit and maize grower, and the dairy farmer; the good Maori-owned country round the East Cape, and down the East Coast of the Island; then the northern parts of Taranaki and Wellington Provinces. Probably the great bulk of the new country will be about equally divided between dairy-farming and wool-growing and fat-lamb raising. It will produce many millions of pounds' worth of butter and cheese, wool, and mutton, independent of what may be made from the orchards and vineyards, for which there are beautiful sites in thousands of snug valleys and on sunny hillsides, where now the tall forest trees grow and the wild-pig roots in the fern.

The subduing of the new country means much hard work, but the Government endeavours to lighten the settlers' burden as much as possible, by financing him on the security of his holding and improvements; by easy rentals and conditions of settlement; by cheap railroad freights for his fencing-material, grass-seed, fertilisers, &c., and for the produce of his farm. Then, beside the new unbroken lands, cleared and improved land is to be had in many parts of the islands, on various systems of tenure and at varying rates according to quality of soil, location, and class of farming.

Besides the large areas of new forest and fern land now being made available for stock-raising and dairying purposes, great tracts of country are being literally won from the water. A colossal drainage-work is now in progress: the reclamation of the great Piako Swamp in South Auckland—a stretch of wet, low-lying, raupo-reed and flax morass extending from the Waikato to the Firth of Thames, a length of about fifty miles, with a width in places of over twenty miles. The Government is cutting huge drains through this vast swamp, and the drainage operations will, it is considered, beneficially affect a million acres, and certainly redeem at least half a million acres, and gradually turn it into rich dairying and agricultural land. The first crops will be the growing flax; but the destiny of the Piako is dairying. A recent estimate of the capabilities and possibilities of this piece of good alluvial territory was that it would before many years support a thousand families, and yield a return of not far short of £1,000,000 sterling a year.

Regarding the cost of working a farm in New Zealand, the "Settlers' Guide" says,—

When comparing the cost of working a farm in England with one of the same size in the Dominion several points have to be taken into account, such as

the climate, the soil, labour, and machinery. In the colonies wages are higher than in Britain; as a set-off against this, the Dominion can claim, firstly, that there are more fine working-days in the year, that the fields are much larger, that the latest improvements in machinery have been introduced, that the soil is more easily worked, and that the genial nature of the climate renders it unnecessary to house stock during the winter months—at least, in the North Island—thus saving the cost of attendance; secondly, that farming operations may be carried on continuously throughout the ploughing and sowing season; and, thirdly, that the paddocks are so large, and usually so level, that the double- and treble-furrow plough may be worked by one man or youth with three horses, thus equalising the cost of labour, as we have shown that one man, or even a boy, will be quite equal to two men or boys in the Old Country, so that after all the difference in the rate of wages is not so great as might appear at first sight.



A Paddock of Fat Lambs, Waikato.

TENURE OF LAND.

Crown lands in New Zealand may be acquired on three systems of tenure, viz. :—(1) Freehold for cash; (2) lease with purchasing clause; (3) Renewable lease, which supersedes the old lease-in-perpetuity system. The values placed on these lands are on the whole low, for the State does not so much seek to raise a revenue directly therefrom as to encourage settlement of the people on the land. The areas which any individual may hold are subject to reasonable restrictions to prevent aggregation of large estates. Selectors may take up either 640 acres of first-class land or 2,000 acres of second-class land, or else 5,000 acres of inferior or third-class land. Rough

pastoral country is leased in much larger areas, according to the class of country; excepting in extraordinary circumstances these "runs" must not be of a greater area than will carry twenty thousand sheep or four thousand head of cattle.

Long-term leases, with right of renewal, is the system under which most of the Crown lands are now disposed of. The term of lease is for sixty-six years, with perpetual right of renewal for further terms of sixty-six years. The rent for the future terms is computed on the unimproved value of the land at the expiration of the first term, and in both cases is based at 4 per cent. on the unimproved value. The whole of the improvements are conserved to the lessee, and if he declines to accept a renewal of his lease the market value of his improvements is paid to him by the incoming tenant. Provision is made for enabling holders of renewable leases to pay off 90 per cent. of the



FAT SHEEP ON THE ROAD TO MARKET, EAST COAST
OF NORTH ISLAND.

capital value of their holdings; and after 33 per cent. has been paid off the lessees are freed from all the restrictive conditions of occupation contained in their leases except residence and farming.¹

Large areas of improved lands are now periodically acquired under the Lands for Settlement Act, and cut up into suitable blocks for closer settlement. The term of the original and subsequent leases of these lands is for thirty-three years, and the rental is 10 per cent instead of 4 per cent.

for the year 1960, the 2,000 acres each year to be used for a period of 10 years.

WOOL AND MUTTON.

It is first of all to the wool flocks and the development of the mutton industry that New Zealand owes her wealth; and when we come to examine the extent of country still unoccupied and suitable for sheep-grazing it is obvious that the wool-clip and the frozen-mutton export must enormously increase, and that quickly. Practically every class of sheep does well in New Zealand, from the merino to the Lincoln and the Leicester; with a range of a thousand miles of latitude, and with grazing-lands stretching from the low moist lands near the sea to the tussock-clad slopes of the Southern Alps, there is a very great variety of country for the sheep-grazier. On the low lands and rich soils the Lincoln and Romney Marsh sheep do particularly well; Border Leicesters and Downs occupy the upper drier lands; and the merino thrives remarkably well on the foothills and ranges of the South Island, right up to the snow-line.



ON A NEW ZEALAND STOCK-FARM.

The breeding of cross-bred sheep for freezing purposes has developed into a splendidly remunerative business. The remark was made the other day that it was wonderful that New Zealand could annually send out about one-fourth of its flocks, in the form of frozen carcasses, and yet maintain and even increase the number of its sheep. The truth is that New Zealand is for its size probably the very best of sheep-raising countries, taking into consideration its suitability of soil and climate, its areas of native grasses and success of sown grasses, its abundance of feed and water all through the year. These fortunate qualities insure the three desiderata of the sheep-graziers—large lambing yields, a good carcass for freezing, and a good staple of wool, free from the breaks and other imperfections common in countries where there are periodical droughts and scarcity of feed.

The South Island of New Zealand has hitherto been the great sheep-raising and wool-growing district of the Dominion, due to the fact that here the land was for the most part clear of forest and

covered with tussock, a native grass extending right up to the alpine snow-line. The pioneer squatters and "wool kings" of Canterbury had little to do but to drive their flocks straight on to the virgin tussock plains. In the North there was the immense forest, millions of acres of it, covering nearly every part of the Island except the plains of Hawke's Bay and Waikato, and this and many other difficulties kept back the country for years. But the forests are coming down, the fern plains have been burned off and grassed, and there is an immensely rich future for the sheep-raising industry in the North. At the end of April, 1908, there were nearly a million more sheep in the North Island than in the South. The newly grassed lands of North



HIGHLAND CATTLE, OTAGO.

Wellington, the East Coast, and the King-country are proving excellent sheep countries, and every season sees a big increase in the areas of land brought into use for wool-growing and lamb-raising. The South Island has been celebrated for its fine runs and sheep-stations, which compare well in everything except area with the greatest Australian stations. But the Wairarapa Valley, the Manawatu, Hawke's Bay, and the country north of Gisborne is, too, the home of the model sheep-farmer; and splendid stations there are scattered through this rich beautiful country.

One district holding some grand country suitable for sheep-farming in comparatively small blocks, and for profitable mixed farming, is

the North Auckland Peninsula. The grass-growing capabilities of this undulating country, with its warm, mild climate and good rainfall, are not excelled by any other part of New Zealand, not even the famed pastures of Taranaki, where often two successive crops of hay are cut and stacked in the one season. Of this fine country in the North Auckland peninsula a farming correspondent of an Auckland paper recently remarked :—

My humble opinion is that sheep will pay better than anything on these northern lands; they make a country when well managed. The labour bill is light, the effect of roadless country does not so much influence the industry as it does in marketing produce. Only once or twice a year is there any drafting for sale of stock, and the wool-clip comes at a time when *terra firma* is true to its name. Again, one can commence grazing very quickly after occupation, for there is no ploughing or cultivation required; simply knock down the bush and scrub, procure a good burn, and mix with your grass-seed mixture 2 lb. of Essex rape, or, instead of all rape, use 1 lb. of soft turnips, shown as White Stone. In three months you can put your first lot of sheep on. For wool-growing and lambs for this northern country I am inclined to recommend the merino and Leicester cross, using merino rams of good quality. I believe on a block of a thousand acres these sheep would grow splendid wool and do well.



A WAIKATO BUTTER-FACTORY.

THE DAIRYING INDUSTRY.

No branch of agricultural and pastoral industry has done so much for New Zealand farmers, particularly the smaller class of farmers, as the dairying business. As with sheep-raising this industry has been given an enormous impetus by the ocean-going refrigerator, in fact it could not exist without it, for New Zealand's great market for butter and cheese is forty to fifty days steam away. The country is dotted with dairies and butter and cheese factories, and each month the milk-producers draw their cheques, the farmers' most regular and unfailing

source of income. At last return there were 264 butter and cheese factories in the Dominion; of these, nearly two hundred were in the North Island. The total value of the output at last return was over £2,500,000 sterling. These figures are capable of indefinite expansion with the opening-up of the waste lands of the North Island. Taranaki has an enviable name as a prime dairy land, and, indeed, one can hardly conceive of richer pastures than those cocksfoot-covered lower slopes of Mount Egmont and the well-watered plains that slant gently to the sea from the base of the splendid peak. But there are many parts of the North Island with possibilities as dairying country hardly inferior to those of Taranaki. In some good grazing districts dairying is being given up in favour of lamb-fattening, but it is doubtful whether even lamb-raising will give a really better return per acre from good land than will milking for the factories, particularly in such districts as Taranaki.

The Government has done a great deal to assist the dairy farmers of New Zealand, and the latest development of State enterprise in this direction is the decision of Ministers to establish a dairy school where the experts of the Agricultural Department will be able to make experiments calculated to assist the farmers in improving the quality of their butter output, and where those engaged in the manufacture of butter and cheese will receive a special training. This school is to be fittingly set up at Palmerston North, in Wellington Province, a large town in the centre of a magnificent agricultural and dairying district, and a place which has become known far and wide for its fine farmers' shows.



A HARVEST PICTURE : ON AN OTAGO FARM.

GRAIN-GROWING IN NEW ZEALAND.

The great fertility of New Zealand's soil, the temperate climate, and the regular and sufficient rainfall make the Dominion an excellent grain-growing country. Sheep-raising and dairy-farming pay better than the cultivation of cereals just now, but those farmers who devote themselves largely to grain-growing have no reason to complain of their crops. The yields are exceedingly large in the most favoured parts of Otago and South Canterbury—the great granary of the Dominion. Wheat yields go as high as 60 bushels per acre, oats 80 and 90 bushels. In the warm east coast lands of the Auckland Province, the yields of maize are often exceedingly large, sometimes up to 100 bushels per acre.

A comparison of New Zealand's grain yields with the yields in Australia is perhaps the best method of gaining an idea of the splendid corn-growing capacity of New Zealand. For the season of 1906 the wheat yields in Australian States and New Zealand were :—

	Per Acre.			
Queensland	..	..	..	9.53 bushels.
New South Wales	..	..	..	10.69 „
Victoria	..	..	..	11.31 „
South Australia	..	..	..	11.46 „
West Australia	..	..	..	11.83 „
Tasmania	..	..	..	18.79 „
New Zealand	..	..	..	27.18 „

In the Australian States the average yield of wheat between the years 1894–1903 was set down at 7.3 bushels per acre, whereas in New Zealand for the same period it was 28.6 bushels—that is, New Zealand's average of wheat yield is four times as large as that of Australia.

The following are the actual average yields per acre of the principal crops for the whole of New Zealand for the ten years 1899–1908 :—Wheat, 32 bushels; oats, 40 bushels; barley, 35 bushels; maize, 46 bushels; rye, 27 bushels; peas, 31 bushels; beans, 33 bushels; potatoes, 6 tons; rye-grass seed, 24 bushels; cocksfoot seed, 166 lb.

The areas under the principal grain crops in the Dominion for last season showed a considerable diminution as compared with previous years. The explanation is that the farmers in the South Island are discovering that the fattening of lambs, sheep, and cattle, and the dairying industry pay better than grain-growing; this, too, in spite of the splendid harvests year after year. A man is on the road to fortune when he can successfully combine two or three branches of work, such as fattening lambs for freezing and store cattle for the market, and milking cows for the dairy factory.

In the northern part of the Dominion, particularly on the beautiful, well-sheltered, sunny country near the shores of the Bay of Plenty and on towards the East Cape, maize is most profitably grown, and very large quantities find their way into Auckland by coastal steamer and schooner. A great deal of this maize is grown by the Maoris, who cultivate with considerable success the rich well-watered valleys and terraces near the coastal bays.

Potatoes are very largely grown. On suitable soils 7 to 10 tons per acre are frequently produced. Heavy crops of wheat, oats, barley, beans, or peas can be relied on after potatoes, season permitting.

The acreage of land under sown grasses is very much greater in New Zealand than in the whole of Australia and Tasmania. When compared in size with the States of Australia, New Zealand is not large—about one-thirtieth of their total area; but in respect of grazing capabilities the relative importance of this country is much greater. It is estimated that the average productiveness of New Zealand grass land is about nine times as great as that of Australia.



REAPING WHEAT AT LAKE HAYES, OTAGO.

FRUIT-GROWING, VINE-GROWING, AND OTHER INDUSTRIES.

Many parts of New Zealand are admirably suited for fruit-growing, and the great range of latitude and climate enable all kinds of sub-tropical fruits to be successfully raised, as well as all the products of more temperate countries. Away in the beautiful North Auckland Peninsula you will see great orange-groves, loaded with delicious fruit ; the principal point of difference between these oranges and those grown in the South Sea Islands is that the New Zealand varieties have a somewhat thicker skin. Lemons, citrons, shaddocks, mandarins, grapes, persimmons, passion-fruit, &c., grow in the open not only in the warm, mild North Auckland country, but much further south. In such districts as the Upper Waikato, when the really good land is reached, fruit of all kinds abounds ; apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries are grown to perfection. Even before the military conquest of 1864 these valleys and uplands of the Maori tribes were celebrated for their fruit-growing capabilities. They were covered with Maori orchards of white-man's fruit. In the splendid old peach-groves of some years back in the Waikato, on such beautiful lands as Orakau and Rangiahia, for example, the big trees broke under the weight of fruit ; so loaded were they that carts were driven under them by the settlers and the great white honey-peaches gathered by the simple process of shaking the branches, and then standing from under ; and the fruit was often so abundant that it was fed to the pigs. O porkers fit for the epicurean palate of a Charles Lamb !—*poaka* fattened on peaches ! Hawke's Bay and Nelson may be cited as other typical districts suitable for fruit-growing, and here, indeed, the industry is seen at its best in New Zealand, for here are situated the principal fruit-canning factories and jam-factories in the Dominion. As a fruit-growing and vine-growing region it is very hard to rival Hawke's Bay, with its rich soil, its plentitude of water and sunshine. Here at Hastings, is the great Frimley Orchard, which among other fruit-areas contains over 150 acres of peach-trees alone. In the same province are some fine vineyards. The development of the fruit-growing industry in Hawke's Bay and Nelson is being successfully imitated throughout the Island, in many an orchard-district from Hokianga southward, and a large number of canning and jam-making factories are at work.

At one of the State experimental farms, at Waerenga, near the banks of the Waikato, about fifty miles south of Auckland City, the Government has made a great success of grape-growing, and has particularly demonstrated the capabilities of what is generally regarded as poor, "cold," clay land for the cultivation of fruit and vines. Originally a forestry plantation, where Australian wattles were grown—these wattle plantations, by the way, annually produce from 150 to 200 tons of bark, saleable for tanning purposes at £7 per ton—

the later development of Waerenga has been in the direction of orchards and vineyards. Here large quantities of excellent table and wine grapes are produced, and the Golden Chasselas and Black Hamburg varieties grown on these once worthless hills are considered equal in flavour and quality to imported grapes, while the yield per acre is equal to almost any vine country in the world. The experiments made here and at another Government experimental station—Ara-taki, in Hawke's Bay—have pretty well settled inquiries as to which are the best wine-producing varieties for New Zealand. For white wine La Folle, Pedro Ximenes, Riesling, and Marsanne are preferred; and for red wine Cabernet, Sauvignon, Hermitage, Pineau Meunier, and Malbec.

At the present time there are about 700 acres of vineyards in New Zealand, of which nearly 500 acres are in the Auckland Province, and both the table-grapes and the wine produced find a good sale. There is, undoubtedly, a good deal of money to be made by outdoor grape-growing in the warmer parts of the North Island, providing suitable sites are chosen, and proper methods used.

Then there are other branches of industry, all suitable for the small landholder, and all very profitable where conducted on up-to-date methods. Poultry-raising, particularly, pays remarkably well, and it has the active assistance of the Government, which is building up a good export business in frozen poultry. There is the honey business, which is already of greater value to the Dominion than even New-Zealanders themselves are aware. During the 1907-8 season the value of the output of honey and beeswax was about £45,000. One large bee-farmer in the Wellington Province obtains about 40 tons of honey per annum from his hives. At the Ruakura Experimental Farm, in the Waikato, there is a model apiary, where the culture of bees is conducted on modern commercial lines. Here the honey-man may see all the most modern appliances, from the hive to honey-ripening tanks. From the time the honey is taken from the hives until it is strained, run off, and tinned for the market it is never once touched by hand, so that it goes through an absolutely clean process from first to last. Like the model orchards and vineries, this Ruakura bee-farm forms a splendidly educative object-lesson for the man—and woman—who seeks a living from the land.

MINERAL WEALTH.

Gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, tin, cinnabar, antimony, and many other valuable minerals are found in New Zealand. The development of the Dominion's immense underground wealth has hitherto been chiefly confined to gold and coal; but it has practically every known mineral hidden away in its mountains, only waiting for men and money to work them. Most valuable of all, perhaps, will be its enormous

deposits of iron-ores at Parapara, in the South Island, and the titaniferous sands that blacken the ocean-beaches along the Taranaki coast in the North Island; when the modes of treatment of these ores are perfected and foundries established, New Zealand ought to be able to easily produce all the iron and steel that it requires. There are large deposits of petroleum, but the working of these is as yet only in the experimental stage.

Gold-mining has for many years been one of New Zealand's most important industries, and the goldfields were largely the means here, as in so many other lands, of bringing in a sturdy class of pioneer and



Beattie & Co., photo.]

WAIHI GOLD-MINING COMPANY'S BATTERY AT WAIKINO.

[The Waihi Gold-mining Company has won more than six million pounds' worth of gold from the Ohinemuri hills. For the year 1907 it paid its fortunate shareholders dividends totalling 80 per cent. per share, on the original £1[shares.]

settler in the early days. Gold was discovered in New Zealand in 1852, when the late Mr. Charles Ring, of Auckland, an old Californian "Forty-niner," found the first auriferous patch at Coromandel, in the Auckland Province. The goldfields of the Thames and Ohinemuri districts, in the Auckland Province, and those of Central Otago and the West Coast of the South Island, have been sources of enormous wealth. Returns show that during the fifty years up to the end of 1907 the quantity of gold exported from New Zealand totalled 18,218,680 oz., valued at £71,528,978. The total value of the gold

entered for export during 1907 was £2,027,490. More than half the gold won in the Dominion comes from the Auckland Province, and most of this Auckland return is from the famous Waihi Mine, in the Ohinemuri hills. The Waihi yields steadily about seventy thousand pounds' worth of gold per month, and for the year ending the 31st December, 1907, its output totalled 1,332,621 oz. of gold and silver, worth £826,009. The stone crushed during the year totalled 356,974 tons. The total amount won from the mine during the seventeen-years period ending the 31st December, 1907, was £6,286,628, of which amount £2,839,432 had been distributed to shareholders. The Waihi is one of the greatest low-grade-ore bullion producers in



GOLD-DREDGE ON THE BULLER RIVER, SOUTH ISLAND.

the world, and pays consistently large dividends. Fifteen hundred men are employed in the mine and in the company's great battery at Waikino, which is connected with the workings by a railway four miles in length. The gold is extracted from the ore by wet-crushing, battery amalgamation, and the cyanide process. It was the discovery of the cyanide of potassium process for the extraction of fine gold from pulverised ore that put the Waihi and other low-grade-ore mines on their feet. When the value of cyanide of potassium was proved the Government purchased the patent rights of the process and sold them to mining companies until the royalties reimbursed the State for the original cost; then the process was allowed to be used free.

Adjoining the Waihi is the Waihi Grand Junction Gold Company's property, a very promising holding that during the year 1907 produced gold to the value of £71,741. Next in importance to the Waihi district, with its immense bodies of ore, is the rich auriferous country in the Karangahake Gorge, between Waihi and the Waihou (or Thames) River. The principal mines here are the Talisman Consolidated Company's and the New Zealand Crown Mines' workings. In 1907 the Talisman yielded 184,445 pounds' worth of gold, and the New Zealand Crown Mines 57,242 pounds' worth. The Talisman had yielded up to the end of the same year a total value of £783,334, and



HYDRAULIC SLUICING FOR GOLD AT THE MONT D'OR CLAIM,
ROSS, WESTLAND.

the Crown Mines £718,767. The Komata Reefs Gold-mining Company, at Komata, yielded 47,128 pounds' worth of gold during the year. In the Thames district, the locality of some phenomenally rich workings about forty years ago, the Waiotahi is the largest and most consistent gold-producer. During 1907 its output was £149,833, and its total yield up to the end of that year was over £640,000. The various mines in the Auckland Province (the only gold-mining province in the North Island) produced a total of something over £1,420,000 during 1907, being an increase of nearly £83,000 over the returns for the previous year. The mining on the northern goldfields

is all quartz-reefing. In the South Island all three methods of gold-getting are pursued—quartz-mining, hydraulic sluicing, and river-bed dredging. The principal quartz workings are at Reefton, near the coast of Westland, and there are numerous alluvial claims scattered down the West Coast, a district that since gold was discovered there in the sixties has yielded more than twenty-five million pounds' worth. The principal Reefton mine is that of the Progress Mines of New Zealand (Limited), which in 1907 won 87,805 pounds' worth of gold, and which has paid £295,625 in dividends since commencing work. The Keep It Dark Mine, in the same district, had paid £157,666 in dividends up to the end of last year. The largest alluvial workings on the West Coast are those at Kumara and Ross. A big hydraulic-sluicing claim such as that of the Mont d'Or at Ross, is a remarkable sight. The auriferous gravels of the hill-sides are scoured away by means of water directed with tremendous force and controlled by hose and nozzle; the resultant *débris* is washed down the tail-races, narrow wooden channels, which are periodically "cleaned up" for the gold. A large low-lying gold-bearing flat between the Town of Ross and the sea, at present unworked because of the water, is about to be opened up by a syndicate. In Otago there are a large number of dredges working the river-beds for the auriferous deposits, some with very good results.

There are at present between nine and ten thousand men engaged in the gold-mining industry in New Zealand.

New Zealand holds great possibilities of development as a gold-producing country. Large areas of promising country are as yet untested and unprospected. The Department of Geological Survey, under Dr. J. M. Bell, a clever young Canadian geologist, is doing good pioneer work in scientifically exploring new and likely districts for gold and other minerals.

Next to gold the most valuable mineral worked is coal. The principal coal-mines are on the west coast of the South Island and in the Auckland Province. Westport coal is considered fully equal to the best Welsh steam-fuel—and some of it is superior as a quick steam-raiser—and is largely used on board British warships on the Australian and China naval stations. The Government now owns and work two coal-mines on the West Coast—one at Seddonville, near Westport, and the other at Point Elizabeth, near Greymouth. The New Zealand coal-mines employ about three thousand men; the total output is about a million and three-quarter tons per annum.

The most remarkable of New Zealand minerals is the *pounamu*, or greenstone (nephrite), which is found in several places on the west coast of the South Island. It was the most highly valued article of wealth of the olden Maoris, who worked it into sharp-edged battle-clubs and axes, curiously carved neck-pendants or *tikis*, and long ear-drops. These rare weapons and trinkets are the most sought-after of Maori curios. Nowadays greenstone ornaments are fashion-

GUM DIGGERS AT WORK.



DIGGER'S CAMP.

ON THE
KAURIGUM
FIELDS.



KAURI GUM STORE.

able amongst Europeans, and the *pounamu* blocks (which are exceedingly hard) are cut by lapidaries and wrought into a variety of jewels and ornaments after the Maori designs. There are several varieties of the greenstone, varying from a very hard dark green to a translucent glass-like substance. The principal and most valued kind is that called by the Maoris *kahurangi*. This is found in blocks and boulders in the beds of the Arahura, Greenstone, and other rivers on the West Coast. The *kahurangi* is a rich-green stone, and takes a beautiful polish. The *rau-karaka* is rich green, somewhat darker than *kahurangi*; as its name betokens, it resembles the leaf of the karaka-tree in colour. The *kawakawa* variety is similar in colour but is not so valuable, owing to the presence of small black spots. The *inanga*, a silvery or creamy kind of *pounamu*, is also found on the West Coast; sometimes it occurs in the form of streaks or belts in blocks of darker greenstone. Weapons and ornaments exhibiting what are called *tatua* or belts of *inanga*, are greatly valued by the Maoris. At Milford Sound and elsewhere there are reefs of the beautifully clear amber-like Bowenite known as *tangiwai*. *Tangiwai* means "water of weeping"; marks like tear-drops may sometimes be seen in the stone. *Koko-tangiwai* is a very similar stone, obtained by the Maoris in ancient times near the head of Lake Wakatipu, Otago Province, and elsewhere, and now got at Milford Sound.

KAURI-GUM.

New Zealand possesses a unique product, which is often classed as a mineral, but which is of vegetable origin, the fossil resin or solidified turpentine of the kauri-pine, known to commerce as kauri-gum. More than half a million pounds' worth of this valuable gum was exported from New Zealand last year, most of it to the United States, for the purpose of being used in the manufacture of oil-varnishes. The gum-fields are of considerable economic importance to North New Zealand, for about three thousand persons gain a livelihood by digging for, scraping, and otherwise preparing the resin for the market. The kauri-gum fields have been called the "goldfields of North Auckland." From the south of Auckland City to the North Cape the vanished kauri forests, which once covered nearly all this great area, have left in the ground their legacies to man. Usually this solidified gum is dug from the ground; often it is obtained from the forks of living trees by climbing for it. In some swampy tracts deep drains are cut through the gum-country—a laborious undertaking, but one generally yielding a rich return. Sombre stretches of undulating country, sparsely covered with bracken fern, or with the green scrub called manuka by the Maoris, and dotted everywhere with upturned heaps of clay—the marks of past diggers; here and there clumps of native forest, their fringes sentinelled by black logs and gaunt, half-burned, dead trunks; far-stretching level swamp-lands waving with the long sword-leaves of the native flax or *harakeke* (another of New Zealand's



THE PILGRIMAGE
OF THE KAURI.

peculiar and valuable products), or with the white flags of the *toetoe*, or the whispering ranks of the light-green *raupo* sedge; in sheltered nooks the white tents of the nondescript huts and sod or corrugated-iron chimneys of the diggers—these are the gum-lands of North Auckland.

In the City of Auckland, and in some of the townships in the North country, there are large gum-stores, where men are employed in sorting the gum, and in grading it according to quality, ready for shipment to New York and elsewhere. Most of the gum is finally prepared for shipment in the city stores, but some large buyers in the North have their stores close to the field, and the whole work of sorting and grading is carried out there, and the gum shipped by coastal steamer to Auckland for transshipment.

Up to the beginning of the present year the gumfields of Auckland Province had produced kauri-gum to the value of approximately £13,000,000.

The “worked-out” gum-lands, though apparently so sterile, often prove splendid fruit-growing ground, and orchards and vineyards in many places now occupy the spots where of old the kauri lifted its huge pillared trunk and rounded head high above the other trees of the forest.

THE TIMBER TRADE.

A very large portion of New Zealand is still covered with forest, containing many kinds of valuable timbers, chief of which is the kauri-pine, a splendid timber, which is in particular demand for planking and decking of ships, as well as for house-building; for masts and spars it is equal to the best American pine. Of the other timbers, the most important are the red-pine (*rimu*), white-pine (*kahikatea*), and totara-pine. On the west coast of the South Island there are large forests of pine, beech, and birch, which will be an important source of timber-supply when many of the other forests are exhausted. The chief seat of the timber industry is in the Auckland Provincial District, the home of the kauri.

The white-pine (*kahikatea*) is unrivalled for the manufacture of butter-boxes, and for this purpose is in much request in Australia as well as New Zealand. The harder woods, such as puriri and totara, are largely used wherever durability and comparative indestructibility are desired, such as in railway-sleepers, wharf-piles, street-paving, &c. Totara has been found to have in brewer's vats three times the life of the best English oak. As a wood-blocking material it is claimed for totara that while lasting as long as the Australian hardwoods it wears down evenly, and it presents a non-slipping surface. Matai (black-pine), another fine conifer, produces a dense smooth wood about the same weight as teak, and very stout and lasting. It will probably be found a very valuable timber in ship-building, as it has no tendency to shrink, exhibits great endurance on exposure to



FROM FOREST TO FACTORY.



lamp, and from the closeness of its grain is not readily worn by friction. Many of the New Zealand timbers are exceedingly ornamental woods when finished. Mottled kauri, figured rimu, rewarewa or New Zealand honeysuckle, and various other woods are in high demand for decorative purposes. They make particularly handsome panels for house interiors and for the cabins of yachts, and also lend themselves well to very beautiful and artistic inlaid work.

At last returns there were 444 timber-mills and sash-and-door factories in the Dominion, employing about nine thousand hands, and having an annual output of some 336,000,000 ft. of timber.

The Government proposes setting apart areas of rough forest-country, not exceeding in the aggregate 50,000 acres, for the purpose of establishing the wood-pulp industry for paper-making. Leases of such areas may be granted for twenty-one years; no lease is to cover more than 30,000 acres.



SHIPPING DRESSED FLAX AT AUCKLAND FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

FLAX (*Phormium tenax*).

The native flax-hemp (*Phormium tenax*), a product peculiar to the Dominion, is steadily mounting up towards the million-a-year mark. As far back as the early years of last century trading-vessels from Australia frequented the then savage and cannibal country of New Zealand for the beautifully dressed fibre of the *Phormium tenax*, or *harakeke* plant, called "flax" by the first traders and settlers. The

flax, with its long pointed leaves, often 10 ft. in length, covers large areas of swamp-lands, particularly in the North Island, and is one of the most abundant and characteristic plants of Maoriland. Its strong fibre makes a splendid cordage, and is very extensively used for rope-making, and for binder-twine, &c. In many Maori settlements large clumps of the finest *harakeke* may be seen growing. It was formerly the staple material from which the Natives manufactured their clothing, and to-day it is much used for the making of handsome cloaks, mats, and baskets. The long tough leaves of the green flax are cut, tied in bundles, and carted or boated to the mills, and are there scutched, cleaned, and bleached, until the finished product is turned out ready for the market in long hanks and bundles of soft silky fibre. These are finally pressed into bales, and despatched to the nearest large port, where they are inspected and graded by a Government official, who affixes to each bale a tag giving the quality of the flax, for the joint protection of both producer and buyer. Besides its chief uses as a fibre of great strength, it has also been made into paper; the Japanese have produced an imitation silk from it, and it even makes a handsome lace. It improves very considerably with cultivation, and the systematic cultivation of this valuable wild plant has been begun by the Government.

THE WOOLLEN INDUSTRY.

Besides the large quantity of wool exported, a considerable portion of New Zealand's clip is locally worked up in large woollen-mills which form one of the leading industries of the Dominion. There are ten mills, which produce a most excellent article in the form of blankets, rugs, shawls, and clothing-tweeds of unrivalled quality. The principal woollen-works are those of Petone, Wellington; Kaiapoi, near Christchurch; and Roslyn and Mosgiel, near Dunedin.

MARITIME.

The harvest of the sea is of very considerable potential richness. Fish of many marketable kinds, including cod, schnapper, mullet, flounder, groper, gurnet, and mackerel, swarm along the coasts and in the tidal rivers. There are a number of establishments for freezing, smoking, and canning various kinds of fish for the New Zealand and Australian markets. Deep-sea fishing is, however, not as yet carried on to any large extent. The old-time industry of whaling, once the most important in these seas, has not quite disappeared, although the large fleets of American whalers which once roamed the South Pacific and cruised round the coasts of New Zealand have vanished. Whales are still caught every season at one or two coast stations, notably Whangamumu, on the east coast of the North Auckland Peninsula, where a unique method of capturing the sea-monster is successfully

practised. The humpback whales on their migration towards the tropics in the months of June and July often pass close inshore, and the Whangamumu men have adopted an ingenious system of setting very large and strong nets near certain rocks in the whales' usual track. Once entangled in these nets they are easily lanced by the whaleboat-crews, and, when killed, are towed into the shore station and there cut up and "tried out." The scene of this novel fashion of whaling is near the Bay of Islands, an ancient resort of whaleships from all parts of the world, and is within a few hours' steam of Auckland City.

There are also shore whaling-stations at Te Awaitei, on Arapawa Island (Queen Charlotte Sound), and at Kaikoura; and some whaling is done by the Maoris at Te Kaha, Omaio, and other localities on the east coast of the North Island. The whales caught are mostly humpback (the "paikea" of the Maoris). Sperm whales are reported to be again numerous in the neighbourhood of Foveaux Strait—once a famous cruising-ground for American and colonial whaling-barques.

To an insular country like New Zealand, with its innumerable harbours, bays, estuaries, and tidal rivers, the maritime trade is one of prime importance. Much of the intercommunication between various parts of the Dominion is by sea, and the coastal trade of the Auckland Provincial District is of especially large dimensions, employing in addition to the steamers a fine fleet of schooners and scows, the latter a type of light-draught vessel eminently suitable for timber-carrying and other shallow-water work. New Zealand's fleet of merchant craft, sail and steam, owned and registered in the Dominion, totalled at the beginning of this year 628 vessels (323 sailing-vessels and 305 steamers), aggregating 197,001 tons gross and 132,596 tons net. The Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, which has its headquarters in Dunedin, has a splendid fleet of steamers, numbering over sixty, by far the largest shipping concern in the Southern Hemisphere. Most of the vessels on the New Zealand register are owned in Auckland, which has 209 sailing-craft and 128 steamers, but Dunedin's aggregate tonnage, mostly steam, is considerably the largest of any port. A notable feature of the Dominion's maritime business is the great use made of auxiliary oil-engines in the sailing-coasters, and of motor-launches. Many schooners and other craft are fitted with auxiliary screws driven by motors, particularly on the Auckland coasts.

Shipbuilding is carried on chiefly at Auckland and at Whangaroa Harbour. Auckland yacht-builders are noted throughout Australasia for the shapeliness and speed of the craft which they turn off the stocks.

New Zealand, as befits a young seafaring nation, has made a start in the systematic training of its youth for a sea life. The Government some time ago secured a small barquentine-rigged gunboat, the "Sparrow," from the British Government, and fitted her out as a

training-ship for boys wishing to become sailors. The gunboat was renamed the "Amokura" (the Maori name of the tropic-bird), and Captain G. S. Hooper, R.N.R., was placed in command with a staff of naval instructors. Recruits were enlisted, and there are now sixty boys on board, disciplined in man-of-war style, and receiving a useful training in sail-handling and all-round seamanship, besides engine-room work, rowing and boat-sailing, and gunnery and rifle-drill. This education fits them to begin sailing life in earnest, when they leave the training-ship at the expiration of their two years' course. The "Amokura" makes periodical cruises along the



THE "AMOKURA," NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT
TRAINING-SHIP.

New Zealand coast, under steam and sail; all the work of handling her is done by the boy-sailors and their officers. The sea-training given is excellent, and far more recruits offer than can be accommodated, so that the Dominion will before long have to provide an additional and larger ship. At present no provision is made for the training of cadets as officers for the mercantile marine. However, the Union Steam Ship Company, which, like many other large maritime corporations, finds the resourceful sail-trained officer growing rarer, is following the wise example set by the Nord-Deutscher Lloyd Com-

pany, and is establishing a practical school for the training of officers for its service on a large full-rigged ship, in which young men may gain the true deep-sea knowledge that is only to be acquired in the working of a sailing-vessel.

The New Zealand Government has two steamers—the “Tutanekai” and “Hinemoa”—constantly engaged in the work of visiting and tendering the various lighthouses around the coasts, in attending to the inter-insular submarine cables, and in paying periodical visits to the remote off-shore islands—the Kermadec Group and the Auckland, Bounty, Antipodes, and Campbell Islands—rugged, inhospitable, rocky archipelagoes, inhabited by myriads of albatrosses and sea-fowl, and the haunt of the fur-seal and the sea-lion. Numerous wrecks have taken place on these isolated islands, and many a shipwrecked crew has led a Robin-son Crusoe existence until rescued by the Government steamer on its benevolent visit-ways. Provision-wrecked men are groups by the Marine Department.



“HOMEWARD BOUND.”

[A British wool-clipper, the ship “Loch Garve,” leaving Wellington Heads for London. Most of New Zealand’s wool goes to England by steamer, but a number of large sailing-vessels still load here every season. This ship carried over 8,000 bales of wool.]

WATER-POWER AND ELECTRICITY.

One of the Dominion’s most valuable assets is its magnificent supply of water-power, furnished by its many great rivers, which will, it is predicted, make it in time the manufacturing centre of the Southern Hemisphere. “In the new world of science and the cheap use of electricity that has dawned with the twentieth century,” one of the Dominion’s leading journals recently remarked, “New Zealand’s almost unlimited water-power furnishes us with an advantage over our manufacturing rivals as great as that which in the nineteenth century accrued to England by her enormous coal-deposits.”

The Dominion’s water-force readily available for generating electricity was lately estimated at about 4,000,000-horse power (to generate

continuously the same horse-power by steam would require about 50,000,000 tons of coal per annum); but this applies only to a limited number of the chief rivers of the Islands—the total force which can be called upon when all the rapid streams of considerable size in the vicinity of populous districts are harnessed will increase this estimate very considerably.

The Government lights the Town of Rotorua with electricity generated at a power-station on the rapid outlet of Lake Rotoiti. Amongst other large sources of supply, the Huka Falls, on the Waikato River, the swift outlet of Lake Waikare-moana, and the great snow-rivers of the Canterbury and Otago Provinces have been reported on by electrical experts, and will probably ere long be made use of for industrial purposes.





THE forests which cover great portions of New Zealand are almost tropical in their luxuriance of growth and their jungly underwood. The dense masses of creepers, shrubs, ferns, and climbing-plants which mat the bush together are in many places impervious without the aid of slash-hook or tomahawk, and the rich abundance of tall and graceful tree-ferns, the nikau palm—one of the most beautiful objects of the New Zealand forest—the lofty palm-lily (the “ti” of the Maori), and many varieties of flowering trees and plants impart to the woodlands in these Islands some of the features of the forests in Equatorial regions.

The ferns are one of the chief glories of the bush. There are about a hundred and fifty varieties of ferns, from the mamaku and ponga trees, 30 ft. to 50 ft. in height, supporting lovely drooping masses of frondage, to the noble *Todea superba*, and the tiniest of creeping, curling ferns that everywhere deck the cool moist ground in the forest shades. The principal flowering-trees are the sea-loving pohutukawa (confined to the North Island), with its rich-red Christmas-tide blossom; the rata (*Metrosideros robusta*)—that singular tree which often starts life as a parasitic vine and ends by strangling and killing the tree which it embraces—a blaze of crimson colour in the summer; the yellow kowhai, a peculiarity of which is that one of its forms is deciduous (very nearly all New Zealand trees are evergreen), and



THE TI-PALM.
(Cabbage-tree)

produces its beautiful golden hanging blossoms very early in the spring on bare and leafless branches; the lacebark, or ribbonwood (whauwhi), with its profusion of delicate white fragrant bloom resembling orange-blossom. The koromiko (veronica) and the aromatic manuka are the most common of the flowering plants.

The heart of a New Zealand forest often impresses the mind with a feeling of awe as well as of admiration. The trees grow very close together, and are of great height, and overhead there is an almost

unbroken roof of green. In the denser woods it is twilight all day long. Within the thicknesses of the great Southern forests everything is very still; and if one leaves the path his foot sinks noiselessly in a mossy floor of velvety softness. From the wide-spreading boughs hang long weeper-like beards and festoons of grey and golden moss, very weird in the

forest twilight. Between the great buttressed boles and among the twisting roots there are dark little caverns, the haunt of many a curious night-bird. In springtime the beautiful clematis hangs in pure white star-clusters from the trees, and in summer the outskirts of the forest are ablaze with the crimson fire of the rata-blossoms. Less gloomy than the great mossy forests of the South Island Fiordland and the West Coast are the woodland tracts of the North, such, for instance, as the traveller penetrates when driving along the coach-road between Lakes Rotoiti and Okataina, or the historic Hongi's Track between Rotoiti and Rotoehu, in the Geyserland district. Hongi's Track winds in and out amongst the trees, and the traveller has some charming glimpses of woodland scenery. The

totara's straight, rough-barked barrel is seen, and the rimu-pine, its mossy trunk covered with a delicate tracery of lichens and climbing plants, and its branch-forks thickly hung with bunches and sprays of parasitic growth, raises its stately column and droops its graceful tasselled boughs. The tawa and matai and

the rata interlace their branches; the tawa's small-leaved boughs throw a spangled shade on the mossy ground. Arborescent ferns, the loveliest of the forest children, droop their soft plummy heads under the shadow of their sturdier brethren, and "monkey-ropes" and lianes of tough bush-vines swing from tree to tree, and loop the forest-growths in a tangle of bewildering intricacy.

The grandest object in the North New Zealand forests is the kauri-pine (*Agathis australis*), which grows only in the Auckland Province,



FERN-TREE, OR PONGA.

north of 39° south latitude. It is a magnificent tree, rising in a stately symmetrical column as high as 100 ft. to 150 ft., and often from 40 ft. to 50 ft. in circumference, and supporting a splendid crown of wide-spreading branches. Often it rises 50 ft. to 80 ft. before it branches, and the heart of a kauri forest, which is generally more clear of undergrowth than other forests, is a remarkable sight; all around the huge trunks of the ancient pines lift like great pillars, devoid of branch or blemish for a considerable height above the ground. Sometimes, again, the enormous girth of the tree seems out of proportion to the height. So great is the demand for kauri timber that this fine tree is rapidly disappearing. At the present rate of consumption it is considered that there will be no milling kauri left in the Dominion in fifteen years, exclusive of the Crown reserves. One of the principal Crown kauri forests is the Puhipuhi, in the Whangarei district, North Auckland, covering many thousands of acres, and containing many magnificent specimens of this great tree. Here and there in the Auckland District are smaller kauri reserves. One of these is the Mangatu Kauri Park, at the head of Kaihu Valley, Northern Wairoa, in which there is a kauri 48 ft. in circumference, besides many other large pines. Nearer Auckland, on the Nihotupu Ranges—whence Auckland City draws its auxiliary water-supply—there is some very beautiful forest under the care of the State, including the best examples of kauri to be seen within the vicinity of a large town. These large trees, being of low growth, are of great antiquity. That 48 ft. kauri in the Mangatu Reserve must be considerably over two thousand years old. It was there when our forefathers ran wild in the woods, and stained their skins blue with woad, and perchance ate each other.



NIKAU PALM.

Up the Northern Wairoa, and in the neighbouring forest district of Kaihu, one is in the very heart of the kauri business. Here are some of the best kauri "bushes" in the island, and here one will see the whole of the timber-working operations, from the felling of the tree to the hauling of the log to the rail or the tideway; and see



Northwood, photo.]

A KAURI-PINE, NEAR MANGONUI, NORTH AUCKLAND.

also that fine sight the opening of a dam, when a cataract carries the huge logs like chips down the great forest-walled cañons of the creeks. In some places the kauri-logs are hauled out by teams of bullocks to the nearest rail or waterway. Here and there you see the logs hauled by these teams to a "chute" overlooking a creek which finds

its way into the Wairoa. The great trunks go ripping and roaring down the slippery chute at meteor-like speed, and dive with a mighty splash into the water. Here they often lie for months, until the dams are opened at "fresh" times. At other places logging-tramways run for long distances into the forests; on some of these the logs are hauled out by bullocks and horses, and some by steam-locomotives.

To counterbalance in some measure the destruction of indigenous forests the Government has taken in hand the afforestation of various treeless parts of the country, and many millions of trees of different varieties have already been raised and planted out in eighteen State nurseries and plantations. Last year the addition was nearly seven million trees.

The classical Maori term for the forest was "Te Wao-tapu-nui-a-Tané" ("The Sacred Deep-Forest-of-Tané"). Tané-mahuta, the Maori god of the woods is, in fact, the personification of the trees of the forest and of the birds that have their homes therein. In Native mythology it was Tané who in the beginning of things separated Rangi and Papa, the Sky-Father and Earth-Mother, by thrusting up Rangi with his feet so that the innumerable children of the primal pair might have the light which was life. Tané's limbs were the trees; it was with these great forest-pillars that he propped up the leaning sky.

If the Maori was not actually a tree-worshipper he was very near akin to one. He could hardly be otherwise, seeing that the great forests were all around him, and the forest atmosphere pervaded his daily life, and influenced his very thoughts. He revered the great trees, and would not lightly lay hands on those noble sons of Tané towering so far above him. The totara, king of timbers for canoe-building and house-carving work, was the sacred child of the forest-god, and this and other large trees were not cut down in ancient days without the necessary preliminary invocations and ceremonies, which sometimes included the kindling of a sacred fire. The tree was *tapu*, and must not be recklessly felled; the Maori remembered the Polynesian tradition that when a tree was so cut down, the ritual of incantations having been neglected, it was re-erected again and again by the forest-fairies, and the birds and other creatures of the woods, until the spirit of the forest had been appeased. These beliefs are embodied in old chants which are to be heard to-day at the opening and naming of new carved houses in Maori villages; these houses are considered *tapu* and cannot be occupied until the *whai-kawa* ritual has been recited to free them from the enchantment of Tané, the lord of the woods from which their sacred timbers came.

THE FAUNA.



THE native avifauna of New Zealand includes some of the most curious and interesting birds in existence, particularly the flightless species—the kiwi, kakapo, and weka, and the very rare (if not extinct) takahe (Notornis). There are over two hundred species of birds in New Zealand; two in particular, the korimako or bell-bird and the “parson-bird” (tui), are beautiful songsters; and there are some most remarkable migrant birds. In ancient times the country was inhabited by a gigantic ostrich-like bird called the moa, wingless, and standing twice the height of a man. The fossil bones of this great bird (*Dinornis*) are still found in various parts, and are conspicuous objects in New Zealand museums. Singularly little of this huge creature’s life-story, or the manner of its extinction, has come down to us through the lip-chronicles of the Native people. To the Maori, whose remote forefathers exterminated the last of the moa tribe, it is chiefly known as an emblem for decay and extinction. An oft-used phrase in death-chants for departed friends is: “*Kua ngaro i te ngaro a te moa*,” (“They have vanished for ever from us like the moa-bird”).



KIWI (*Apteryx*).

The kiwi (*Apteryx*), kakapo, and weka are instances of birds which by long disuse have lost the power of flight; the kiwi has been described by a great naturalist as the most "unbird-like" of living feathered creatures. There are several slightly different varieties of the kiwi, which is about the size of a domestic fowl, with the mere rudiments of wings, loose, flocculent plumage with fine hair-like filaments, and a sharp, long, tapering bill. It is a night-rover, only venturing abroad in the darkness, and haunts the depths of the bush, particularly in the interior of the North Island and the only half-explored mountain and forest regions of south-west Otago bordering the Sounds. The eggs are remarkable for their large size in comparison with the size of the bird, sometimes measuring 5 in. in length. In the North Island the Maoris frequently make handsome cloaks of kiwi-feathers. The kakapo (Maori for "night-parrot") is found in the deep forests of the South-west, where it lives mostly in holes under the spreading tree-roots, and, like the kiwi, only comes out to seek its food by night.

Another remarkable bird, inhabiting the alpine and sub-alpine regions of the South Island, is the kea parrot (*Nestor notabilis*). The kea is a true mountaineer, and its screams are heard high on the storm-swept heights and in the regions of perpetual snow and ice. On the alpine slopes, where the "furthest-out" flock-owners depasture their sheep,

the kea is under a ban, because of its carnivorous tastes. It has developed a taste for living mutton, boldly attacking sheep and lambs, and digging into their vitals with its great savage beak; the consequence is that a price is on its head in the upland districts, on the eastern slope of the Alps, and it is being shot out.

The two sweetest singers of the New Zealand forest are the bell-bird (korimako, kokomako, or koparapara—*Anthornis melanura*) and the tui. The tui (called "parson-bird" by the early settlers, because of its shining black plumage and the ruffy white feathers at its throat) is a beautiful bird, with rich mellow notes, some resembling those of



KEA, OR MOUNTAIN-PARROT
(*Nestor notabilis*).

a flute, others a clear-toned bell ; it is plentiful throughout the country. It is very imitative ; in many a Maori village a favourite pet was a tame tui, which was often taught to call a welcome to visitors in the Maori tongue. The bell-bird has practically disappeared from the mainland of the North Island, but is very plentiful on some of the off-shore wooded islands and also throughout the South Island. The name of the korimako was often applied metaphorically by the Maoris



TUI, OR PARSON-BIRDS.

to an eloquent speaker, a “silver-tongued orator.” It is at dawn of day that the bell-bird is at its best. Then every korimako in the grove rouses itself and sings its loudest and its sweetest ; and very delightful are those bush concerts in the dimness of the early morning, when the forests still lie in gloom, and rawness is over the world. The korimako has a curious variety of notes. The sweetest are the silvery bell-like ding-dongs ; sometimes you will hear a bird tac-tacking away

on a tiny anvil concealed in its little throat; sometimes a loving couple chattering away to each other on opposite boughs, one harping on a note like the noise a schoolboy makes with a comb and a piece of paper, with a tiny ding-dong in between now and then just for the sake of artistic finish. Charming indeed to the nature-lover are the remoter forest tracts, and such island sanctuaries as the Little Barrier and Kapiti, where the bell-bird and other pretty honey-sucking birds



KAKA PARROTS (*Nestor meridionalis*).

are still very numerous. Here the woodland creatures are all around, chirping, whistling, chiming, ringing their tiny bells, and taking little heed of man.

The kaka, a large brown parrot, is numerous all over New Zealand. In some native districts it still forms an item of food. The Urewera and other mountain tribes used to catch large numbers of kaka by

means of noosed carved snares, or perches, called *mutu-kaka*, a forest craft still occasionally practised in such remote localities as the shores of Lake Waikaremoana and near Mataatua and other villages in the Urewera country. The kaka is the noisiest bird in the New Zealand forest, and its intense curiosity and inquisitiveness assist in its capture by means of decoy-birds and by snares.

A very singular New Zealand bird is the wry-billed plover. It is a puzzle to naturalists: it is said to be the only bird in the world with a bill bent to one side.

A wonderful migrant is the godwit, or kuaka, seen in thousands on the coast of North New Zealand. It is said to breed in Eastern



THE PIIWHARAUA, OR SHINING CUCKOO.

Shy sea-comer with its green dusk-golden glimmer,
Lackey of the golden summer, sun-attendant.

—Domett.

Siberia from June to the end of July, and then to take its long, long flight for New Zealand, passing on its way many countries and crossing many seas. In November and December it arrives in New Zealand. At about the end of April the godwits assemble in vast numbers in the vicinity of Cape Te Reinga, the rocky northern extremity of New Zealand, and from this point the adventurous birds sail off again for their distant northern homes, ten thousand miles away. The birds' departure from New Zealand takes place about the same time, in fact on almost the same days every year; the regularity of their movements and the enormous range of their flight, year after year, is

one of the most marvellous things in natural history. It is a singular coincidence, too, that this flying-off place of the kuaka at Te Reinga should also be in Maori belief the "leaping-off" place of the souls of the dead, who take their viewless way to the Rerenga-Wairua, the Spirits' Flight, at the precipitous point of the Reinga, and there drop down to the waters of Oblivion.

There are two migrant cuckoos—the pretty pipiwharau, or shining cuckoo, and the long-tailed cuckoo, koekoea or kohoperoa—whose glossy barred tail-feathers are valued as head-dress ornaments by the Maoris; these little South Sea wanderers come to New Zealand for the summer, arriving about October, and breed here. The pipiwharau winters in northern Australia and New Guinea, and the koekoea in the Pacific Islands. Like the English cuckoo, the pipiwharau is regarded as the harbinger of spring. The Southland Maoris call it "Te Manu-a-Maui" ("Maui's Bird"), because its notes, when heard in the spring, are a signal to begin the planting, Maui being the tutelary deity of the food-gardens and cultivations. There is a little Maori newspaper published at Gisborne called *Te Pipiwharau*, after this messenger of spring, the subject of many an allusion in Maori poems and proverbs.

An interesting bird because of its beauty and its rarity is that aristocrat of the North Island forests the huia, which exists only in the more remote parts of the Tararua and Ruahine Ranges, in the Wellington Provincial District. The handsome white-tipped black tail-feathers of the huia are highly valued by the Maoris as head and hat ornaments; the huia-feather head-dress is an old Maori badge of chieftainship. A remarkable distinction between the male and female huia is in the shape of the bill—the male bird's bill is short and straight while the female's is slender and markedly curved and is considerably longer. Most naturalists who have observed the huia account for this unique divergence in the shape of the bills by the theory that it is to enable the birds to perform different offices in securing their food, which consists chiefly of grubs and insects found in the bark of tree, and in decayed logs.

Another famous bird amongst the Maoris is the kotuku, the rare white heron or crane, which now exists only in a few places in the South Island and on Stewart Island. It is the "kotuku-rerenga-tahi" of Maori proverb and song, the rare bird whose flight a man sees but once. This expression is a simile often used in reference to the visit of some distinguished guest. The snow-white feathers of the beautiful kotuku, like those of the huia, are highly prized by the Maoris as head-ornaments.

The Government of the Dominion has proclaimed the following birds as absolutely protected:—The huia, white heron (kotuku), blue heron, bell-bird, tui, kiwi, kakapo, *Notornis mantelli* (takahea), crested grebe, little grebe, whio or blue mountain-duck, bittern, whitehead (popokotea), native crow (kokako), shining cuckoo and long-tailed

cuckoo, fantail, grey-warbler, kingfisher, parrakeets, native robins, stitch-bird, native thrush; also owls, penguins, seagulls, and petrels.

The native pigeon, the kaka parrot, and the pukeko or swamp-hen are protected from the gun during every third year (beginning 1901). The brilliant-plumaged paradise duck, called by the Maoris "putangitangi," is protected in the Wellington and Marlborough Districts.

In order to protect and preserve the rarer varieties of native birds, the Government has set aside certain islands as avifauna sanctuaries,



THE HUIA (*Heteralocha acutirostris*).

"Isles of Aves" where the birds (which on the mainland often fall an easy prey to cats, weasels, and other animals) may live and multiply undisturbed. One of these islands is lofty and rugged Hauturu, or Little Barrier Island, in the Hauraki Gulf (North Island); another is Resolution Island, Dusky Sound, in the extreme south-west of the South Island. Both these places are densely wooded, and are the

happy haunts of many varieties of native birds. Of the birds on Haururu there are the tui, korimako (both very plentiful), kaka, pigeon (kuku), the quail-hawk, stitch-bird (kotihe), wren, whitehead (popokotea), fly-catcher, parrakeet, pipiwharau or bronze-winged cuckoo, the long-tailed cuckoo; the many sea-birds include the dusky petrel (taiko), and the titi or mutton-bird. On Resolution Island the kiwi and kakapo are very numerous. These islands are under the control of the Tourist Department. Kapiti, a beautiful and historic island on the northern side of Cook Strait, has also recently been made an avifauna reserve, "tapu" as a home in perpetuity for our feathered indigenes. Amongst the birds which abound here are the bell-bird, the tui, the pitoitoi or native robin, and the pretty popokotea or whitehead. Kapiti is a natural fortress. The few miles of oft-times stormy sea that separate it from the mainland made it a perfect and safe retreat for Te Rauparaha's cannibal warriors of seventy-five years ago, who here commanded the west coast and Cook Strait, and every year or so, after their crops were harvested, launched their long war-canoes for murderous raids on the mainland tribes. Nowadays the island is a stronghold of another sort—the last refuge of some of the scarcer species of native birds; and its comparatively isolated situation, which commended it to the Napoleonic eye of the "Old Sarpint," as the American whalers used to call Rauparaha, as a strategic military base, makes it an equally secluded and suitable home for New Zealand's interesting and often singularly helpless avifauna.

Another place of refuge for the native birds is the great National Park, in South-west Otago, where the kiwi and tokoweka, of the *Apteryx* family, and the kakapo or ground-parrot are particularly abundant. In Fiordland, too, there is believed to still survive that *rara avis* the takahea, or *Notornis hochstetteri*, a blue-plumaged bird like a great wingless swamp-hen—final link between modern birds and the creatures of the prehistoric age when the moa stalked the land. The last-known specimen of the takahea was caught on the western shores of Lake Te Anau in 1898; a few of its relatives may possibly still roam the great silent dripping forests between that grand fiord-like lake and the West Coast Sounds.

The beautiful onomatopœic Maori names of many New Zealand birds are worth remark. A considerable number of our indigenous birds derive their names from their cries and songs. To enumerate a few, there are the kuku (pigeon), the koko (or tui), the kaka parrot, the whio (blue mountain-duck), kea (parrot), and the riroriro, the little grey warbler. One can readily understand how these names came to be given, particularly in the case of the wild pigeon; "ku-ku" is simply an imitation of the sound uttered by the bird as it flaps from tree to tree, or sits up in the branches feasting on the berries—literally a "coo," softest and most loving of forest calls. The whio, or "whistler," generally called the "blue mountain-duck," is much more

abundant in the South Island than the North, and is studied particularly well on such routes as the foot-track leading through the mountains from Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound. Here, in many of the clear pools and calm reaches on the Clinton River, the traveller will see little fleets of whio sailing round and round, uttering now and then their peculiar whistling cry. Then there is the kea, the remarkable alpine parrot, the outlawed of squatterdom. Far up in the mountains, in the wastes of rock and ice, the kea's shrill scream will be heard, "kay-ah ! kay-ah !" as he flies around the alpinist on the cliffs or hops across the surface of the glacier after him.

Probably the most singular indigenous creature that inhabits the islands of New Zealand is the tuatara, a link with the saurians of the



THE TUATARA.

primeval age. It is now found only on a few rocky islands on the east coast of the North Auckland Peninsula, on Karewa and other islets in the Bay of Plenty, on East Cape Island, and on Stephen Island in Cook Strait. A curious, harmless saurian, blinking out its days on the warm rocks of the off-shore islands, it is considered by scientists to be the most ancient representative of vertebrate animals now living. "Among reptiles," says a writer on the subject, "it occupies pretty much the same isolated position as the kiwi does among birds." The tuatara grows to about 2 ft. in length. On the high rock-girt group of the Chicken Islets, or Marotiri, off Whangarei Heads, and on some other small islands on the East Coast, the most remarkable feature of its life is its copartnership in the matter of home and food with the petrels known as mutton-birds. The hillsides of Marotiri are mined and burrowed in all directions above the rocky

cliffs, exactly like the burrows of a rabbit-ridden country. But there are no rabbits here; the holes are those of the mutton-birds—the titi, oii, and toanui. These cave-dwelling birds are on strangely friendly terms with the creeping, spiney tuatara, which inhabits the same burrows as the titi and its cousin petrels, and is indeed believed to owe a good deal of its food to its kindly, sea-fishing fellow-lodgers. Some years ago the late Herr Reischek, an Austrian naturalist, collected between thirty and forty tuataras from the Hen and Chickens Islands for European museums and zoological gardens. The late Captain Fairchild, of the New Zealand Government Marine Department, frequently captured them there by digging deep pits near the haunts of the great lizards and collecting them next time he called round, by which time there were sure to be found some luckless tuatara who had tumbled in and could not get out. The tuatara is now protected by the Crown, and it is unlawful to take a specimen without special permission from the Minister of Internal Affairs.

A curious thing about the indigenous fauna of New Zealand is that it included no quadrupeds, with the exception of a small black rat which the Natives hunted for food. There was once a Native dog, but it was introduced by the Maori immigrants from Polynesia. There are no wild carnivorous animals, and no snakes; there is nothing to fear in the most gloomy, most solitary of the forests.





THE forty-seven thousand Maoris who live on their tribal lands, most of them in the North Island, are a fine handsome brown race, akin to the Tahitians, Hawaiians, and Samoans in language, customs, colour, and physique. If anything, they are a more virile people than their tropic cousins; many generations of life in the temperate Islands of New Zealand hardened their physical and mental stamina, until when they were discovered by the pakeha—the white man—they were the most energetic, and industrious, and warlike of all savage nations. Many of the present-day Natives fought against the British troops and the colonists, for the last Maori war was not concluded till 1871. Nowadays they are in most respects on terms of perfect equality with their European neighbours. Certainly they are not despised as so many “new-caught” dark-skinned races are; they are a proud people, and not at all disposed to play a servile part. They have members of their own race in Parliament; there are Maori doctors and lawyers; many Maoris are well-to-do farmers and graziers; and it is not at all an uncommon sight in the more progressive Native districts to see a telephone in a Maori dwelling, and a Maori and his family out in a motor-car. The Maori of to-day, with his schools and colleges, his big sheep-farms, and his air of civilisation generally, is a very different man to the old warriors who live for us again in the pages of Judge Maning’s “Old New Zealand,” or in Domett’s epic “Ranolf and Amohia.” The dour, tattooed fighting-men, who once made things lively for each other and the white man, will soon be as extinct as the moa. But for all that, the picturesque individuality

that is the great charm of the race is not lost. The poetic *poi*-dance and the martial *haka* are rehearsed in every village; the Maori girls and women of many tribes still have their chins blue-tattooed in the artistic lyre-like pattern that is looked upon as a proud national *tohu* or badge; and no race is more tenacious of its ancient traditions, or so careful in preserving its centuries-old folk-songs and folk-tales, and its aristocratic genealogies. In wood-carving the Maoris are probably the cleverest and most artistic of any primitive race, and the carvings with which they decorate, as in the past, their large meeting-houses are monuments of patience and skill in chisel-work, and marvellously intricate in their combinations of double spirals and scrolls within scrolls and peculiarly grotesque presentments of the human face and form tattooed.

The interior of a good carved house is bright with beautifully scrolled painted rafter-patterns. There are many varieties of patterns on the rafters and wall-plates, exhibiting some of the most graceful designs evolved by the Maori artist from his study of natural objects—the curve of a wave, the volute of a shell, the drooping beauty of the *kowhai*-blossom.

Though reduced in numbers from probably more than a hundred thousand a century ago to less than half that number now, and not so long ago spoken of as a “dying race,” the Maoris are beginning to face the future with new heart. For the decrease in their numbers has been stayed, and the last census even indicates a substantial increase in the birth-rate over the death-rate. The evolution of the cannibal warrior into the peaceful citizen is the most enthralling story in the history of the primitive races. Only three generations ago the Maori was in very truth, as a pioneer English settler once described him,—



A FULLY-TATTOOED MAORI CHIEF:
TOMIKA TE MUTU, OF THE NGAITERANGI
TRIBE, TAURANGA.

[From a sketch by Major-General Robley, 1864.]

No soft Paphian islander nourished on bread-fruit pap ; but a black Scandinavian of the South, a very clever and ferocious 6-ft. savage, who ate the dog and shark, drank blood, scoffed at death, and who any day in the year would fight his enemy to death for the prize of the corpse to feast on : a fierce but shrewd pagan, wont to procure his food and enforce his rights by the *argumentum baculinum*, the mere and the war-club.

But there was another and pleasanter side to the Maori character. He was, after his lights and in his environments, a highly educated man in technical knowledge. The Maori commune held no drones, no loafers. Every man was a skilled artisan in a variety of crafts. He had to be his own bush-clearer, felling huge trees with stone axes ;



A WOMAN OF THE NGATI-TUWHARETOA TRIBE,
LAKE TAUPŌ.

had to be his own carpenter, house-builder, house-carver, ship-builder, rigger and sailmaker, military engineer and fort-builder, net-maker and fisherman, fire-maker, farmer, and forest-hunter. Turned out naked and destitute on an uninhabited island, the Maori would have been a very king of men, resourceful and nature-conquering ; he would have been at home and comfortable where many a white Robinson Crusoe would have perished. And his communal habit, now his great weakness and hindrance to civilised effort, was then his great strength. For the necessities of a savage nation or savage clan it was the ideal state—the earliest co-operative system. The great



Photo by J. McDonald, Govt. Tourist Dept., 1908.]

A VANISHING TYPE : THE MAORI CHIEF PATARA TE TUHI.

This venerable chief is one of the fine old dignified tattooed aristocrats of the Maori race who are fast disappearing to the Reinga. He is now (1908) about eighty-four years of age ; his tribe is Ngati-Mahuta, the royal clan of the Waikato, and his home is at Mangere, on the shores of Manukau Harbour. Tawhiao, the late Maori King, was his cousin. Patara has a remarkable life-story. In his youth he was surrounded by all the scenes of savage paganism, and he shared in cannibalism ; the eating of human flesh prevailed amongst the wild tribes of New Zealand right up to the proclamation of British sovereignty in 1840 and in some parts of the colony after that date. He was one of the chiefs who set up the Maori Kingdom in 1858, and he fought in the Maori national cause against the British troops in the Waikato War of 1863-64. He has even been an editor, for in 1862-63 he wrote and printed the Kingite newspaper or gazette "Te Hokioi," at Ngaruawahia ; it was in an attempt to counteract the influence of this rebel sheet that Governor Sir George Grey and Mr. (now Sir John) Gorst started the short-lived paper "Te Pihohoi Mokémoké" ("The Lonely Sparrow"), at Te Awamutu, the Government station in the Waikato. Some of Patara's articles are quoted in Gorst's book, "The Maori King."

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MAUNGA-KIEKIE : AN ANCIENT MAORI HILL-FORT.

This remarkable volcanic hill, carved into terrace above terrace by the Maoris of old, is Maunga-kiekie ("Mountain of the climbing-plant *Freycinetia banksii*"), generally known as One-tree Hill, in the beautiful Cornwall Park, Auckland Isthmus. It was the stronghold of the great Waiohau chief Kivi-Tamaki about a hundred and fifty years ago; his citadel or *tihī* was on the hill-top, 600 ft. above the plain. Maunga-kiekie's slopes were trenched and terraced in colossal step after step; on the successive terraces stood the Maoris' dwellings and food-stores, and they were defended with strong lines of palisades.

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size of the many-terraced hill-forts in the North Island of New Zealand, particularly on the beautiful isthmus of Tamaki-makau-rau, where Auckland now stands, are imperishable memorials to the strength, number, and incredible industry of these first colonists of Maoriland, who worked and lived in communes, and held property in

common. Many centuries before ever a white sailor's eye had lifted the coast-mountains of Aotearoa, thousands of busy brown men and women were trenching and scarping these volcanic cones with their wooden spades, and bare-backed blue-tattooed Wellingtons and Kitcheners were planning castle-defences and laying out camp-lines of their own, or laying siege to some other tribe's stronghold.

They were navigators of skill and seamen of daring, too; in the early sea-roving era of their race-history they were probably the finest primitive race of sailor-men that the world has ever seen. Perhaps a thousand years before Cæsar's armoured legion landed on Britain's shores, the Aryan ancestors of the Maori were cruising from island to island in the Eastern seas and in the Pacific, pitching long camps in "Hawaiiiki" after "Hawaiiiki," and adventuring further and further in their long double or outrigger sailing-canoes into the Pacific—following the dance of the



THE LATE MAJOR ROPATA WAHAWAHA,
A CELEBRATED MAORI SOLDIER.

waves "round the curve of the world," ever steering to the place of the rising sun, until they compassed in their pilgrimage of generations the whole span of that great ocean from the Malays and the East Indian Archipelago and Papua to far-away Easter Island and the coast of South America. Their explorations ranged, too, from the Hawaiian Islands and perhaps even the coast of Alaska in the

far north to New Zealand and the Chatham Islands in the south. These descendants of—most probably—the Phœnician and Arab searovers were no mere ocean-drifters either; they could navigate by sun and stars, after their fashion, with sufficient accuracy to be able to fetch New Zealand from the directions of earlier voyagers who had



HON. J. CARROLL, M.P., MINISTER FOR NATIVE AFFAIRS.

stumbled on these long islands by accident, and more remarkable still, to be able to again reach Rarotonga and Tahiti, those comparatively tiny specks on the Pacific, from the shores of New Zealand.

So the Maori was a skilled and clever man long before he ever saw a white face; and if he has not yet succeeded in quite gripping the long-settled life-habits of the pakeha, who shall blame him? He has to undo the old and learn the new. The average Maori cannot all at

once become a patient milker of cows, for instance. Yet he is learning. That he is capable of anything in the higher walks of life, from becoming a doctor of medicine or of law to a member of the Legislature and a Cabinet Minister, has been demonstrated. There are brilliant, highly-educated men amongst the Natives whose grandfathers were mat-garbed cannibals. And they have sufficient pride of race to be rather proud of the fact than otherwise. The average white man probably finds a difficulty in tracing his pedigree back beyond his great grandfather. Most Maoris, on the contrary, can rehearse their genealogies back for at least twenty-four generations—the date of the arrival of the historic canoe-fleet from Polynesia; and most chiefs of high rank can go back much further—some have pedigrees stretching back fifty and sixty and eighty generations, when they become, however, very mythical and hazy. This all makes for racial and tribal self-esteem. The Maori does not feel flattered when he is told that his destiny is assimilation with the European.

One of the most accurate descriptions of the Maori of comparatively modern times was that written in 1868 by Governor Sir George Bowen in one of his despatches to the British Government. After remarking on the close resemblance of the Maoris to the old Scottish Highlanders in many of their national traits, he said,—

It should not be forgotten that if the Maoris of the present time resemble the ancient Highlanders in some of their savage customs and dark passions and superstitions they resemble them equally not only in their patriarchal and tribal systems of government, but also in personal courage, strength, and endurance; in love of war and military exercises, and of martial dances and songs; in liveliness of fancy, in natural shrewdness of character, and, it may be fairly added, in courtesy, hospitality, and good humour, so long as no offence is given to their national pride or to their individual self-esteem.

Intensely patriotic, the Maori has a touching attachment to his country and his tribal lands; a love of every hillock, grove, and stream is strong within him. "*Me mate te tangata me mate mo te whenua*" ("The death of the warrior is to die for the land") was one of his most-often quoted *whakatauki* or national mottoes.

This sentiment was closely interwoven with his national poetry—probably the finest poetry that any primitive race has ever evolved.



MR. APIRANA T. NGATA, M.A., LL.B.
M.P. FOR THE EASTERN MAORI
DISTRICT.

There is inspiration for a thousand epic poems, a thousand romances, in the legends and chants, and the *waiata-aroha* or love-songs, and laments, couched in the most beautiful language and rich expressive imagery, that are either preserved in print or are to be heard to-day in any Maori village.

New Zealand was first peopled by Polynesian immigrants probably over a thousand years ago. There was already a considerable aboriginal population, at any rate along the coasts, when what was generally known as the "historic fleet" arrived on these shores some six centuries ago from the legendary Hawaiiki—the canoes Aotea, Takitumu, Tokomaru, Arawa, and Tainui, and other exploring craft bearing names well known to-day, for they have their modern namesakes



A GOVERNMENT SCHOOL IN THE KING-COUNTRY, ATTENDED BY BOTH EUROPEAN AND MAORI CHILDREN.

in some of the fine ocean-steamers trading between England and New Zealand. Some of the ancient people, the *tangata-whenua*, were known as "Te-Iwi-a-Maui" ("Maui's Nation"), for they traced their descent back to Maui, the semi-deified Polynesian navigator, whose canoe, the Nuku-tai-memeha, is said by some of his descendants to have been the first that ever reached the shores of the North Island of New Zealand. Many Maori chiefs in both Islands can trace their genealogies without a break back to Maui; the number of generations (twenty-five years is usually allowed by Maori historians as a generation) is between forty and fifty. The first explorer to land in the South Island is said to have been one Rakaihaitu, whose canoe was the Uruao, and who lived about forty-two generations ago, or 1,050 years. Wakatipu and

other great glacial lakes in the South Island are spoken of in figurative language by the Ngaitahu tribes-people as "the water-pools hollowed out by Rakaihaitu."

The Hawaiiki or South-Sea Fatherland of the Maoris included Tahiti and Raiatea, the principal islands of the Society Group, and Rarotonga, in the Cook group. This ancient connection between the Maoris and the Rarotonga and Tahitian people is now well established as a historical fact not only by means of the traditions which they hold in common, but also by the long genealogical lists and tables which Polynesians memorise so accurately.

The Maoris still own about 7,000,000 acres of land in the two main islands of New Zealand. They are divided into about twenty principal tribes; the most numerous of these live in the Auckland Provincial District. According to the census of 1906, the proportion of the Maori population to that of European descent was one Maori to every nineteen Europeans. This census gave the Maori population as 47,731, including 3,938 half-castes living as members of Maori tribes, but excluding 2,578 half-castes living and enumerated as Europeans. The previous census—that of 1901—gave the Native population as 43,143. It is doubtful whether there has been actually the increase that these figures show, as the censuses previous to 1906 have not been very complete or accurate, owing to Native obstruction and other difficulties.



A FAMILY GROUP,
NGATI-WHAKAUE TRIBE, ROTORUA.

On the Chatham Islands, lying about 480 miles E.-S.-E. of New Zealand, there are 172 Maoris and 21 Morioris; the latter (of whom only seven or eight are of pure Moriori blood) are the remnant of the ancient aborigines of the Chathams (Wharekauri). The Moriori were once very numerous, but were conquered, and very literally "eaten out," by an enterprising war-party of the Ngati-Mutunga and Ngati-Tama tribes, who forced the captain of an English trading brig, the "Rodney," to convey them from Wellington Harbour to the Chathams in 1835. The leader of these cannibal conquistadors was a chief named Pomare, whose cultured grandson, Dr. Wi Maui Pomare, is to-day the Government Chief Medical Officer for the Maori districts, and takes a close and particular interest in the welfare of this tiny hapu of the islanders whom his warrior tribe slaughtered with musket and tomahawk seventy years ago.

While some Native tribes are conservative and unprogressive, other are beginning to adapt themselves to the ways and needs of

civilisation. The people of the east coast of the North Island in particular are exerting themselves in emulation of their European neighbours. Many of them are large sheepowners and graziers. The Ngati-Porou Tribe, who own the land around the East Cape, once famous as warriors, are now winning renown in the fields of peace; they have fine sheep-stations, covering many tens of thousands of acres. On some of these sheep-stations the shearing is done by machinery. The Native villages and principal stations and farms are connected by an excellent telephone system, established at the Maoris' own expense. The Ngati-Porou and their neighbour-tribes, the

Whanau-a-Apanui and others, have erected in all about 150 miles of telephone-wire running round the East Cape, and linked up with the European system. In this work, carried out without Government assistance, they set an excellent example of energy and enterprise to their white neighbours, as well as to the people of their own race.



DR. WI MAUI POMARE,
GOVERNMENT HEALTH OFFICER
FOR THE MAORIS.

There are about a hundred Government village schools for children of the Maori race, besides six large boarding-schools. Two of these secondary schools—St. Stephens' School, Auckland, and Te Aute College, Hawke's Bay—are for boys; the others, in various districts of the North Island, are for girls. The Government offers 123 scholarships at one or other of these schools, tenable for two years, for children of predominantly Maori race who pass the Fourth or a higher standard at the Native village schools. Between six and seven thousand children attend the village schools, which, together with the secondary schools, are doing excellent work in educating the Maori youth and in inculcating habits of order, cleanliness,

and industry. From Te Aute College have come many well-educated brainy young Maoris; some have taken University courses, and some of them have become doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and members of Parliament. These men and some of the hereditary chiefs of the younger generation are earnestly endeavouring to regenerate and reinvigorate their ancient race; and in their leadership and counsel, supported by other patriotic young Maoris who have imbibed something of the knowledge of the white race without losing pride in the traditions of their own, there lies the salvation of the Native people.

The Maoris are still prone, like many of their white cousins, to follow after strange gods; and now and again prophets and "medicine men" arise and preach quaint and unsettling doctrines. Ruatapu, the new "prophet" and high priest of the Urewera Tribe, who wears his hair long in imitation of the Israelites of whom he has read, who has several wives and poses as a Messiah to his people, is one of this kind. But the last of the great *tohungas* and self-styled prophets—Te Whiti, the oracle of Parihaka, in Taranaki—passed away last year; and with him died the old order of anti-European ideals and anti-Government agitation.

Particularly interesting Maori districts are the Rotorua geyser-land; the rugged mountain-lands of the Urewera country (Tuhoe-land), the borders of which are a day's drive from Rotorua; and the banks of the beautiful Wanganui and Waikato Rivers. The tribespeople of Tuhoe-land were the last Native clan to lay down their arms and submit to pakeha laws; now they are the most loyal of British subjects. Conservative in their ways, they retain many of the picturesque customs of their warrior fathers. In their forest-girt homes they are pleasantly hospitable to the few white people who visit them, and here the stranger may sometimes observe the olden arts and forest-craft of the race—women pounding flax-fibre with stone beaters, and weaving soft flaxen and feather garments, men busy at wood-carving, the bird-hunters killing their game without the aid of gun.

The national dances and mimic war-parades of the Maori, often revived at large gatherings of the people, are wonderfully picturesque. In these dances and martial exercises the Natives discard European dress for the most part and revert to the primitive flax and feather garments of their ancestors, delightful to the eye of the artist. A large Maori war-dance parade, such as one sees occasionally at Rotorua and in other Native districts is a feast of colour. And well do these garments display the splendid physical proportions of the race. There are vari-coloured waist-mats or kilts manufactured from the fibre of the New Zealand flax plant, and fine soft and closely woven shoulder capes, cloaks, and shawls of the same material. The larger cloaks are worn toga-fashion, the right arm free for the grasp of the weapon. But the dancers usually strip to the waist in the fighting costume of the Maori, their bare brown skins and limbs a mass of rich colour. Their faces are daubed with blue and black war-paint, their heads



Photo by Dr. Pomare.]

A GROUP OF
CHATHAM ISLANDERS,
MAORI AND MORIORI.



Photo by Dr. Pomare.]

THE LAST OF A DYING RACE.

[This woman, Rohana, is one of the eight surviving natives of pure Moriori blood, Chatham Islands.]

part of their patient weavers and stitchers. The rarest feather garments are those composed of the feathers of the kiwi; for others the wood-pigeon and the pretty tui have been slaughtered. Quite gorgeous are some of the more modern robes, with gay rows of pigeon, tui, pheasant, and even peacock's feathers, the iridescent blues and yellows gleaming rainbow-like in the sun. Rarer even than the kiwi-feather mats are the garments covered with soft white tufts of the hair of the now extinct Maori dog. In the ranks of the dancers are borne their tribal ensigns, bright bits of bunting which complete the vivid colouring of the picture; some bearing strange devices such as paintings of war-canoes, some rainbows and the crescent moon and stars.

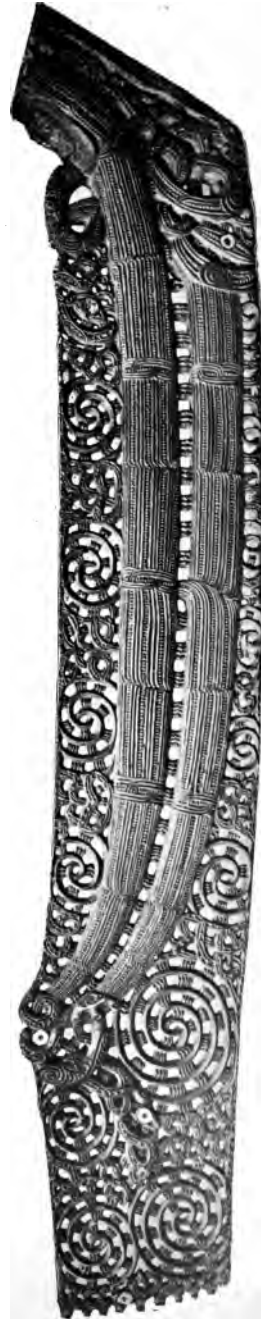
Some of the dances of welcome to visitors are thrillingly warlike exhibitions, though the words of the songs to which they give point are the most pacific. Take for example a recently-witnessed dance of the Ngati-Tuwharetoa Tribe, of the Taupo district.

circled with handkerchiefs or bands which keep in position the feathered head-decorations. For without feathers a Maori warrior's uniform is incomplete. Here are seen the regal white-tipped black tail-feathers of the rare huia; the soft pure white down of the albatross, the toroa of the Maoris; the feathers of the long-tailed cuckoo; and the white feathers of the wild goose. Here and there a long feather is quaintly stuck through the thick black beard of a dancer; others wear stately-looking head-chaplets of brown kiwi feathers. The feather mats of the people are brilliant in their variety of colour and pattern. Some are short, just covering the shoulders; others fall in a graceful drape from neck to feet, beautiful cloaks which represent an immense amount of toil on the



When the white visitors arrived at the meeting-place, a bare-headed bare-legged young chief, kiwi-feather mat on his shoulders, and one of similar make round his waist, white albatross feathers dancing in his headband, dashed down the field to where a long narrow column of half-naked armed men crouched expectant. Twenty yards from the front rank he stopped short, hurled a light spear at them, and then turned and ran back up the arena, pursued by the company at racing-speed. In front of the spectators the chief halted and turned, and the army stopped dead as one man, and dropped on one knee with their long wooden war-axes quivering in the fierce grip of strong brown hands. The chief was Te Heuheu Tukino, the hereditary high *ariki* of Taupo Moana, and the men were his tribe from the shores of the great central lake. The spear-throwing was an observance of the ancient fighting custom of the *wero*, or challenge, the orthodox Maori manner of leading up a party into the dancing marae. The 'Tuwharetoa wore only waist shawls, or short dangling rustling kilts of roughly dressed fibre, the lacy bark from the New Zealand cloth-tree the *whauwhi*, or ribbon-wood. The snowy feathers of the king of sea-birds were stuck in their thick black hair, and their cheeks were fantastically plastered with black war-paint. The spectators rose to their feet in uncontrollable excitement at the wild entry of the Taupo men, pursuing their high-born *tangata-wero*, and as the warriors came to a sudden halt, a solid column of a hundred and twenty men, in ranks of six, their axe-shaped feather-plumed *tewhatewhas* uplifted, they presented every detail of a real old-time war-party.

Then, at a word from their noble young chief, the fiery eyed descendant of a long line of tribal heroes, the 'Tuwharetoa, who has been crouched in a listening attitude, silent as statues, sprang into astonishingly savage life. With an enormous bound, they



CARVED STERN-POST (TAU-RAPA) OF A MAORI WAR-CANOE.

leaped, a compact company, three or four feet into the air, their long axes held sideways, blades a little higher than their heads, their tongues protruded like the grinning carved figures of their own grotesquely adorned houses. The next instant a thunderous thud, as two hundred and forty feet landed on the sounding soil; then the ranks, like one man, faced the other side, and once more leaped like deer, while the leader shouted the opening lines of the song "*U-u-uhi mai te waero*," an ancient chant which makes a splendid accompaniment to these dances. Then in huge volume they roared out, their eyes wildly



glaring, and their *tewhatewhas* raised and lowered in lightning time, the "*Weku-weku-weku mai te whiore-e!*" and the barking chorus of the wild *peruperu* to which their forefathers had danced many a time in deadly earnest. Jumping this way and that with quick bounds, thrusting their weapons now on one side now on the other, and grimacing till their faces resembled the saucer-eyed

koteko images on their carved house-tops, they went through every movement of the ancient military leaping parades. As the *puha*, the dance-chant, ended, the ranks gave a final bound into the air, their painted faces turned on one side, and their battle-axes menacingly brandished, and came down on the earth with

a simultaneous stamp that made the ground reverberate. With a final powerful expiration of air from the lungs, the ranks subsided, and all were down on one knee on the instant, their bodies quivering with the exertions of the dance, and their chests heaving with short deep breaths, as of athletes after a great race.

Very different from this wild *peruperu* are the *poi*-dances of the women and girls. The *poi*, a pretty action song and dance combined, is the favourite amusement at night in many a Native village, particularly in Ohinemutu and Whakarewarewa, in the Rotorua district.

where they are performed very frequently for the amusement of European visitors. The dances vary considerably in different districts; those of Parihaka, in Taranaki, are very wild and quick, and the accompanying chants are high pitched and of a barbaric weirdness; those of Rotorua, and of Maketu and Matata and other villages on the Bay of Plenty coast celebrated for their *poi*-dances, are softer and more melodious. A Maketu *poi*-dance is a haunting dream of rhythm and bright colour.

The *whare-taperé*, the house of amusement and dancing, opens to us. We pass beneath the scroll-carved *paré* surmounting the entrance, and take our seats in the post of honour next to the porch-window. The house is brightly lighted, and the tribe are there, squatting on gay-patterned flax mats spread on the earth floor. A space is left clear on one side of the whare for the dancing girls, who presently file in. Their wealth of black and flowing hair is plumed with the feathers of the albatross, and they wear an easy uniform of bright but harmoniously blending hues; the Maori colour-scheme may sometimes appear startling to the conservative pakeha, but here in a purely Native setting there seems little of the bizarre in the gayest raiment or the most brilliantly audacious of dress patterns. The



A HAKA BY THE NGATI-TUWHARETOA TRIBE, OF LAKE TAUPO.

two rows of dancers face us. A tiny girl of six, in crimson and white and wearing three albatross feathers in her hair, steps to the front with all the gravity grown-up. An accordion strikes up a pretty little repetitions, and at the word formance begins. *Poi* after vision of brown arms swing- from side to side, cleverly in the air, regular measure on and bosom, and bodies easily from throughout all the ments—some so hardly the unfollow them. It is with savage poetry life—a vision of gleaming feathers, tossing tresses moving with one accord, juggled balls, and wild chant. The Maori into the spirit of the they sit with every faculty the music. The old, old them—they are back on are once more beneath groves on some Polynesian the day,” where their Eve- the Venus-dance by the moon. As for we visitors, we can never tire of mummers, no pakeha such thrall as does this Thoroughly charming are and dances. Nothing can fanciful little wild-bird fluttering fantail or the perfect bit of acting is the performers imitate the and swing in perfect unison their reed playing-balls, to the accompaniment of a lively song. The delightful old legend of Nausicaa and her maidens is re-enacted here in the heart of Maori Land.



and self-possession of a somewhere in a dark corner air, haunting in its frequent from the leader the *per-poi*! There is before us a ing the elastic raupo-balls twirling them striking them in head and shoulders swaying their side to side intricate move-dexterous that practised eye can a picture pulsating and semi-barbaric

black eyes, dancing of the night, lithe limbs and the air full of deftly with a high and liquid audience enter as fully thing as the actresses—drinking in the dance and race-feeling possesses the old, old paths—they their ancestral palm-atoll at “the gateways of like girls and women dance light of the round tropic we are so fascinated that watching. No paleface *corps de ballet*, hold one in *poi* of the brown villagers. some of these action songs be prettier than their *pois*, imitative of the soaring hawk. Another the canoe-*poi*, in which action of paddling a canoc,

Another characteristic and picturesque phase of Maori life is the canoeing. On the beautiful Waikato and Wanganui Rivers, each



A PARTY OF POI-DANCERS, AT NGAPUNA, ROTORUA.

flowing for nearly two hundred miles through the heart of the North Island, and on many minor streams, the old-time canoe—*waka*, as the Maoris call it—is still much in use. Unlike the birch-bark canoe of the Red Indian and the Canadian *voyageur*, and the cedar-built Peter-



C. Parkerson, photo.]

MAORI CANOE, "TE IROIRO," ON LAKE ROTORUA.

borough canoe, the Maori *waka* is hewn out of a solid tree-trunk, and is sometimes as much as 80 ft. and more in length, with a beam of 3 ft. to 5 ft. The largest one now in existence outside a museum, the Maori ex-King's war-canoe "Taheretikitiki," which has on several times raced British men-of-war cutters, sometimes beating them, is 84 ft. long, and when fully manned for a race has fifty paddlers aboard. At Rotorua these old-time dug-out canoes are still to be seen. A funeral-*tangi* or other tribal gathering at Ohinemutu brings up a little fleet of *wakas* from the scattered homes of the Arawa Tribe, and it is a pretty sight in summer-time—though not so frequent now as in years past—to watch the people coming in to Rotorua marketing, on Saturday especially, their canoes deep-laden with brightly attired passengers, heaped-up baskets of potatoes, or, in season, kits of ripe cherries, and if there be a fair wind sailing in merrily under bellied-out spritsail of primitive make and cut, with a steering paddle out astern.



Like one man their war-chant chiming,
Fierce deep cries the paddles timing.

—Domett.

A really good canoe-race, such as is to be seen to-day on the Waikato River, is a nerve-thrilling sight. These Waikato river-men are the best canoeists in the Island. It does not require a great stretch of imagination to believe the scores of excited half-stripped paddlers on the warpath as of old. Splendid canoe-regattas are held annually at Mercer and Ngauwahia, on the Waikato.

Strikingly decorative are the older class of war-canoes, adorned with carved figure-head of artistically wrought spirals, and carved stern-post, flaunting their feathered streamers, the bow decked with two long projecting *puhi* or feelers, waving in front of it like the antennæ of some monster butterfly.

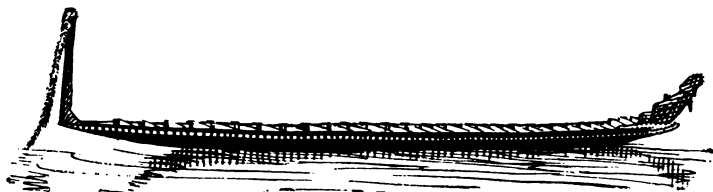
A race in which three or four big canoes are engaged is worth going a long way to see. Each long, narrow craft is propelled with incredible vigour by from twenty to forty wild-eyed brown men, plunging and poising their sharp-pointed paddles with incomparable precision and unison—straining shoulders and muscular arms up and down and up again as one man; wet paddles flashing in the sun a moment and then dipping again; plumed and kilted captains, balancing themselves erect amidships, waving their whalebone clubs or their spear-tongued hardwood *taiahas*, and giving the time to the crews with measured call and high-chanted boat-songs. A remarkable and most amusing feature of these regattas is the canoe hurdle-racing, in which small light canoes, each carrying two paddlers, are impelled over hurdles about thirty inches to two feet above the surface of the water. Only those who have seen a Maori women's canoe hurdle-race can testify to the hearty merriment that is to be got out of a day's water-sport.

This is a specimen of the old-time Rotorua paddling songs chanted by the Arawa canoe-captains (*kai-tuki* or *hau-tu*) to their crews, and still used upon occasion:—

Rité, ko te rité!
Te ihu takoto atu,
Waenga kia rite,
Te kei akina—
Aha—ha!
Tera koia ko Tioriori
E purehurehu ana i runga ra.
E aku kai-kamo e wairutu nei.
Tiaia, a tiaia!
Toki hika toki,
Toki hika toki.
E kai ongeonge ahau ki te noho.
E titiro pi au ko Honehono;
Whakamau kau atu te titiro
Ki te wahapu ki Ohau ra;
I hara mai ra koe
Taku ka tuku kai rau roto.
Tiaia!
Rite, ko te rite!
Hukere, ka hukere:
Ka rere—e, a ka rere,
Ka rere ake te tapai huruhuru
Ki te papa o te waka nei.
Toki hika toki,
Toki hika toki!

(Translation.)

Together—all together!
Bow-paddles there, dip together;
'Midships there, keep time!
Stern-paddles, all together.
Now we're going along!
See yon brightly shining star
Tioriori, flashing in the morning sky.
My eyes are dimmed with the heat of
paddling.
Plunge in your paddles;
Dig away, dig away!
I weary with sitting at my paddle.
How our eyeballs wildly glare!
Steersman, straight for the Ohau River
mouth;
Yonder comes my food—
You, my foe, food for my battle-axe!
Paddle away!
All together, all together!
Quickly plunge your paddle blades.
How bravely fly the feathers
That deck our war canoe!
Paddle away
And away!





AUCKLAND AND THE WAITEMATA HARBOUR.

THE CITIES AND TOWNS OF NEW ZEALAND.

UNLIKE so many older lands, New Zealand's business is not concentrated in one or two large centres, to the detriment of provincial and country towns. It has a great number of flourishing small towns, both inland and on the coast. For the fortunate distribution of the population the irregular and sea-broken nature of the country is very largely responsible. Out of the total white population, the largest city—Auckland—contains less than 10 per cent. In Australia the position is very different. Two huge cities hold one-fourth of the total population of Australia, and the four chief cities hold one-third. The lesser towns of New Zealand are in their way as attractive as the cities, and the situation of some of the seaports is very beautiful. There are numbers of these smaller towns, all humming with prosperity, and loading their ships with wool and frozen meat, butter and cheese, coal and timber.



OCEAN LINERS AT THE QUEEN STREET WHARF, AUCKLAND.

In all the essentials of modern progress the four cities are well advanced. Each city has good electric-car services, for example; in all but Auckland these services are owned and managed by the municipalities. A feature of all these towns is the excellent character of their public prints. There are 232 newspapers and periodicals published in the Dominion; amongst these are several splendidly illustrated weekly papers, equal in pictorial beauty to any weeklies in the Northern Hemisphere.

AUCKLAND, with an atmosphere and climate that breathe of the soft half-tropics, has all the glow and warmth of the North, and one of the most beautiful sites to be found in the world. The men who chose the site of Auckland in 1840 had the prescience and wisdom of the seer. Sitting on a ten-mile-wide isthmus, where the Hauraki Gulf and the Manukau almost cut the great northern peninsula off from



THE PLAINS OF TAMAKI.

A view from Maunga-kiekie, Cornwall Park, on the Tamaki Isthmus, looking over the suburbs towards Auckland City and the Waitemata.

the trunk of the North Island, it rests a hand on a harbour on either side. The isthmus was the Tamaki-makau-rau of the Maoris (Tamaki-of-a-Hundred-Lovers), so called because of the tribal contests waged in ancient times for the possession of its rich volcanic slopes and flats, where the semi-tropic esculents grew to perfection, and its fish-teeming bays and creeks. To-day it is a lovely land, this Tamaki-makau-rau, with its profusion of foliage and fruit and flowers, its pretty homes, its green garden-lands, and its great parks covering the crater-topped hill-cones, wonderfully scarped and terraced in tier after tier of earth-works by the Maori warriors of other days. The city and suburbs are spreading out right across the isthmus; in a few years' time the borough of Greater Auckland will extend from the Waitemata to the Manukau—the present population, including suburbs, is close on

ninety thousand. Seawards, on the east and north, the eye sweeps over a land-and-water picture of uncommon beauty. The sheltered outer gulf is strewn with high wooded or grassy islands, of picturesquely broken outlines, with blue, triple-peaked Rangitoto Island swelling evenly up in the sweeping lines of rest that tell of its volcanic origin, and standing sentry-like high above all. The mainland bends in and out in rounded knoll and tree-broidered headland and sandy bay; the long silver harbour of the Waitemata bends in sharply from the outer gulf, and washes the gentle curving city-front. The entrance to Auckland Harbour, through the South Sea Cyclades of the Hauraki, is the most picturesque sea-channel in Australasia; some travellers have found no other trade water-way to compare with it but the approach to Rio de Janeiro. You may sail or steam for fifty miles seawards north away from the entrance to the Waitemata before you meet the unbroken swell of the Pacific. The Gulf, with its wide, open reaches and its countless bays, coves, and estuaries, is the yachtsman's region of delight. Auckland is fittingly the headquarters of the Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron, an organization with a large membership, and a numerous fleet of pleasure-craft, and at week-ends and on regatta-days the sail-flecked Waitemata is an uncommonly pretty sight.

A busy seaport, Auckland is pre-eminent over other New Zealand ports in certain branches of trade, and in particular the business with the South Sea Islands. Here come and go the trading-steamers that maintain communication with many groups of Pacific islands, from Fiji in the west to the romantic Society Islands in French Oceania. The tourist here, too, takes train inland to the famous wonderland of the Hot Lakes district. In Auckland he is on the confines of Maoriland; but the Natives he sees in the street no longer wear their picturesque old flax and feather costumes. They are well dressed in European clothing; but now and then a touch of the old, old race customs is observed, as, for instance, when a couple of friends or acquaintances chance to meet each other after a long separation, and, regardless of the passers-by, remove their pipes from their mouths, and their hats from their heads, and, approaching face to face, press noses in greeting courtesy after the ancient custom of the *hongi*. Auckland is full of reminiscences of the Maori and his past glory; the local museum contains a large collection of Maori antiquities, amongst them a splendid specimen of that triumph of savage naval art, the war-canoe. In the matter of art galleries Auckland is better equipped than any of her sister cities. There are two fine galleries in the Municipal Buildings, both of which owe their origin to the munificence of private citizens; and the Grey section of the Public Library—the gift of a man who was famous far outside the boundaries of this Dominion, the late Sir George Grey—contains manuscripts and medieval illuminated script and original letters of celebrated people that would be exceedingly valuable acquisitions to any Old-World museum or library. Another pleasant feature of the city to a



THE WAITEMATA HARBOUR AND AUCKLAND CITY, FROM THE NORTH SHORE.

The name Wai-te-matā may be translated as "glittering waters." Literally it is "Water which resembles the *matā-tuhia*" —i.e., obsidian (volcanic glass). The Maoris of the Ngāti-Whātua tribe explain that their ancestors so named this harbour because of its beautiful shining polished surface as seen on some calm windless day, like the smooth and glittering inner surface of a piece of obsidian when it is broken open. The part of the harbour originally so named was the lower part, off Kohimarama and Orakei Bay, where some of the Ngāti-Whātua tribe live to-day.

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THE UPPER PART OF WAITEMATA HARBOUR, FROM STANLEY POINT,
NORTH SHORE.



ONEHUNGA, ON THE MANUKAU HARBOUR, AUCKLAND'S WESTERN
SEAPORT.

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visitor is the number and beauty of its public parks and breathing-spaces. Right in the heart of the city, on a commanding hill-top, are the beautiful landscape gardens of the Albert Park, ablaze with flowers and waving with trees. A more magnificent park still, probably the finest in the possession of any Australasian city, is the 300-acre area of Cornwall Park, or Maungakiekie (gifted to the people by the veteran Sir John Logan Campbell, the "Father of Auckland"), with its terraced hill-slopes and its tree-groves and golf-links, a short run from the city by electric car; the panorama of green land and quiet sea viewed from the central hill of this lovely park has few equals in the world. And there are other charming open spaces, for Auckland is pre-eminently the city of parks.

Round about Auckland, by land and water, there are many very beautiful places open to the traveller, some of them possessing an interest unique. On the west there are the wooded ranges of Waitākere and Nihotupu, where some fine groves of the great kauri-pine are to be seen. Eastward and southward, where the suburbs shade off into the country, there are some delightful drives. Here the fields and roads are for many miles fenced with stone walls, built of rough blocks of scoria from the immense lava-streams which ages ago were discharged by the dozens of volcanic crater-vents that burst out over the surface of the isthmus.

By water there are innumerable places of soft and sylvan charm about the harbour and the islanded gulf. Of the islands of the Hauraki, two of the most beautiful and most favoured by summer picnickers and holiday-makers are Motu-tapu (the "Holy Isle" of the Maoris), with its magnificent old pohutukawa woods, lying close to lofty lava-built Rangitoto; and Waiheke, a large partly-forested island with many pretty bays, coves, and white sandy beaches. Northward a remarkably beautiful island is Kawau, with its snugly-sheltered bays, and its woods and cliff-top Maori *pas*. To the east lies Coromandel, a region of quiet bays and high and forested islands; and, outermost warden of all, spread like a long cloud across the entrance



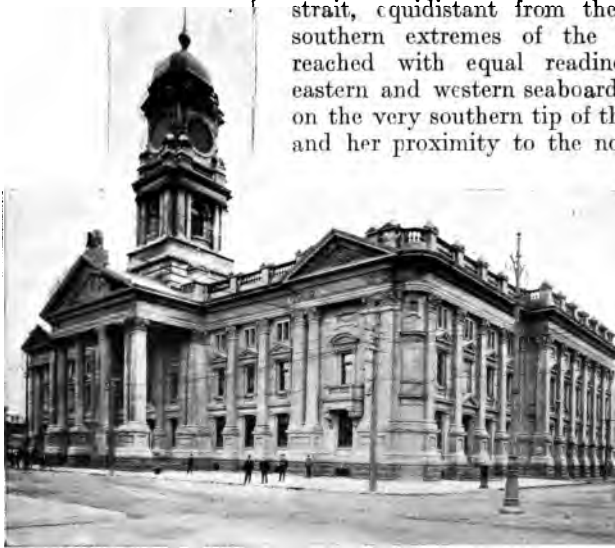
THE PORT OF WELLINGTON.

to the Hauraki, there is lofty-ridged Aotea, the Great Barrier Island, where the traveller may get interesting glimpses of the settler's and the bushman's life. An extremely beautiful part of the Great Barrier is the splendid hill-girt harbour of Port Fitzroy, very deep, and so land-locked that it is fiord-like in its serenity and calm.

New Zealand is particularly fortunate in the site of its capital city, WELLINGTON. The long and narrow island-Dominion seems to have been cut in two by a benevolent nature for the express purpose of facilitating trade and intercourse between the various parts of the 4,300 miles of coastline, and it did not require a genius to see that just here, where the sea-pass of Cook Strait gives many a ship a short cut to its destination, was the ideal situation for a great commercial port and a capital city. The magnificently commanding position of Wel-

lington, situated at the gate of the central strait, equidistant from the northern and southern extremes of the Dominion, and reached with equal readiness from both eastern and western seaboards; her position on the very southern tip of the North Island, and her proximity to the northern coast of

the South Island, all go to make up a situation unequalled in Australasia, geographically and strategically, and one that holds enormous possibilities as the world's attention works Pacific-wards.



THE TOWN HALL, WELLINGTON.

The population of the city and suburbs is over seventy thousand; in 1901 it was only forty-seven thousand. Settlement is spreading out everywhere over the steep hills that circle the harbour, and the city toilers are perching homes on windy heights that almost attain the dignity of mountains—houses that look like some castled eyries from a distance. Everywhere the big hills that dominate the port are seamed with road-cuts and pierced with tunnels for trains and electric and cable cars. Houses are perched one above the other, until they sit on blowy eminences from which one could almost imagine a good puff delivered by the wind-god of near-by Cook Strait would



WELLINGTON CITY, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

The City of Wellington, founded in the year 1840, owes its existence to the colonising spirit of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who was the chief mover in the formation of an association in England in 1837 to plant British settlements in this then savage land, and whose energy forced the British Government in 1840 to annex New Zealand, and so forestalled French enterprise in these seas. The New Zealand Company's ship "Tory" was the pioneer vessel, and the Company's staff, headed by Colonel William Wakefield, landed in Wellington Harbour, generally known as Port Nicholson, towards the end of 1839; the first English immigrants landed on 22nd January, 1840, just a week before the British flag was hoisted at the Bay of Islands. The first settlement was at Pito-onó ("the End of the Beach"), now the town of Petūnū, at the northern extremity of the harbour, but the present site at the southern end was afterwards found more suitable. The City was named after the Duke of Wellington. In 1840 the hills around the harbour were everywhere clothed with dense forest, and Maori stockaded villages stood on the foreshore. The site of Wellington was purchased from the Maori tribes for a trifling consideration consisting of muskets and gunpowder, pipes and tobacco, fish-hooks, axes, knives, jew's-harpe, blankets, prints, &c. The remarkable progress made in less than seventy years may be judged from the fact that the assessed capital value of the land and improvements in the city and its adjoining suburbs now stands at something over £19,000,000. Wellington's shipping trade has grown to large dimensions; the total tonnage of vessels arriving in this port during the year ending 30th September, 1908, was 2,866,338. Wellington became the capital of the Colony in 1864, when the seat of Government was transferred here from Auckland.

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TWO VIEWS OF WELLINGTON CITY, FROM THE NORTH.



THE GENERAL'S WHARF, WELLINGTON.

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PORT LYTTTELTON.

topple them into the backyards of those below. Gulches are, being filled in and hills levelled down to form parks and pleasure-grounds. It is a city of big engineering works ; nor in spite of this is it ugly, but much the reverse. The deep circling harbour, with its up-sweeping hills tiered and terraced and roaded to their summits, 500 ft. or 600 ft. above the business streets on the water-front, and in the distance the snow-sprinkled peaks of the Tararua and the high wooded ranges that lead to the funnel-like harbour entrance, make up a scene that is in its way very beautiful. These altitudes and their pure sea-breezes keep the city and its people fresh and healthy. The grand deep hill-circled harbour, covering its 20,000 acres, is nearly as land-locked as a lake, and is made busy by the continual coming and going of the brisk little coasting steamers that work the east and west seaboard of the Island, and dodge in and out of the Marlborough Sounds and other nearby South Island waterways, and the numerous fleet of ocean-steamers that visit Wellington more frequently than any other port in the Dominion. The shipping accommodation is conveniently close to the business heart of the city. Great 12,000-ton liners from London lie within 200 or 300 yards of the General Post Office.

Back of the city the great bold hills are in New Zealand's early summer time—the month of November—splashed with gorgeous beds of golden broom. It was Wellington City that Kipling had in his mind when he wrote in his song "The Flowers" of

Broom behind the windy town, pollen o' the pine,
Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the ratas twine.

From the top of the nearest of these hill-ridges, Kelburne—to which the cable-cars run from the city-heart, lifting the passenger 500 ft. above the harbour level—there are some very beautiful and far-reaching views. Mr. Frank Bullen, the sea-writer, not long ago penned this appreciation of Wellington, after viewing the city and port from the Kelburne Hill :—

Looking down from the great height to which the cable-car has carried us, the panorama opened out before our eyes is full of beauty ; and, without going back on one word of what I have said about the glories of Sydney and Auckland Harbours, I gladly admit that Wellington has no reason to be ashamed. She has harbour that the proudest nation in the world might well envy for its capital.



THE CITY OF CHRISTCHURCH.

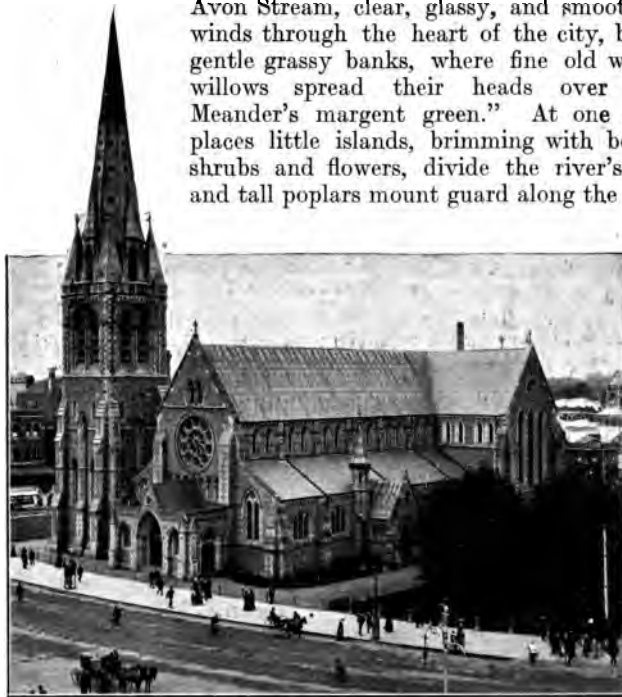
It is immensely difficult to realise, looking down upon that splendid series of wharves, with its thronging ships of the largest size, that I am in a city of less than sixty thousand inhabitants, the capital of a country whose total population is much less than that of three of our London boroughs. It is, of course, only to be accounted for by remembering that here we have a selected population, whereof every adult unit is of account.

CHRISTCHURCH (population between fifty-nine and sixty thousand), the metropolis of the Canterbury Provincial District, is a reflex even to this day of the spirit of its founders, who aimed to plant on the Avon's banks an England in miniature—

Who framed the New upon the Old,
And stamped the Old upon the New.

Spreading leisurely over a wide plain, generously adorned with trees, and parks, and flowers, Christchurch is a very pleasant place. Sir John Gorst, the British Government's special Commissioner to the New Zealand International Exhibition of 1906-7, called it a "garden city." It is rich in beautiful flower-gardens and orchards and grassy open spaces; tree-groves sprinkle it everywhere; and delightful woodland walks lie within five minutes of the city-heart, where the stately Cathedral lifts its slender spire—the "hub" of Christchurch.

It owes much of its peculiar beauty to the Avon Stream, clear, glassy, and smooth, that winds through the heart of the city, between gentle grassy banks, where fine old weeping-willows spread their heads over "slow Meander's margent green." At one or two places little islands, brimming with beautiful shrubs and flowers, divide the river's course and tall poplars mount guard along the banks.



THE ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL, CHRISTCHURCH.

Less cosmopolitan than Auckland or Wellington, Christchurch retains to this day a good deal of the English character of its early days. It was born in 1850, with an Archbishop at the head of its founders, and though time has considerably modified the plans upon which it was first established, it none the less impresses the visitor with a spacious quiet dignity and an air of repose and refinement. Christchurch, too, possesses an aristocratic tone; the culture, high character, and social position of the early settlers have descended to

the present generation, who treasure with pride the old traditions ; and the wealth of the wool-kings and the big grainmen and merchants has accentuated the old-time refinement of the Church's bantling.

One interesting feature about Christchurch that differentiates it from the other New Zealand cities is the source of its water-supply. Instead of being supplied from a city reservoir or a river or lake, the houses have their own water drawn from the earth by means of artesian wells. Deep down beneath the city and the Canterbury Plains is an inexhaustible supply of the purest water—some geologists say it is an immense subterranean lake. This is tapped by thousands of bores, and everywhere in the city one sees the little windmills of artesian wells.

The principal public buildings of Christchurch are of considerable architectural grace, and many of the fine private residences present a harmonious combination of colonial and old-fashioned English design. One of the public institutions is the excellent Canterbury Museum, the best in the Dominion as regards its general collection ; in the Maori antiquities section, however, it is surpassed by the Auckland and Wellington Museums. An interesting and historical structure in the city is the old Provincial Council Chamber, in Worcester Street, close to the Avon banks, a beautiful building in the early English decorated style. The admirable establishments for secondary and technical education, including Canterbury College (one of the four colleges of the New Zealand University), Christ's College, the Boys' High School, and the School of Art, are notable amongst the city institutions. There are beautiful suburbs, with many handsome and luxurious homes. A particularly picturesque place is Riccarton, two miles from Cathedral Square ; this was the cradle of settlement on the Canterbury plains. Here the sedate little flax- and reed-fringed



ON AVON'S STREAM.



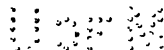
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BASILICA, CHRISTCHURCH.

river flows through pretty mansion grounds, and winds past young forests of oaks and limes, shading soft lawns and flower gardens, and rich grass lands level as a table.

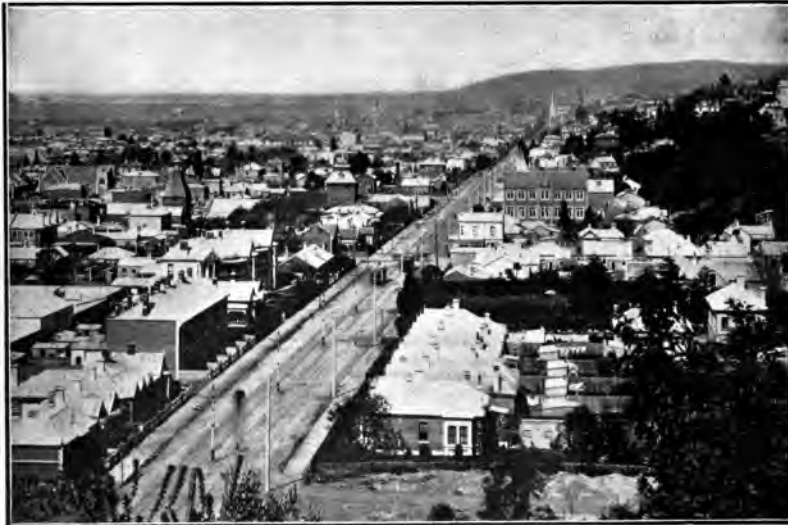
The City of DUNEDIN, the metropolis of Otago Province, founded by Scottish Presbyterians in 1848, retains a good deal of the solid sturdy character of the pioneers. It is, too, a town of great picturesqueness, curving somewhat like Wellington along the hilly shores of its harbour. The hills, however, are more wooded, and more softly green than the indomitable steeps of the capital city; and its harbour



A CHRISTCHURCH HOME.



is shallower. The population at latest estimate was 59,495. As Auckland is the gateway to the wonderful geyserland of Rotorua, so Dunedin, at its end of the Dominion, is the entry-port for the scenic country of the southern lakeland and the great Fiordland National Park. Dunedin is the fourth largest city in New Zealand, and is the sea-port of a highly productive agricultural and pastoral province, rich in wool, meat, and grain. The courageous pioneers who landed here from the "John Wickliff" and "Philip Laing" sixty years ago found in Otago a goodly land that more than fulfilled their highest hopes. The grand scenery, too, the lakes and the mountains, reminded them of their own old Highland homes, and when they explored the inland parts they conferred many an olden home-name



THE CITY OF DUNEDIN.

upon mountain, loch, and stream. Caledonian societies, Burns clubs, pipe-bands, and other Scottish institutions flourish. Two of the finest stone buildings in the city are the Presbyterian places of worship, the handsome First Church and Knox Church. Seven miles down the harbour is Port Chalmers (Koputai Bay), connected by rail with the city. All large ocean-steamers visiting the harbour formerly berthed at Port Chalmers, but the dredging of a deep channel to Dunedin now enables big oversea liners to lie alongside the city wharves. From this port the first cargo of frozen meat exported from the colony was despatched to London, in the year 1881, by a sailing-vessel, the ship "Dunedin," fitted with a refrigerator—the

humble beginning of a great trade which is now one of the mainstays of the country.

So New Zealand's chief cities have, at any rate, passed out of the raw pioneering stage, and are centres not only of considerable commercial interest, but also of some attraction for the traveller.

Then, there are the many lesser towns. One particularly beautiful and pleasant town is Nelson, near the northern end of the South Island,



FIRST CHURCH (PRESBYTERIAN), DUNEDIN.

the ocean on the north, the mountains on the other three sides—a delightful spot, with its balmy airs, its orchards and gardens and tree-groves, and its willow-fringed trout-streams. Many retired Anglo-Indians, and naval and military officers have settled in this Arcadian little town.

Napier, the sea-port of Hawke's Bay, is an equally attractive place, but of a somewhat different order of beauty. It has a magnificent ocean-front—a grand sweeping bay that curves away for scores

of miles in a crescent of gleaming surf and shining white sands. Along the town sea-face runs a beautiful esplanade nearly two miles in length, and outside the low sea-wall the sandy beach shelves gently to the sun-warmed waters—a delightful bathing-place. The business part of the town is built on the levels near the sea; but on Scinde Island, the island-like green height that dominates the port, there are the homes of the citizens; and very comfortable and lovely homes they are, half-hidden in their fruit-groves and gardens—an Edenic place of shade and semi-tropic profusion of flowers, of soft winds, and seldom-broken sunshine.

New Plymouth, on the great curving coast of black titaniferous sand that bounds Taranaki Province,



THE TOWN OF NAPIER, HAWKE'S BAY.

has a glorious landscape for its background, the great snowy cone of Mount Egmont.

Then on the east coast of the South Island there are Timaru and Oamaru, busy meat and wool and grain ports, with large artificial harbours.

The following are the principal towns, in geographical order from North to South, with their populations as at last census-taking :—

Waihi : A gold-mining town in the Ohinemuri district, South Auckland. The premier gold-mine in Australasia, the Waihi, is in this borough. Population, 5,594.

Gisborne : On east coast of North Island. Ships frozen meat, wool, &c. Population, 5,664.

- Napier** : Chief town of Hawke's Bay, with port protected by break-water. Shipping-place for a large meat-raising and wool-growing district. Population, 9,454.
- New Plymouth** : Chief town and port of Taranaki Provincial District. Population, 5,141.
- Wanganui** : Near mouth of Wanganui River ; small coasting-craft enter the river. Population, 8,175.
- Palmerston North** : Largest inland town in Wellington Province ; centre of a rich agricultural and pastoral country. Population, 10,239.
- Masterton** : Wellington Province. Population, 5,026.
- Blenheim** : Chief town of Marlborough District ; centre of a very productive farming district. Population, 3,351.
- Nelson** : Chief town of Nelson Provincial District ; seaport. Farming, fruit-growing, hop-growing, &c. Population, 8,164.
- Westport** : On west coast of South Island ; coal-port. Population, 3,642.
- Greymouth** : On the coast of Westland ; port of shipment for coal and timber. Population, 4,569.
- Timaru** : Seaport town, South Canterbury. Good artificial harbour. Exports frozen meat, dairy-produce, wool, grain, &c. Population, 7,615.
- Oamaru** : Second town in Otago. Harbour formed by a large concrete breakwater. Exports wool, grain, frozen meat, butter, and cheese. Population, 5,071.
- Invercargill** : Chief town of Southland, with seaport at the Bluff, seventeen miles distant by rail. Large export trade in grain (chiefly oats), wool, frozen mutton, butter, cheese, &c. Population, 12,000.



NEW ZEALAND'S TRAVEL-REGIONS.

THE LAND OF THE KAURI.

BY THE WATERS OF TOKERAU.



THE long narrow peninsula of North Auckland, which stretches away for over two hundred miles from the Queen City of the North, is subtropical in its genial warmth. The vine and lemon and orange grow to perfection in its sheltered sunny valleys. For centuries the home of the powerful Ngapuhi Tribe, its Maori population is still the largest of any of the Native tribal districts. It was the cradle of British colonisation in New Zealand, the scene of the first Maori war. It is a very beautiful land, with richly wooded highlands and plains, its innumerable rivers, its volcanic hill-cones, and its labyrinthine shores. There is no more enticing region in New Zealand than this undulating ocean-bitten Northland, "the land of the waiting spring-time," with its immense stock-raising, dairying, and fruit-growing capabilities. A land of deeply-indented coast-line, with a thousand lovely white-beached bays, and bays within bays; rocky coasts where whales are chased by the half-caste boat-crews; long tidal rivers, mangrove fringed, flecked with the sails of the timber-scows, and alive with the hum of great sawmills; the land of the famous kauri-pine.

One of the best methods of touring North Auckland is to take train to the Kaipara Harbour, on the west coast, and travel thence by river-steamer up to the head of the Wairoa River—the chief centre of the kauri-timber industry—across country to Whangarei, then to the Bay of Islands, Hokianga, and Whangaroa, returning to Auckland by steamer down the east coast and through the island-studded Hauraki Gulf.

First, take the great WAIROA RIVER, the northern estuary of the Kaipara Harbour. From Helensville (near this town there are some good natural medicinal hot springs), where the Auckland trains reach the Kaipara tidal waters, one can travel northwards by steamer and launch for a hundred and twenty miles along the greatest inland water-way in New Zealand. As a highway for trade the Wairoa is of inestimable value. The channel of navigation is deep enough for ships of 2,000 tons for fifty miles from the harbour-mouth; and the

banks of the Wairoa are lively with the kauri timber business. Bound up-river one passes craft after craft—barques, barquentines, brigantines, topsail schooners, scows, even a stray brig, that good old rig now so seldom seen—towing up in ballast, or seaward timber-laden. One sees large foreign-bound barques lying so close alongside the kauri-mills that their yards almost touch the lofty smokestacks, and the rigs and names of the vessels at the wharves bring with them a whiff of the sea which seems strange in these far-inland waters. At Tatarariki, Aratapu, Aoroa, Te Kopuru, and elsewhere there are mills working night and day, and it is a deeply interesting sight to watch the great cross-cutting and band saws slicing with steady scream into the huge logs—often more than a tall man's height in diameter—fresh-hauled



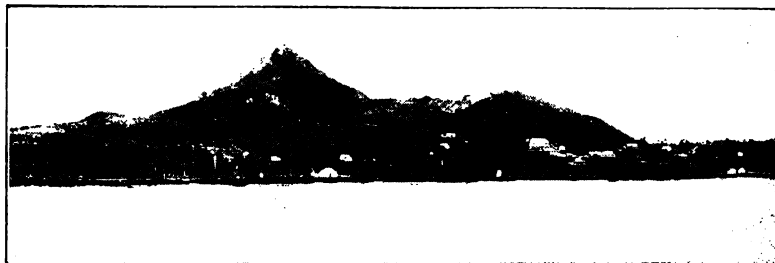
TIMBER-VESSELS LOADING AT A NORTHERN WAIROA MILL.

from the salt tide, and to note the wonderful speed and precision of the machinery which reduces these great tree-trunks to planks with a rapidity as bewildering as the much-talked-of metamorphosis of a hog in Chicago. Higher still up the river and its tributaries are the bushmen at their strenuous toil—felling the giant kauri, hauling the logs out by bullock-team or steam-tramway, “driving” them down the creeks to the tideway.

As one steams up the broad Wairoa, the limitless low banks stretch in long vistas of waving toëtoë plumes and bright green flax-clumps, backed in the distance in many places by the dark kahikatea bush, a solid forest-wall, each tree as straight as a lance. These alluvial flats, only lately turned to account, are making the finest of dairying and stock-raising country. The Raupo flats which we pass on our right some ten miles up the river were a few years ago nothing but a huge swamp, apparently undrainable; but the Government

cut drainage-canals through the block, and it is now the home of a considerable number of thriving settlers. Salt-water creeks run from the main waterway back through the low-lying country ; quiet bayous, half-hidden in the mangrove thickets, from which a boat now and then pulls out to intercept us. We are reminded of the West Indian and African piratical creeks and secret refuges of "Tom Cringle's Log" and "The Cruise of the Midge," beloved of our boyhood's days.

An interesting spot passed is Tokatoka, a township romantically set down at the foot of a beautiful symmetrical volcanic cone, swelling up gracefully to a sharp-pointed apex. "Rocks upon Rocks" is the interpretation of this appropriate place-name. Bush clothes the lower portion of Tokatoka mount, but the summit is bare of tree or shrub ; a tall flagstaff planted there by the pakeha's hand shows that the rocky hill-top is not so inaccessible as it looks. One recalls, as he looks on Tokatoka's shapely height, Herman Melville's terse description of that romantic peak in his dear tropic isle of "Omoo" : "High above all and central the Marlinespike lifted its finger."



TOKATOKA PEAK, NORTHERN WAIROA RIVER.

The launch-voyage up the upper parts of the Northern Wairoa, from Dargaville to the head of navigation near the falls on the Wairua, is rich in beautiful forest and mountain scenery. Calm reach after reach opens out, blue smoky ranges towering in the background ; and for miles and miles there is a wall of weeping-willows on either side, trailing in the quiet waters. There are quiet little creeks, fringed with tall rustling raupo and the peaceful waving white plumes of the toétóé ; wild-ducks and teal retreat before the churning of our screw. The deep valleys are shrouded in a pale misty blue, hiding we know not what romantic retreats of the bush-fairy and the shy, gloom-loving kiwi ; the peaks and spurs are dark-violet. The river winds in and around sharp loops and unexpected curves, and now opens up the real glory of the Wairoa. Here and there settlers' homes and cleared fields and pleasant orchards are passed ; kauri-logs, half submerged, drift down slowly and silently with the current ; a river-farmer pulling with the stream hails us from his flat-bottomed boat.

Ahead, on the broad reaches the shining river flashes and sparkles in the sun, the pendulous foliage confining it on either side; and back of all rise the forest and the high-looming mountain sides. Close under the hills we go, sweeping round magnificent bends in the deep waterway; then the Tangihua heights are right over us, their slopes thickly wooded with kauri, rimu, totara, and other forest-kings.

These banks of the Wairoa were a Garden of Eden for the Maoris. Birds swarmed in the bush; fish in the rivers and the tributary creeks; the rich, alluvial flats provided splendid crops of kumara and taro. Fleets of canoes once navigated these waters, but they are all gone now, giving place to the punts and steamers of the pakeha.



THE OMIRU FALLS, ON THE WAIRUA RIVER.

Occasionally a kind of tidal-bore rushes up the Wairoa from the sea, a phenomenon familiar to Europeans who have lived long on the river, and attributed by them to unusually heavy swells setting in through the Kaipara Heads. There are always two waves, one following the other in quick succession, and they are felt as far up the river as the reaches above Dargaville. The Maoris say that each of these waves is the outward and visible sign of a *taniwha*, marking the fast-speeding river-god underneath. The first is named Hoeroa ("Long Paddle"), the second is Takutai ("Sea-Shore"), who is Hoeroa's younger brother. Now, know you that Hoeroa was one of

the god-like pioneers of this land of Aotearoa. He arrived here generations upon generations ago and paddled his magic canoe, laden with all kinds of fish, far up the broad, silent waters of the Wairoa. He placed the fish in the river—the leaping kanae (mullet), the teeming tamuré (schnapper) and the delicious patiki or flatfish, and afterwards retired into private life down at the ocean portals—a benevolent sort of *taniwha*. And when you see those two strange waves rolling up the river, forty and fifty miles from the sea, raising a splash along the oozy banks like a great steamer's propeller-wash, you will know that old Long-Paddle is revisiting his former haunts, attended by his little brother Takutai. Hoeroa is a tribal spook or water-wraith, for when he takes it into his head to rush away up inland it is a sign that some one of importance amongst the river Natives will shortly meet with misfortune or death.

The ocean "bore" of which mention has been made has been known to rush, 6 ft. in height, up as far as Tangiteroria, at least seventy miles from the sea.

A unique sight is the great Omiru Fall, on the Wairua River—a tributary of the Northern Wairoa—where the broad stream drops in a miniature Niagara over a lofty wall of rock, carrying with it large kauri logs floated down from the forests on its upper waters. Often there are seen piles of these logs poised on the very verge of the fall, stranded until a "fresh" comes; then the sight is indeed a thrilling one when the great tree-trunks go hurtling and crashing down into the wild rock-walled pool below.

There are some fine pictures in this back-country between the Upper Wairoa and Whangarei. We draw rein on the ferny slopes of Okoihu, below the veronica-grown parapets of an ancient Maori hill-fort, looking eastwards to the symmetrical sweep of beautiful Whatitiri, the "Thunder Mountain." A great silence hangs heavy over the land. The gum-digger has scoured the olden hunting-grounds of the savage, and has left the mark of his spade in myriads of upturned heaps of clay. The Maori hamlets below us are bathed in as deep a sleep as that which descended on Rip Van Winkle; the midsummer air is drowsy with heat; only the brisk cicada that haunts the ferny terraces breaks the long slumber of the north. But far away there on the gentle forested slopes of the Thunder Mountain rises straight into the still air a thin high column of blue-grey smoke. It is the sign of the pakeha pioneer; the white settler is hewing and burning his home out of the primeval bush, and by that sign we know that in a little while the last of the forest will have been swept from the mountain side. The grass will take the place of the wild wood, and the tui's melody and the wild pig's grunt give place to the lowing of cattle and the bleating of the white man's sheep—a typical phase of the metamorphosis of Maoriland.

Across country to WHANGAREI, by vehicle, there are views of the sombre kauri-gum lands and glimpses of the nomadic gum-digger's

life. Then we open up some beautiful country. A noble landscape diversified with well-grassed farms, wide fields in crop, gleaming brooks, dark green native woods and thickets, and graceful, forested cloud-shadowed peaks rising above the surrounding plains. Then as we climb the road over the spurs of Maunu Mountain, past groves of the puriri and the laurel-leaved karaka, the tree-fern, and the fan-fronded nikau palm, we come suddenly on a view of the sea, the sinuous Harbour of Whangarei, and the high, rocky islands which Captain Cook called the "Hen and Chickens," sitting stately and afar on blue ocean.

Close to Whangarei town are large orange-groves and vineries; many varieties of vines grow outdoors here, some producing as much as 15 tons of grapes to the acre. The Heads of Whangarei Harbour are of unusual beauty: many an artist has attempted to fix on canvas something of their romantic charm. On the northern side of the harbour, where the loveliest of little white sandy beaches rim the fish-teeming soft-blue waters, and where curlew and seagulls jostle each other on the smooth white sands, the rocky hills, forest-clothed on their slopes, rear themselves in the most fantastic shapes—huge limestone tors and gigantic presentments of human figures. Right on the face of lofty Manaia Point are a series of cyclopean rock figures—famous in local Maori legend—worn into the most curious of shapes and shattered and eroded by the play of ages of lightning and storm.



THE WHANGAREI FALLS.

A short distance out of Whangarei town are the Kamo Mineral Springs, a sanatorium which has attained a considerable reputation for its excellent baths and for its health-giving and palatable medicated drinking-waters.

North away again, by land or sea, one reaches the beautiful BAY OF ISLANDS, the TOKERAU of the warlike Ngapuhi. What an air of olden romance clings round this well-named Bay of Islands! The Sleepy Hollow of North New Zealand, it lies serene and untroubled of the outer world. Very beautiful, very quiet, is the island-strewn gulf as seen from the flagstaff on the historic Maiki Hill, above the little township of Russell—this lofty white signal-staff stands on the spot where its three predecessors were cut down by Hone Heke's warriors. For miles and miles stretch the heavenly-blue waters,

lapping pohutukawa-fringed beaches of finest sand and creeping into bay and cove innumerable—the delight of yachtsmen and campers-out. The tideway flashes blue and silver in the summer sun ; countless flocks of seabirds pursue the darting shoals of kahawai and other fish ; porpoises and spouting black-fish disport themselves in the outer reaches ; a white-sailed schooner or fishing-boat swims on the polished surface of the landlocked inner bay. And at your feet is the sweeping half-moon of Kororareka Beach, of black and shelving sand ; on the water-front slumbers New Zealand's earliest capital. It is hard to believe that this was once the busiest, rowdiest seaport in the colony, that more than thirty British and American whale-ships sometimes



MANAIA, WHANGAREI HEADS.

lay at anchor together in this bay, and that these hills echoed with the roar of battle between European and Maori. But so it was in Hone Heke's day. All these glimmering waters and curving beaches of Tokerau are big with history, down from the ancient times when the Maori explorers aptly named this east coast, with its calm reaches and peaceful estuaries, the "Tai-tamahine" (the "Sea of Girls"), in allusion to its tranquil and sheltered character as contrasted with the "Tai-tamatane," the wild "man-like" west coast, where warriors and not women were needed at the canoe-paddles—down to the coming of the missionaries (whose pioneer, Samuel Marsden, preached

his first sermon to the Ngapuhi cannibals on Christmas Day, 1814); to the era of Hongi Hika the man-eater, the Napoleon of the North, who with his newly gotten muskets slew his thousands, and bore back here hundreds of captives and baskets of human flesh packed in his great war-canoes; the traders, and the whalers, and the signing-away of the *mana* of the land to Queen Victoria by the Northern chiefs in the Treaty of Waitangi, of 1840; then the cannonading of warships, and the landing of regiments of British redcoats.

Inland by rail is Kawakawa town, the business centre of the Bay of Islands district; then by coach the beautiful Kaikohe country, a rich volcanic region, of great possibilities for the agriculturist, the stock-raiser, and the fruit and vine grower. Here and there are remarkable old volcanic cones, on whose ferny summits are to be seen curious crater-fissures and extinct geyser-pipes.

Westward from Kawakawa a day by coach, through the old battle-fields of Heke's war of 1845-46, the traveller reaches the celebrated



RUSSELL, BAY OF ISLANDS.

harbour of HOKIANGA, with its estuaries and tidal rivers, its pretty bays, its deep forests, its European townships and villages, picturesque little Maori kaingas, sawmills, kauri-gum stores, rich vineyards, orange-orchards and lemon-orchards, and lovely sheltered valleys, ideal sites for homes. Here the climate is deliciously mild, frost never comes, and the winds ever softly blow. The Maori cultivates the kumara and the tropical taro as he did in his olden South-Sea home. Hokianga Harbour was one of the earliest places visited by the old mariners for kauri spars and squared logs; here some of the first New Zealand vessels were built; here lived F. E. Maning ("Pakeha-Maori"), the author of "Old New Zealand," Baron de Thierry, and many another remarkable man of the wild pioneering days. On yon bald hill opposite Te Horeke landing lie the remains of "Jackey" Marmon, a buccaneer-like white adventurer who lived with the Maoris in the "good old days" in the early part of last century, fought in their battles, and shared in their cannibal feasts.

WHANGAROA, on the eastern coast, a few hours' steam northwards from the Bay of Islands, is another of the beauty-places and story-lands of the North. Here is to be viewed probably the finest scenery north of Auckland. Whangaroa Harbour is entered through a narrow fiord-like passage between lofty perpendicular cliffs, weathered into a multitude of strange forms in dark-grey rock. Within the bold sea-gates lovely little bays open out on either hand, notably the exquisite indent of Okahumoko on the right—a sound rather than a bay, its calm silvery waters reflecting as in a looking-glass the huge weather-worn castled cliffs above. A little Maori settlement lies up the bay, and sometimes in the early morning, as the coaster steams up the deep silent harbour from the outer ocean, a Maori canoe with sail set may be seen making for the fishing-haunts, or lying at the grounds by

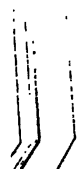


A SETTLER'S HOME, ONOKE, HOKIANGA.

the Okahumoko mouth while the crew haul up the ever-teeming schnapper, the kahawai, or the occasional greedy shark.

Northwards by steamer is Mangonui, hidden away in the inner sweeps of Doubtless Bay, with its great crescent of yellow sands. Near by, at Opoe, is the New Zealand landing-place of the trans-Pacific cable. Then the Far North, with its fruits and vines and semi-tropical esculents, its cattle-runs and its great gumfields, merging into the wind-blown sandhills that stretch away to the rocky cape of Te Reinga, where the Maori souls take their last leap—into Te Tatau-o-te-Po, the ocean-door of Oblivion.

These warm blue seas on the north-east Auckland coast are specked with rocky islands of all shapes and sizes, from the Hen and Chickens to the islets that mark the insweep to the far-stretching sands of Doubtless Bay; and away again north-west to the Three Kings.



Some are high, walled with black inaccessible-looking cliffs ; all are the home of countless sea-birds, which scream and wrangle round their fish-teeming coasts from early dawn till close of day. In olden times some of the islands were the homes of Maori hapus ; the remains of their cliffy eyries may still be seen, perched on some high promontory commanding far-reaching prospects of ocean, island, and mainland. The Poor Knights, lying on the starboard hand of the steamer-track from Auckland to the Bay of Islands, and about midway between Whangarei Heads and Cape Brett, are the largest of these groups of volcanic rocks. East and south of the Whangarei Heads the Hen and Chickens are passed close to. The "Hen" (Taranga of the Maoris)



HAPUKU (GROPER), CAUGHT ON THE EAST COAST OF NORTH AUCKLAND.

rises apart, high and densely wooded ; her rocky brood of seven nestle close together, only separated by narrow channels of sea, full of patches and reefs. No one lives on these islets, so near the mainland, yet so lonely and desolate. Maoris from the coast occasionally sail over to them for hapuku-fishing, or bent on mutton-bird catching ; for the rest, the coasting scow or schooner, or a rare summer-excursion steamer are the only disturbers of their solitudes.

Nearer Auckland, and close to one's steamer-track going to or returning from the north are the islands of the beautiful Hauraki Gulf. Some of these are very lovely spots ; a passing view of such

an island as Kawau, with its grand old pohutukawa groves and its park-like uplands, makes one long to land and explore it. Hauturu, or the Little Barrier Island as Captain Cook named it, is one of the Government sanctuaries for native birds. It is a wild-looking place, fenced nearly everywhere with lofty black basaltic cliffs. The island rises steeply out of the deep waters into a many-peaked mountain of nearly 3,000 ft. in height, clothed everywhere with dense and tangled forest, where

Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland,
Swings the trailer from the crag.

It would be hardly possible to conceive of a more secure preserve for our native birds. There are no harbours or bays; the only landing is on the rough boulder-bank near the Government Curator's house on the volcanic flat at the south-west end of the island. The bell-bird and the tui make music here all day long, and they and their many companions of the bush, free from molestation by man, are increasing in numbers, and are as tame as the birds of the Garden of Eden. Kawau, an island of a different character of beauty, and a delightful holiday resort, was the olden home of Sir George Grey. Wallaby-shooting is one of the sports of the island. Not far away, on the mainland, is Waiwera (Maori, "Hot Water") where there are some warm medicinal springs. There is a large seaside hotel here, and the springs and their beautiful surroundings are a pleasant summer-time watering-place. All this coast-line, facing the rising sun, is very lovely. Forests of pohutukawa-trees, rich with crimson blossoms in midsummer, crown each headland, and in the quiet bays their twisted branches bend down until they are washed by the salt water at high tide. Oysters growing on trees are no traveller's fiction here; on Kawau, where the pohutukawa are unusually large and luxuriant of growth, the finger-like branches that this king of the coastwise woods sends down to the tideway are sometimes covered with oysters up to the high-water mark. As for the mangroves, that give a tropic touch to many of the northern estuaries and creeks, they are often thick with oysters.



Photo by Hugh Boscawen, Esq.]

AN EARLY MORNING PICTURE, OFF WAIHEKE ISLAND, HAURAKI GULF.



GEYSERLAND! It is indeed a word of enchantment for the traveller who sets sail New-Zealand-ward. What visions does it not conjure up—huge columns of boiling water and spray mounting a thousand feet into the air; boiling and steaming springs everywhere; terraces of strange and lovely hues; Maoris paddling their canoes over calm blue lakes, and spending their untroubled days lounging in baths of Elysian warmth and softness! All of which dreams are to be realised, except, indeed, the spectacle of a thousand-foot geyser-spout, for Waimangu has retired from his gigantic labours; but in his absence there are myriads of other geysers in Hot-spring Land, smaller but far more beautiful.

This most wonderful of all travel-regions, the Rotorua Thermal Springs District, occupies the heart of the North Island. Summarising the chief features of the great thermal-springs territory, it is a volcanic strip now in the solfatara stage, some 150 miles in length (taking White Island, in the Bay of Plenty, as its northern terminal) and twenty miles in width, stretching southwards to Mount Ruapehu. It may be broadly considered as a great tableland with a general elevation of from 1,000 ft. to 1,500 ft. above the sea, rising in parts into volcanic mountains of wild and broken outline, dotted with many lakes, and pitted with thousands upon thousands of boiling springs welling from the superheated strata below, steaming pools, lakelets, fumaroles, mud-volcanoes, and ever-bubbling mud-springs, and with geysers of amazing proportions and energy. Many of the lakes are of large size and much beauty, fringed in places by rich

woodlands, in others closely impinged upon by rocky cliffs. The northern mountains rise to elevations of from 2,000 ft. to 3,000 ft., but southward of Lake Taupo they culminate in those wonderful examples of expiring vulcanism the magnificent mountains of Tongariro, Ngauruhoe, and Ruapehu, the last-named 9,000 ft. in height—the loftiest point of the North Island. The springs and geysers of Rotorua and Whakarewarewa are the best-known of the thermal phenomena. But the whole district teems with strange sights, with examples of the marvellous effects produced by volcanic, thermal, and chemical action—the fuming cauldrons of Tikitere, the gaily painted sinter-banks and coloured springs and lakelets of Waiotapu, the ever-steaming gorgeously tinted cliffs and the sub-aqueous and hillside geysers of Rotomahana Lake, the fumaroles and boiling fountains of Paeroa and Ohaki, the gleaming terraces and exquisite bathing-pools and spouting geysers that fringe the beautiful cañon of the Waikato at Orakeikorako, the geysers and hot runlets of Wairakei, and the many springs and geysers around Lake Taupo.



OHINEMUTU, LAKE ROTORUA.

A Maori legend tells us that when the moon dies each month, she goes to the great Lake of Aewa, where she bathes in the Wai-ora-a-Tané (the Living-Waters-of-Tane) and comes forth with life and strength renewed, to travel again her accustomed way through the heavens. "This is the water which can restore all, even the moon to its path in the sky." The "Wai-ora-a-Tane" is an expression often heard from Maori lips. Literally "Tane" means "Man"—the human race. This ancient legend has a modern application. "The Living-Waters-of-Tane" are no myth. They are with us on this earth below. Flowing in never-failing medicated fountains from the underworld, they spring to the surface in a thousand places in the Rotorua Wonderland, bearing strength and healing to all the children of men. For generations they were the *wai-ora* of the mat-garbed savage; now they are the resort of thousands of pakehas from all parts of the civilised world.

ROTORUA, the residential centre of the thermal zone, is in daily railway communication with Auckland. The first view of this enchanted region from the summit of the wooded Mamaku Range is one of more than ordinary beauty. As the train sweeps out of the bush a round blue lake is seen nearly a thousand feet below, with a dark-purple islet resting pyramidal in its centre. On the waterside and at various points in the manuka shrubbery that nearly everywhere clothes the lakeward flats there rise countless smokelike wreaths of steam—the sign and token of an eerie land. The insistent fumes of the sulphur-springs are borne in upon one as the train curves down to the plains. When evening closes in, electric lights flash out along the wide streets of Rotorua Town, and soon the traveller is enjoying the comforts of a good hotel and marvelling at the strange juxtaposition of man's handiwork and Nature's wildest freaks. The whole place savours of the uncanny, in spite of the smart and modern air



THE NEW BATH BUILDINGS, AND GOVERNMENT GARDENS, ROTORUA.

of the little town, with its churches and stores, and electric light and railway ; and the tourist's wonder is in no way diminished next morning when he threads his way through the devious paths of a Maori village built literally in the midst of boiling springs and steaming cauldrons by the lakeside, or engages in a game of tennis on a grassy lawn alongside a brace of energetic but well-behaved geysers, bubbling and spouting, and sending their curling steam-clouds softly soaring through the pine-groves. It is a delightful place of shade and flowers. The pumice soil grows trees and flowers wonderfully well, if it grows nothing else. There are many pretty private gardens ; and if now and then a hot spring or a sulphur mud-pot may be heard gurgling and bubbling in a corner of a garden, the roses and pansies and other blossoms growing alongside lose none of their opulence of bloom thereby ; it is only another of those amazing contrasts that one must be prepared to see all over this strange Geyserland.

Very nearly 1,000 ft. above sea-level, Rotorua possesses a clear, bright, invigorating climate. No one spends a week in this place of soft and soothing hot baths, charming land and water scapes, and boiling fountains but resolves at first opportunity to return to it again. The very atmosphere is restful, conducive to an easy, lazy holiday.

Rotorua is the most cosmopolitan town in New Zealand, resorted to as it is by travellers, bathers, and sportsmen from all parts of the world. Where a few years ago there was a grey waste of manuka scrub bordering the southern shore of Lake Rotorua there has sprung up a large European town—an interesting town in more ways than one. It is the only State-owned State-managed town in New Zealand or in Australasia. It is under the control of a Department of State, the New Zealand Government Department of Tourist and Health Resorts. Mr. T. E. Donne, the General Manager of the Department, recently took over the administration of the town on behalf of the Government. The land on which the town stands is owned by the



A ROTORUA TROUT-STREAM, THE UTUHINA.

Government. The citizens pay no rates; they simply pay rents for their sections—a very low rent, too, in most cases—and the Government does the rest. It has provided Rotorua with good broad streets, shaded by beautiful avenues of trees, with electric lighting (from power generated on a rapid river thirteen miles away), with a gravitation water service from the hills, with landscape gardens and parks; and it has just built large and handsome bath-buildings, designed partly on the lines of those at the great European spas, costing over £30,000. This establishment is being furnished with all the appliances that medical science can devise for the purpose of using the healing mineral waters to the fullest advantage.

The Government balneologist and medical specialist, Dr. A. S. Wohlmann, has his headquarters in Rotorua, and may be consulted by invalids desiring to take a course of the waters.

The earth here does not merely ooze hot water, it pumps it out by the ton—the thousands of tons. The supply of medicated bathing-

waters in Rotorua alone would suffice a continent. As a spa, Rotorua has no superior in the world. Its hot mineral baths are powerful remedies for rheumatism, sciatica, gout, dyspepsia, and liver-troubles, skin-complaints, and many another affliction. These "living waters" are responsible for many a wonderful cure. Cripples throw away their crutches after a few weeks' bathing, the gouty man regains his health and his temper, the dyspeptic forgets that he has a stomach, and the rejuvenated Anglo-Indian that he has a liver. This is not the place into which to enter upon the medical properties of the waters; Dr. Wohlmann's excellent brochures on the New Zealand mineral waters deal fully with these matters. But many beside the invalid will find



A PARTY OF POI DANCERS, IN FRONT OF THE CARVED MEETING-HOUSE
"TAMA-TE-KAPUA," OHINEMUTU.

pleasure in the Rotorua Spa. It is a foretaste of Elysium to lave one's tired body in the warm and deliciously soft and emollient waters welling from the Priest or Rachel springs, or to plunge into the grand Blue Bath, so delightful that one never wants to leave it. The soft silky "feel" of the water in these baths is one of their greatest charms, and the pakeha visitor no longer wonders at the love of the Maori for the steaming *wai-ariki*.

The bathing-establishment is surrounded by a beautiful park, with ornamental lakelets and ponds alive with carp and trout and native wild-fowl—a park which extends to the lake edge, and is in

itself a little wonderland, with its geysers and boiling springs and warm lagoons. There are tennis-lawns, bowling-greens, and other facilities for gentle exercise ; there is a tea-house, with its wide cool verandahs ; and in the summer evenings bands of music play, and there are performances of the rhythmic *poi* and exciting *haka* dances by the Arawa Maoris—dances that revive memories of the departed barbaric glories of this most picturesque part of old Maoriland. The hand of man has transformed the doleful desert of manuka and pumice, and beautiful beds of flowers and refreshing green lawns and shrubberies border the pleasant walks. Near the lake-shore there is a serpentine lakelet. A series of shallow pools have been connected in such a way as to form a long winding bayou, which insinuates itself through the thickets of flowering manuka and mingles its waters with those of the lake by devious channels. In many places near the shore powerful springs of water gush up from the bottom and feed the “lazy locked lagoon.” The low-lying sandbanks and rushy shoals bordering Rotorua Lake—



Parkerson, photo.]

WHAKAREWAREWA : THE VILLAGE OF THE GEYSERS.

here are the homes of many a water-bird and wader. The very name of the place is appropriate—Tahuna-pukeko (“The Haunt of the Swamp-hen”). Then beyond is the lake—Rotorua-nui-a-Kahu—often for days and days a calm glassy sheet of blue and silver.

Around the town is a famous “sight-seeing” country. The invalid, after he leaves the Antipodean Waters of Lethe, the delightful and emollient waters that soak the pains and aches from out his very bones, is encouraged to travel and see things. Even if he can do nothing else he can get out on the beautiful lake and hold a fishing-rod, where the trout are “jumping crazy for the fly” or the bright and delusive minnow.

Close to the European town is the picturesque lazy-looking old Maori village of OHINEMUTU, with its carved meeting-house, and its little towered church, and its dwellings spread along the lakeside,

amidst a maze of boiling springs and warm bathing-pools. Here the aboriginal housewife needs not to kindle a fire. Nature supplies her with convenient cooking-holes ever steaming. When the Maori feels cold he troubles not with a fire; he squats in some deliciously warm open-air bath to his neck, and smokes the pipe of peace and plenty.

Very beautiful on a calm midsummer or autumn day is the panorama of water, hill, and forest spread out before one from a vantage-point such as Pukeroa Hill, the historic old fort-site above Rotorua Town. On just such a windless day, when the steam-jets and geyser-clouds rise straight into the untroubled air, you will, if you are a reader of the Maoriland classic "Ranolf and Amohia," realise the aptness and accuracy of Domett's lines:—

Far round were seen, o'er thicket green,
By sandy shore, in darksome glen,
Cloud jets of steam, whose snowy gleam,
But that they moved not, you would deem
The smoke of ambushed riflemen;
But peaceful these, nor passed away
For wind or hot refulgent day.
White, bright, and still o'er wild and wood,
Like new-alighted sprites they stood,
Pure in the brilliant breathlessness.



AN ACTION-SONG BY TUHOURANGI WOMEN, WAIKITE GEYSER
PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND.

At WHAKAREWAREWA (two miles from Rotorua) there is the wonderful Geyser Valley. A considerable portion of the Whakarewarewa Valley is a Government reserve, managed, like several other New Zealand thermal areas, by the Department of Tourist and Health Resorts. Here in a small space one views all conceivable kinds of thermal activity. Here are the *puias* or "spouters" Pohutu, Waikite, Wairoa, Waikorohihi, and other beautiful geysers; the largest sometimes



throw columns of boiling water and glittering spray 100 ft. into the air. A particularly beautiful sight is Waikite Geyser, which spouts away on a large terraced cone of gleaming white silicated rock. Smaller jets and fountains are constantly working, on a snowy silica terrace which slopes to the sulphurous waters of the Puarenga Stream. Pretty walks have been laid out here, past boiling springs and lakelets, mud-volcanoes and fumaroles, and the merry Maori community who have confidently built their nondescript dwellings amidst such precarious-looking surroundings will afford many an hour's entertainment to the pakeha stranger.

All around one here are the bubble and gurgle of boiling water, the plop of scalding mud-pools, and the odour of sulphur, while now and then the geysers burst forth—

Fanciful fountains, raining
Swift brilliants of boiling and beautiful spray.

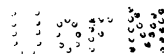
The village of the Tuhourangi Tribe is built over a huge ever-boiling kettle, a cauldron whose enormous steam-forces find vent through innumerable crevices. A weird hamlet this—there are no fires, no ovens in the houses. The Natives do their cooking and washing in the hot springs which bubble up at their very doors. The cooking-ovens are clear boiling pools, and square boxed-in steam-holes. And wandering through the valley the traveller will see all sorts of uncanny sights, and smell uncanny smells. Some of the springs, lying in weird hollows in the midst of green fern and manuka, splutter and spurt with ceaseless energy; others, still, deep, and blue, seem calm and fairy-like enough to be the abode of some dainty water-nymph. There are beautiful translucent boiling ponds, floored with smooth white silica; and, in violent contrast, pools of frightful churning mud. Even in the hot water

grow beautiful delicate forms of algæ, and in places ferns hang their green fronds close over the *puias*, in the ever-ascending dense hot steam. There are blue springs, yellow springs, brown springs, black springs; and there are cliffs of pure alum and of sulphur.

In the lower part of the valley is a great boiling pond, Te Roto-a-Tamaheke, supplied by a spouting geyser in the centre, boiling with a fierceness beyond conception. All around this little lake, seen dimly through a swirling cloud of steam, there are crevices in the sinter flat through which the boiling water spits and gurgles.

Another wonderful spot, a few miles' drive away, past the south-eastern lake-shore, is TIKITERE. This is a place of truly infernal sights—furiously boiling pools, great ponds of unctuous boiling mud, warm beds of sulphur, and groups of mud-volcanoes, all half-hidden by clouds of steam laden with odours of sulphuretted hydrogen and sulphuric acid. But even in this valley of horrors there is healing for the invalid. The hot waters are intensely medicated, and both the springs and the warm mud baths have worked cures in cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, paralysis, enlarged joints, lumbago and muscular affections, and skin-diseases. Many an invalid has been sent away well and rejoicing after a few weeks' stay in this unattractive spot.

One of the charms of Rotorua is the soft beauty of the lake scenes as opposed to the sometimes repellant marvels of the adjacent Geyserland. You may sail or fish to your heart's content on the placid lake that lies spread out for miles before your door; or you may run down the winding sedge-fringed creek at its far end and cruise around the romantic wooded shores of another even more beautiful lake, Rotoiti of the woody headlands and cave-worn cliffs and lovely white-beached bays; and extend, if you will, your travels to the nearby forest-fringed lakes Rotoehu and Rotoma. Driving along the shores of such a lake as Rotoiti there are attractive glimpses of picturesque Maori villages—primitive whares or huts; smoke rising from the hangis (earth-ovens, in which the food is cooked by steaming it); canoes drawn up on the silvery beaches, and crayfish-nets hung up to dry; villagers at work in their sweet-potato (kumara) patches; the hum of women's voices and the sound of rhythmic song in the air; bird-notes ringing now and then from the near forest—and



out and far, silent and beautiful, the glimmering length of the calm and glassy lake, its shores fringed with scarlet-flowered pohutukawa-trees that almost dip their fingers in the water.

Then, within convenient distance of Rotorua Town are such charming spots as the "Fairy Spring" (Te Puna-a-Tuhoe), a remarkable fountain-stream, a marvellous sight in the trout-spawning season,



THE WAIROA GEYSER, WHAKAREWAREWA.



WHAKAREWAREWA: MAORI WOMEN AT THE COOKING-SPRINGS.

when the spring is as thick with fish as a trawler's net after a big haul ; Hamurana and Te Awahou, crystalline rivers welling full-born from the heart of the land and winding down through pleasant groves and grassy levels. At the head of Hamurana Stream, brushing under the overhanging trees and shrubbery, the tourist's boat brings up right over the source of the river—a pool where a wonderful fountain wells up from unfathomable depths, an underground river of translucid purity. Up through a well like a geyser-pipe gush the fountain's mother-waters—what the Maoris would call the *manawa-whenua* (the heart of the land)—ever-rushing, ever-pulsing. There is Mokoia Island, of romantic memories, a mountain-isle of delightfully wooded



THE FAMILY COOKING STEAM-BOX.

slopes, sitting blue and serene in the middle of Rotorua Lake. Mokoia is famous as the scene of the loves of Hinemoa and Tutanekai—a beautiful idyll of Maoriland which Sir George Grey first told in English over half a century ago, and which Alfred Domett took as the *motif* of his epic poem “Ranolf and Amohia.” It is the Holy Isle of the Arawas, the olden seat of their religion, the abiding-place of their gods and images, the Parnassus of their bards. Maori families people the fertile little island, and here the visitor may observe the primitive fishing-ways and methods of cultivation handed down through many generations. The winding paths skirt Maori gardens of maize, potatoes, large-leaved kumara, melons, and tobacco, and fallow patches



THE BOILING POOLS OF TIKITERE.

covered with trailing convolvulus. Wonderfully fertile is this little island. It was in the olden times very thickly populated—as the local Maoris phrase it, “*i kapi i te tangata*” (“covered with men”). The volcanic soil overlying the ancient igneous rocks is rich and warm, and the fact that it has been constantly cultivated by the Maoris for five or six hundred years, affording constant sustenance to populous tribes, is evidence that the “Sacred Isle of Tinirau” was well worth fighting for.

Most Maori villages have lost much of their picturesqueness under the touch of civilisation; but one that is still to a large extent typically Maori is the pretty little tree-shaded kainga Owkata, the ancient



C. Parkerson, photo.]

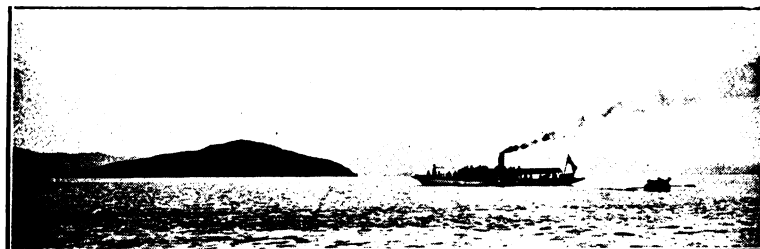
ON LAKE ROTOITI.

home of Hinemoa, sitting on a gentle sunny hill-slope on the eastern lakeside, just opposite Mokoia Island. It is a delightful slumberous nook, pregnant with poetic memories. Here Umukaria dwelt in his palisaded hill-pa, and here lived his daughter, Hinemoa, the beautiful, before she became the wife of Tutanekai, the young chief of the



THE CRAYFISH-CATCHER: A MORNING PICTURE ON ROTOITI.

Sacred Isle; it was from this beach of Owkata that she swam to her lover on dark-looming Mokoia, two miles across the lake. Owkata is peopled by a number of families of the Ngati-Wahiao hapu, who live a reposeful life on the land where many generations of their ancestors have lived and loved and been gathered again to Papatuanuku, their Mother Earth. They live much as their forefathers lived—fishing a little, planting a little, and gathering at night in the village communal hall for gossip and song. And very proud they are of their renowned ancestress Hinemoa. To this day in the little kainga you may hear the old people crooning the well-remembered love-song of the Maid of Owkata. It is an Arcadian little spot as you approach it by water. The curving shores sometimes rocky, sometimes sandy—where the koura (crayfish) is still plentiful in spite of the greedy rainbow trout—are beautified by groves of evergreen native trees, or by the weeping-willow, which in these well-favoured southern lands is itself almost evergreen. The landing-place is a snug tiny bay of clear water rippling in on a clean beach of white



MOKOIA ISLAND, LAKE ROTORUA.

sand; up on the green hillside lies the primitive village, with its carved houses, its old-fashioned raupo-reed-thatched whares, its sweet-potato and maize and melon and tobacco gardens, and its cherry-groves laden with fruit in season.

No part of Maoriland is richer in legendary associations, in Native folk-tales and folk-songs, than these villages and woods and hills and lakes of Geyserland. Every deep mysterious river-fount has its *taniwha* or *ngarara*, a mythic dragon-like monster—a memory no doubt of the days when the ancestors of the Maori people dwelt far away in crocodile-infested lands; every village had its stone *tuahu* or shrine, where the priests performed their sacred ceremonies—some of these *tapu* places of sacrifice and divination are still to be seen, with their carved stones and images; every headland, bay, and stream, and many a geyser and hot spring have their stories and their well-remembered poems commemorating incidents in their history or explaining their nomenclature. The spouting *puias* and boiling

ngauhas are the "sacred fires" of Ngatoroirangi, the wizard-priest of the Arawa canoe. There are sacred trees, some of them in Maori eyes the abode of deified ancestors; some of the ancient and huge pohutukawa that lean from the cliffs of beautiful Rotoiti are "singing-trees," that carry to the Maori ear messages of omen, like Jason's talking oak.

Ngongotaha mountain, a beautiful partly wooded extinct volcanic peak, which overlooks Rotorua town on the west, may be instanced as one of the localities celebrated in Arawa folk-lore. It is said to be the abode of the fairies or *patupaiarehe*, with whom the Maori peopled many a forest range; these *patupaiarehe* were probably really fugitive tribes of ancient aborigines. On dim and cloudy days, when the mists hang low on Ngongotaha, the old Maoris say that the fairies are abroad, and no Arawa will venture up the ferny slopes on his favourite quest of pig-hunting on such a day. Imaginative forest-hunters say that they have heard the *patupaiarehe* singing songs and dancing fairy *hakas*. On the summit of the mountain, 2,554 ft. high, is the meeting-place of the fairies, called Te Tuahu-o-te-Atua, "The Altar of the God." There is a modern tourist coach-road right up to this olden shrine of the *patupaiarehe*. According to an Arawa legend, when the fires of the Maori overran Ngongotaha and destroyed the forests on the eastern and northern sides, one of the fairy chiefs, Tongakohu, left his abode on the mountain-top, and travelled to far-off lofty Moeheu (Cape Colville) and to Mount Pirongia, in the Wai-kato, both of which mountains are regarded by the Maoris as the haunts of the fairy woodsmen. This, say the old Maoris, is the farewell song which Tongakohu the *patupaiarehe* chanted as he wept over his beloved Ngongotaha:—

(Translation.)

E muri ahiahi
Ka haere mai te aroha
Ka ngau i ahau,
Ki taku urunga tapu,
Ka mahue i ahau
I Ngongo' maunga
Ka tu kau noa ra.
Te Ahi-a-Mahuika
Nana i tahu mai-i.
Ka haere ai au ki Moeheu,
Ki Pirongia ra e,
I te urunga tapu e.
E Te Rotokohu e,
Kia ata akiaki kia mihi ake au
Ki taku tuahu ka mahue iho nei.
He ra kotahi hoki e,
E noho i au;
Ka haere atu ai e,
Kaore e hoki mai
Na—a—i.

Night's shadows fall;
Keen sorrow eats my heart,
Grief for the home I'm leaving,
For my sacred sleeping-place,
The home-pillow I'm leaving,
On Ngongo's lofty peak.
So lone my mountain stands,
Swept by the flames of Mahuika,
I'm going far away,
To the heights of Moeheu, to Pirongia,
To seek another home.
Oh! Rotokohu, leave me yet awhile,
Let me farewell my forest shrine,
The Tuahu I'm leaving.
Give me but one more day;
Just one more day and then I'll go,
And I'll return no more!

A WONDERFUL HOT LAKE.

THE ROTOMAHANA CRUISE.

BOATING on a boiling lake is one of the many bizarre sensations which the New Zealand Thermal District affords the traveller. Conveying though it does more than a suggestion of thrill and adventure, it is a perfectly safe experience, and is enjoyed by many hundreds of people every summer. The hot lake is Rotomahana (Maori for "Warm Lake"), about twenty miles from Rotorua, filling a huge chasm in the steam-riven country between the great Waimangu Geyser and Mount Tarawera of sinister memory—now quite extinct. The Government Tourist Department's one-day excursion combining a



THE STEAMING CLIFFS OF ROTOMAHANA.

cruise on Rotomahana with a survey of the Tarawera volcanic district is a marvellously interesting thermal-region expedition.

On the "round-trip" route from Rotorua to Rotomahana the traveller passes through the Tikitapu Bush, skirts the shores of the pretty turquoise-hued Lake Tikitapu and the green-coloured Rotokakahi, and traverses the ruined village Te Wairoa, on the highland overlooking the south-western end of Lake Tarawera. This village, once the headquarters of the Tuhourangi Tribe, who now live at Whakarewarewa, was overwhelmed by the immense showers of mud

and volcanic ash ejected in the Tarawera eruption of 1886; a hundred Natives, besides several Europeans, lost their lives here and in the villages of Te Ariki and Moura, on the shores of Lake Tarawera. Tapu'd by the terrible death of so many of their people, Te Wairoa has been completely deserted by the Maoris since the eruption. The vegetation has now quite recovered from the effects of the volcanic deluge, and the whole place is a tangle of richest foliage. The ruins of the hotels destroyed by the eruption, some of the Maori whares, the old mission church of Te Mu, and other relics of Tarawera's outburst are still to be seen.

One of the Tourist Department's motor-launches conveys visitors about eight miles across Lake Tarawera, and after a walk over the short portage at the head of the Ariki arm, another launch is boarded for the Rotomahana cruise.

The greater part of Rotomahana is cold, like the other lakes in the district, but along its northern and western shore-line there is a belt of tremendous hydro-thermal activity extending out into the lake for a considerable distance—a steamy, boiling zone of strange sights and sounds. Very different is the present aspect of Rotomahana from that which it presented before Tarawera's outbreak. The little, shallow, rushy lake of 1886 is now a wide, deep watersheet, engulfing thirty times its former area. The old Rotomahana covered only 185 acres, while the present lake completely fills a huge crater split open by the eruption, and covers about 5,600 acres.

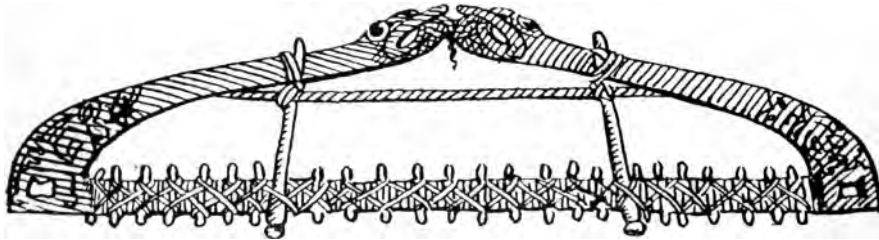
For about two miles the launch skirts the geyser-pitted cliffs, tinted in rainbow hues by chemical action. From water-line to skyline the cliffs are steaming, emitting countless hundreds of vaporous jets and spirts, and softly curling wreaths and spirals, soaring like smoke into the sky.

As we near the geyser-cliffs our wonder grows. The air becomes close and steamy. We feel blasts of hot air—the fiery breath of the geysers. A steam canopy half veils the cliffs, but we see beneath it innumerable boiling jets and fountains which pour in vapour-laden cascades into the lake. Now we are floating on boiling water, and feel beneath our launch the subdued thud of subaqueous geysers. Boiling springs are all around us, in the shallow water and on the shore. We are passing directly over the site of the vanished Pink Terraces. A tumult indescribable stuns our ears. Geysers are spouting, monster fumaroles roaring. Hotter and hotter it grows as we back up into a cavernous opening towards a furiously boiling lake-side cauldron. Little waves seethe outwards from the spring, and the splashing and cascading of boiling water is all around us. The most *blasé* of globe-travellers is fain to burst into expressions of astonishment and delight at the wonderful wealth of exuberant colour with which Nature has painted these cliffs. The rocks are freaked by Nature's brush with many a striking pigment, and the rich vegetation which springs up

even on the very verge of the boiling pits spreads a soft harmonious carpet of rich colour over the face of this unshapely land. Graceful feathery ferns of tender green, bright mosses, and algæ whose beautiful tints are enhanced in vividness by the perpetual warm moisture of their home, climb from the water's edge to the high broken summits, and insinuate themselves into every crevice of the heat-riven precipice. It is a fairyland of exquisite painting, a fairyland whose charms of jewelled moss, and drooping fern, and leafy shrub are intensified rather than dulled by its gauzy steam veil.

A short walk from the shores of Rotomahana is the great crater where the colossal geyser Waimangu ("Inky Water") once hurled its boiling column of water and mud more than a thousand feet into the air.

The Government Tourist Department has an accommodation-house for visitors on a beautiful site overlooking the Waimangu Valley, and commanding an extensive view of the country affected by the Tarawera eruption.



A MAORI ROU-KAKAHI (LAKE SHELL-FISH DREDGE).

LAKE OKATAINA.

THE SIX LAKES EXCURSION.



NEW and very beautiful lakeland pleasure-track just recently opened up to the traveller is that which has Lake Okataina as its objective, and which penetrates some most delightful forest scenery. Okataina, a pretty Maori name which in the English tongue means "The Place of Laughing," is a lake about five miles in length, lying between Lakes Tarawera and Rotoiti, and surrounded by mountainous and wooded shores. Until lately this deep sheet of water and its sylvan environments lay practically unknown to the white man. Now the Government Tourist Department has placed a motor-launch and boats on Okataina, and a one-day coach and launch "round trip" from Rotorua has been arranged. This excursion may well be called the "Six Lakes Trip," for the tourist during the day's round, covering about forty miles, either skirts the shores of, or sails across,



LAKE OKATAINA, FROM TAURANGANUI, THE NORTHERN LANDING-PLACE.

six sheets of water—Rotorua, Rotoiti, Okataina, Tarawera, Roto-kakahi, and Tikitapu; and by making a slight detour he may see yet another lake of the woods—Okareka. Okataina is approached from Rotorua either *via* Ruato, a little Maori village alongside the coach-road on the shores of Rotoiti, or *via* Lake Tarawera, which is crossed by motor-launch from Te Wairoa landing. The road from Ruato to the landing at the north end of Okataina is a magnificent avenue through four miles of the most beautiful native forest, alive with tui and kaka and other wild birds. Around the shores of Okataina, where calm, deep bays run far into the timbered hills



OKATAINA, FROM TE HAUMI BAY (SOUTHERN LANDING-PLACE).

and tongue-like headlands, some of them the sites of ancient Maori villages and forts, project into the waters, there are innumerable charming picnic-spots. On the western side of the lake the scenery approaches the grand in character, for the precipitous cliffs and ranges, everywhere densely wooded, rise 1,000 ft. above the waters ; and there are great gulches and earthquake rifts like huge knife-cuts in the sides of the mountain-walls. The forests and the ferns are of surpassing loveliness. The most picturesque tree of all—picturesque because of its varied shapes and irregular ways of growth and its rich summer dress of crimson flowers—is the pohutukawa, that lover of the water-side. Alfred Domett, in “Ranolf and Amohia,” gives some beautiful word-pictures of the great pohutukawa groves which once adorned the shores of Lake Tarawera. Those on Okataina to a large extent escaped the devastation caused by the Tarawera eruption, and though they do not attain to the size of the pohutukawa on the shores and islands of the Hauraki Gulf, for instance, they still form a very charming frame of leaf and flower to Okataina’s scalloped bays. The woody and rocky western shores of Okataina to-day are singularly well described by a quotation from Domett’s picture of Lake Tarawera, written many years before the eruption of 1886 :—

Cliffs with feathery foliage graced ;
 Rock palisades emerging pale
 And grey ; and precipices faced
 With head-stones—close-set armour-scale
 Of Gothic-pointed bristling flags ;
 Flat islets crowned with wood—cliff bound ;
 And lake-side bowers and canopies ;
 And caves and grottos within these !
 And lichened rocks that singly stand
 Detached from green umbrageous land,
 Mere pedestals for single trees ;
 Or jutting out with jagged arms
 All plumed and fair with greenery, bear
 Into the Lake the forest’s charms.

THE BAY OF PLENTY.

TAURANGA; MATATA; MAKETU.



N agreeable change from the steaming wonders of Rotorua is a jaunt down to the coast. The Bay of Plenty is about thirty-five miles distant, and on its shores are some pleasant seaside resorts. Chief of these is TAURANGA, a pretty little town, reached by a day's coaching from Rotorua, and also in frequent steam communication with Auckland. The route from the Hot Springs to Tauranga skirts the Rotorua Lake shores for some miles, passing the Fairy Spring and the fountain of Awahou, traversing the beautiful forests and gorges of the Mangaorewa and the Oropi, and then emerging on the fertile farm-lands that slope gently to the Bay. The famous battle-ground of the Gate Pa (1864) is traversed by the Rotorua Road just about a mile before Tauranga is reached. All vestiges of the Maori and British entrenchments have long since been razed, and a little memorial church stands on the site. Tauranga town sits leisurely on the shore of a winding harbour, shell-marged and alive with fish. The place is green and shady, fine old trees cast their leafy tentage over the pathways; the streets, beautifully white and clean, are spread with small shells from the ocean beach. There is good hotel accommodation. The historic Monmouth Redoubt, its parapets and trenches in good repair, and cannon mounted on its front, overlooks the blue harbour. Boating, bathing, fishing, and driving or riding, will fill in many days of pure enjoyment. The climate is perfection, tempered to just the right degree by the refreshing breath of ocean.

Another and even more beautiful driving or motoring route to the shores of the Bay of Plenty is that from Rotorua to MATATA, forty-eight miles, by the road which skirts the shores of Lakes Rotorua, Rotoiti, Rotoehu, and Rotoma, and then traverses the downs and plains to the seashore at the mouth of the Awa-a-te-Atua (River of the God). The varied scenery on the way—the chains of lakes, the rich forests, the wooded mountains, and the glimpses of pretty Maori villages—make this a delightful trip under favourable weather-conditions. One specially remarkable feature of the country-side traversed is Putauaki, or Mount Edgecumbe, a blue volcanic mountain rising in lonely grandeur from the level fern lands. A crater cuts off the mountain-top in a curved basin, lined with forest (this dead crater contains a little lake), thence the great cone of indigo descends in bold downsweeps to the plains. Down through the hills, clothed in high fern and luxuriant thickets of tutu, a sweep round a spur and in the distance blue ocean unrolls itself, specked as on a map with islands.

To the right is the double hump of purple Moutohora (Whale Island), standing sentry at the entrance to Whakatane Harbour. Far away at sea a great curly mass of steam, like a glittering cloud, hangs over a faintly outlined island. This is Whakaari, or White Island, an ever-burning mountain of sulphur, the ocean outlier of the thermal system. The sportsman would enjoy this region. Pheasants whirr up every now and then from the roadside; wild pigs root in the fern; the streams and lakes are the abode of numberless wild duck and teal; the rivers are full of trout. There are black swan on the little lakes Rotoiti-paku and Rotoroa, near Te Onepu Hot Springs, at the base of Mount Edgecumbe.

From Matata—a little pakeha-Maori township—the traveller may drive coastwise eastwards to the farming districts of Whakatane and Opotiki—the great maize-growing regions of New Zealand—or may turn in the other direction and drive home to Rotorua, calling at the pretty and historic Maori settlement of MAKETU, the most purely Maori kainga of any size on the coast, with its carved houses, occupying the hill-top site of a famous old fighting-pa of the Ngatipikiao. The sea-coast drive is one of the most beautiful in New Zealand. A remarkable place seen is the “tattooed cliff” at Kaokaoroa—a great white precipice, singularly wave-marked and fluted. It is from these cliffs with their strange patterns, say the Maoris, that the ancient wood-carvers learned some of their designs. Another interesting spot on this road is the Otamarakau pa, one of the largest and most massive Maori fortifications in existence. The outer wall, 20 ft. in height in places, encloses a space of about 10 acres on a hill commanding a magnificent view of the coast-line and White Island and other islands in the Bay of Plenty. The interior of the pa is dotted with food-cultivations belonging to the hapu in the seaside valley below, and with karaka-trees, whose fruit is still used by the Natives.

Te Puke and Tauranga may also be visited by this route before returning to Rotorua; the whole itinerary forms a charming round-trip by motor or buggy.



THREE STRANGE GEYSER-VALLEYS.

WAIOTAPU.
ORAKEI-KORAKO.
WAIRAKEI.

FEW parts of the Thermal Springs country offer such a combination of wonderful sights as does WAIOTAPU, which lies twenty miles from Rotorua and about eight from Waimangu. It is a mysterious place, this simmering region, alive from end to end with manifestations of thermal power. Two remarkable mountains, bearing abundant signs of intense volcanic activity in the past, stand as titanic sentinels guarding this steaming valley. On the left as one approaches it from Rotorua, is sharp-topped Maunga-kakaramaea (Mountain of Coloured Earth), popularly known as the Rainbow Mountain from the variety and vividness of tints of the clay and rock in its torn and fissured sides and its shattered crater-cliffs. On the right is fern-clothed



ALUM CLIFFS, WAIOTAPU.

Maunga-ongaonga (the Mountain of the Nettle). On the banks of the Manga-kokomuka (the upper portion of the Waiotapu Stream) is a large mud-volcano, up which visitors may climb by wooden steps and gain glimpses of the practical working of a *puia*. Then, lower down, in the central portion of the wonder-valley, is the great sinter plateau, where the "Champagne Pool" and other remarkable sights are to be

inspected. The Champagne Pool is a deep boiling lakelet, margined with beautiful sinter-work, over which runs the warm outflow from the pool; these waters stream down the sloping, fan-like "Primrose Terrace," which displays a lovely succession of soft glimmering tints. The pool is thrown into violent effervescence by the simple casting-in of a shovelful of earth. Close by are little hot waterfalls, boiling springs, fumaroles, deep explosion-craters, and hot cauldrons. All around are most brilliantly coloured earths, some deep red, others bright yellow, with streaks of staring white, and the snowy sinter platforms throw back the rays of the sun as from the surface of a snowfield. Beautiful sulphur incrustations may be seen, and these, with the coloured earths, enchain the eye in every corner of this strange hollow of Hot-spring-land. The white glistening Alum Cliffs, rising perpendicularly from warm pools, are amongst the most remarkable sights. Acid and brilliant-hued lakes, alkaline pools, lakelets fringed by thick vegetation and teeming with water-fowl, pools dark and forbidding, deep-blue boiling-pots enveloped in ever-rising vaporous mist, charming little water-nooks shadowed by the manuka shrubberies, all add their attractions to the landscape; and draining a little trickle from each, the leaping and clattering Waiotapu courses down the valley on its way to the Waikato.

Close to Waiotapu Reserve is the prisoners' tree-planting camp—a unique departure in gaol-management. Here are quartered a number of the better-behaved prisoners from the city gaols, engaged in the useful work of afforesting these treeless plains and pumice hills.

A few miles from Waiotapu is Waikite, a series of boiling fountains under the shadow of Paeroa Mountain, a great green range sodden with thermal action. A trip to the Paeroa reveals some most interesting sights—a boiling river flowing through natural gardens of ferns and flowering shrubs; bubbling springs of translucent boiling water welling up among the trees from unknown depths.

About thirty-seven miles south of Rotorua in the direction of Lake Taupo, and reached *via* the old Atiamuri coach-road, is the ORAKEI-KORAKO Wonder-valley. *En route* there are some remarkable sights, including the singular castle-rock Pohatu-roa, an ancient lava "plug" about 800 ft. high and almost perpendicular; and the beautiful Aniwanuiwa (Rainbow) Falls and rapids. The new road



MAKO, A MAORI GUIDE AT
WAIOTAPU.



MUD VOLCANO, WAIOTAPU.

from Atiamuri to Orakei-korako skirts the Waikato River, a majestic stream fresh from the great central lake of Taupo. Here and there it is broken into wild rapids from which clouds of spray rise high into the air. The road is in places hewn from the cliff-side three or four hundred feet sheer above the river. It is an inspiring sight, the view from this sharp-cut mountain road. Here the traveller, far away from the dust and glare of the pumice plains, drives along the brink of the winding Waikato, sweeping along under green banks clothed with fern and flax and the ever-present ti-palm. Emerging from a rock-crowned gorge, the old Maori village of Orakei-korako is entered.



SILICA TERRACES AT ORAKEI-KORAKO, WAIKATO RIVER.

Steam rises from innumerable fumaroles and hot-springs, and mud-pots flop and splutter in the manuka shrubbery. The dark-blue Waikato rolls through the valley, and all along its banks rise columns of smoke-like vapour. On the opposite bank dazzling white silica-flows descend from shrub-embowered terraces to the water's edge. They resemble nothing so much as great milky waterfalls suddenly frozen in the very act of dropping into the river. Near the old village are some active geysers, chief amongst which is the Rahurahu, which used to spout 150 ft. into the air. Close by, on beautiful white sinter flats, sheltered by a verdant belt of flowering aromatic manuka, are the bathing-springs. These baths are fed from the boiling springs by little channels cut through the glistening silica. The waters are as pleasant as the celebrated so-called "Oil Baths" at Whakarewarewa, and possess the same delightfully emollient property, that of giving the skin a beautiful enamel-like smooth soft feeling. One can step from the hot springs into a little stream of cold water running close by. On the opposite (right or eastern) side of the river there are some curious sights. A short distance from the waterside is a series of white and varicoloured sinter slopes formed by the silica-charged deposits of the hot springs and little streams which well up from the geyser-pipes. There is a white terrace, a replica in miniature of the once famous White Terrace of Rotomahana. It varies in height from four to ten feet, and is adorned with rich lace-like incrustations,



THE GREAT WAIRAKEI GEYSER.

formed by the ever-dripping silicated waters flowing over the buttressed terrace from a number of boiling springs. There is a singular Alum Cave, an arch-shaped cavity in the face of a cliff, with some ponga tree-ferns forming a pretty screen to its steeply sloping steaming interior: the whole of the walls, floor, and roof are composed of alum. The Tourist Department has a boat on the Waikato River for the use of visitors.

The WAIRAKEI Valley, reached by coach or motor from Rotorua, and lying near the banks of the Waikato, about six miles north of Lake Taupo, is another garden of wonders. In this beautiful valley of trees, vines, and

flowers there is a good hotel, with warm swimming-baths close by ; and through the grounds runs the little warm river Wairakei—"Splashing Waters." In the upper part of the valley, a short walk from the hotel, are many marvellous forms of hydro-thermal action, including several geysers, which play with wonderful regularity. It is a fairy spot of gorgeous colouring, where terraces of silica glitter like snow or gleam like banks of pink coral, or glow with brilliant reds and yellows amongst their exquisite settings of foliage and thick, soft moss and tangled lycopodium. The geysers are smaller than those at Whakarewarewa, but they are in eruption at much shorter intervals. They

are as true to time as if they were regulated by clockwork. One called "Nga-Mahanga" ("The Twins"), plays every four minutes; and the singular "Dragon's Mouth" sends up its boiling waters every nine minutes. The great Wairakei geyser shoots up about every ten minutes out of its rocky depths. Other boiling fountains are the "Eagle's Nest," the "Prince of Wales Feather Geyser," and the remark-



ARATIATIA
RAPIDS,
ON THE
WAIKATO
RIVER,
NEAR TAUPŌ.



able boiling cauldron of deep blue-green waters known to the Maoris as "Pirorirori" (the "Ever-swirling"), and to Europeans as the "Champagne Pool." Back in the manuka-clothed hills in the direction of Lake Taupo is the great Karapiti fumarole, a monster steam-vent of tremendous never-resting energy.

Between Wairakei and Lake Taupo the coach-road overlooks the Huka Fall, where the powerful blue-green Waikato, fresh from the great lake, hurls itself with tremendous velocity through a narrow pass and over a precipice, like a colossal sluice. Lower down the river are the marvellously beautiful Aratiatia Rapids, all foam and turmoil and rainbow-tinted spray, zigzagging down between wooded rocky cliffs. On the opposite side of the Waikato to Wairakei, and nearer the shores of Taupo, is the pretty glen of "The Spa" (Tapapa-kua), with its gardens and pleasant, warm bathing-springs and residential cottages. A short distance from the Spa are the "Crow's Nest" Geyser and groups of very active cauldrons boiling on the very verge of the Waikato. Beyond Taupo Township again a few miles is "The Terraces," a spa-hotel, at the Onekeneké Hot Springs, on a breezy terrace overlooking the lake.



CROW'S NEST GEYSER, NEAR "THE SPA," TAUPŌ.

THE TAUPŌ-NAPIER COACH ROUTE.

As an alternative route southwards to that down to the Main Trunk line *via* Lake Taupo there is the two days' coach-drive from Taupo to Napier, Hawke's Bay, then a day's rail journey to Wellington. This hundred-miles coach-run holds much interest for the traveller; and the up-and-down mountain-road,

after the pumice plains are crossed, gives the coach-drivers plenty of opportunity to exhibit their skill and coolness, racing their fine teams round sharp elbows and bend after bend, and dashing down along the steep sidelings, precipices above and below. Two high ranges are crossed—the Turanga-a-kumu and Titiokura saddles—and there are magnificent panoramas of the sea of mountains all about one, the wild spurs of the blue Kaimanawa chain. There are some fine tracts of forest, and there are beautiful waterfalls and cascading trout-streams. The half-way house, where a night is spent, is Tarawera (not to be confused with the Lake and Mount Tarawera of the Rotorua Geyserland district); here a good warm bath is to be enjoyed, in a new bath-building erected over a natural hot mineral spring. From the ranges the coach-road descends quickly to the Hawke's Bay Plains, and some very beautiful farming country is traversed on the run from Pohue to Napier town. The rail-journey from Napier to Wellington, 211 miles, is for the greater part through good farming country, most of it used for sheep-raising and dairying. Nearing Wellington the Rimutaka Range is climbed and crossed, at an altitude of 1,144 ft., and there is a rapid descent down the boldly engineered mountain-line to the Hutt Valley.



LAKE TAUPO AND THE TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK



FIFTY miles south of Rotorua is Lake Taupo, the largest lake in New Zealand, twenty-five miles long and sixteen miles wide, lying fair in the heart of the North Island, and, singularly, not unlike a heart in shape. Taupo and its environs form quite the grandest section of the Wonderland—a territory abounding in boldly picturesque landscapes and in strange manifestations of Nature's untamable powers and rich in Maori mythological and legendary lore. The noble sea-like lake, the lofty mountains, steaming and snow-capped, the geysers and ever-bubbling cauldrons, and the rushing rivers and thundering waterfalls give the district a wild beauty peculiarly its own.

This fascinating corner of Maoriland is reached from Rotorua by an excellent coach and motoring road, one of the main avenues through the North Island. A steamer trades on Lake Taupo, connecting the northern and southern coach-roads. From the south end of the lake coach is taken for Pipiriki, on the Wanganui—the most beautiful of all the large rivers of New Zealand—or for the head of the railway-line to Wellington.

South of Lake Taupo rise the great semi-extinct volcanoes, contained in the magnificent Tongariro National Park, embracing Mounts Tongariro, Ngauruhoe, and Ruapehu, which range in altitude from 6,500 ft. to 9,000 ft. In 1887 the late Taupo

chief Te Heuheu Tukino gifted these grand mountains to the Government of New Zealand as a scenic reserve in perpetuity. To the Maoris they were veritable embodiments of their ancient gods—these smoking cloud-circled High Places, the mighty mountain trinity. Tongariro particularly was the sacred mountain of the Native race,

the Olympus of Maoriland ; and endless are the sagas and songs dealing with the mythical past of this truncated cone and its sister-peak, Ngauruhoe, that one hears from the lips of the brown people of the plains.

Of singular beauty is an early-morning view on some clear day looking southward across Taupo Moana, before the full heat of day dims the icy glory of giant Ruapehu, a peak of ivory lifting from the rich purple of the lower lands, with Ngauruhoe's tall and graceful cone on its flank, sending its curl of vapour high into the unclouded sky. Ruapehu is nearly fifty miles distant, yet in the crisp translucent air of this great table-land it often seems not more than half the distance. Fine, too, is the steam across the lake to Tokaanu, at the southern end of Taupo, past chalk-like forelands of pure pumice that glitter like snow in the sun, and lofty cliffs of volcanic rock rising perpendicularly a thousand feet above the deep waters. And of uncommon attractiveness is the sight that greets the traveller as his steamer moors to the Tokaanu Wharf. Straight in front a little Native hamlet, with its church-spire and its brown-thatched whares, its laurel-like karaka groves, and its gardens and kumara plots, fringes the beach, where puffs of white vapour betoken the presence of the village cooking-springs. Close to the village a long, narrow waterfall (the Waihi) springs from the top of a lofty wooded cliff and falls to the lake-level in a glancing silvery shower through a framing of native trees and ferns. Back from the shore the land lifts into blue hills, forest-clothed, and high up on a ferny slope innumerable columns of steam rise from the boiling springs of Hipaua. To the left again is the European township and the Maori village of Tokaanu. Here one may explore a fascinating belt of thermal activity, with geysers and fumaroles innumerable studding the flat between the township and the hills, and many warm bathing-springs, still unimproved (or unspoiled) by the hand of the pakeha, and inviting one to the most delightful of *al fresco* dips, with the clean glistening white sinter flat walled by flowering manuka shrubbery for one's dressing-room.



KARANGAHAPE CLIFFS
(1,000 FT. HIGH),
WESTERN SIDE OF LAKE TAUPO.

The boundaries of the Tongariro National Park, originally embracing the summits and slopes of the three great mountains, are being considerably extended, and will enclose a great area of very wonderful and beautiful scenery. The climate of the tussock-clad plateau from which the huge mountain-cones shoot up skywards for thousands of feet is delightfully fresh, pure, and exhilarating. For the amateur geologist, the botanist, the artist, it is a marvellously interesting land ;



THE MOKAU FALLS, WESTERN SHORE OF LAKE TAUPU.

and for the fisherman it is a splendid trout-fishing region. There are beautiful forests, particularly on the western or Waimarino side of Ruapehu, and between Lake Taupo and Tongariro. There is rich and remarkable mountain flora ; there are most singular crater-lakes and tarns ; beautiful mountain-streams dash down every valley ; there are waterfalls innumerable, and some of the crystal-clear little rivers gush



AT THE MOUTH OF THE TONGARIRO RIVER, SOUTH END OF LAKE TAUPO.

up in sudden fountain-springs in the very heart of volcano land. The Mountain Park extends for some twenty miles from the northern side of Mount Tongariro, near Lake Rotoaira, to the south side of Parateitai-tonga, the south-east ice-peak of Ruapehu. Within these bounds the Government has erected two small shelter-huts for the use of visitors, and it is expected that before long a comfortable tourist accommodation-house will be established. The present huts are two-roomed iron structures. One of them is situated at Ketetahi Hot Springs,



KETETAHI SPRINGS, ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT TONGARIRO.

over 4,000 ft. above the sea, on the slopes of Mount Tongariro. The other is in a snug well-sheltered spot under the lee of a belt of tawai forest near the Waihohonu River (which flows from the slopes of Ruapehu), on the tussock table-land between Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe volcano. A coach can be driven right up to this hut. It is twenty-two miles from Tokaanu and about the same distance from Waiouru, on the Main Trunk Railway. The Waihohonu hut is an excellent base-point from which to visit either Ruapehu or Ngauruhoe. A beautiful mountain-stream flows past the front of the hut, and beyond rises in great sweeping lines the towering cone of Ngauruhoe, with its curling clouds of steam. There is no more vivifying holiday than a camping and mountain-climbing expedition to these parts, where one may wander for many a day round the slopes of the huge dying volcanoes,



THE CRATER OF TONGARIRO, SHOWING THE RED CRATER,
AND NGAURUHOE VOLCANO.

or fish in the clear trout-streams that flow down from the mountains. Summer and quiet autumn on the Ruapehu plains have their "perfect days" when

Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays,

when the winds are awhile at rest, when the air is murmurous with the songs of birds and the cicada in the bush, the drone of honey-bees, and the bleat of the sheep on the hillsides, and the music of tinkling streams dropping down from stone to stone through the wooded valleys of Tussock-land.

The traveller who diverges from the Tokaanu coach-road may ride up from the tussock-plains along the flower-spangled mountain-sides until he reaches the very rim of the great crateral basin of Tongariro (6,000 ft.), passing the Dantesque steaming valley of Ketetahi, with its hissing splurges and boiling pools, and crossing its Styx-like little

river—a warm, inky stream reputed to be one of the most powerful of New Zealand's curative waters. Just at the foot of Mount Tongariro, at the northern terminus of the National Park, are two small Maori villages. At one of these—Otukou, a few hours' ride or drive from Tokaanu, south end of Lake Taupo—we found one night comfortable and clean quarters in the carved guest-house of the kainga, and next day rode right up into the heart of the Sacred Mountain of the Maoris. It was a grand excursion—up across the flower-spangled tussock-lands, past clumps of dark-green bush, with Native huts clustered on their lee-side, the tui's song ringing to us from the forest, the honey-bees murmuring among the alpine flowers and the sweet blossoms of the sword-leaved flax. The lower slopes of the mountain were rich with mountain flowers, carpeting the shoulders of the volcano and the waving stretches of tussock-grass for many miles. We rode through a wonderful wealth of beautiful white violet-like flowers, shading in the centre into a tender blue. Then there were mountain daisies with peculiar thick furry stems, gentians, and a variety of blooms never seen on the lower lands. They grow above the 3,000 ft. level, and even intrude into the shattered wilderness of the Tongariro crater-basin. Exquisitely beautiful they are, too, after a snowfall, when you see them like glass-encased flowers in their pure, transparent covering of ice-crystals.

The scene that burst upon us on the mountain-rim was wild and strange in the extreme. Far below on the left Te Mare's yawning steam-vent—one of the great "safety-valves" of the Island—coughed up its thick impenetrable volumes of sulphurous vapour. On the right was the inside of the great Tongariro volcano—a vast circular basin, some hundreds of feet lower than the highest point of the encircling wall—a basin which once contained not one crater but half a dozen—wells of fire, from which surging rivers of molten rock poured and overflowed into the plains below. In a deep corner of the crateral floor lay a cold and lonely mountain-tarn, the Blue Lake, which the Maoris call "Rangihiroa's Mirror," and a tale there is thereto. Blue as the warm sky is this highset romantic lakelet in the summer weather; again, dark and weird it lies in its circular frame of snow, with not a breath to ruffle its mysterious surface, or even the tiny fish of the Maori streams and lakes to disturb its melancholy depths. The last-born of the craters which once made "hell's delight" within the walls of this basin of blackened scoria rock and cinders is the still-active Red Crater, set round with jagged rocks, and venting hot sulphuric steam and strange noises and pulsings and thumpings from the heart of the volcano.

We clambered up past the crater and perched ourselves on the outer edge of the Tongariro basin. The view! It was one of magnificence extraordinary. Right before us on the southern side of a deep-sweeping valley of black scoria was Ngauruhoe—a huge mountain-cone sweeping up to a crateral summit 7,500 ft. in height. Perfectly

regular in its proportions, it has assumed the shape which isolated volcanoes take—a steeply sloping peak of the utmost symmetry, its lava-built slopes alternately ridged and hollowed. This morning we saw it in its dress of snow—a wonderful spectacle. The broken crater-lips in the cupped mountain-head were obscured by gloomy, rolling clouds, which mingled with the vapours ever issuing from its chimney. But the steep inclines of the smoking mountain were plain to view, striped in downward radiating lines of black and white. A marvellously grand effect! The long, straight gullies creasing the mountain-sides from the peak downwards were filled



NGAURUHOE (7,500 FT.), FROM NEAR THE WAIHOHONU CAMP.

This photograph shows the volcano in its winter dress; in midsummer it is usually clear of snow.]

with snow, and stood out spotlessly white against the sharp black rocky ridges, gaunt scoria bones which divided hollow from hollow with the regularity almost of ruled lines.

The legend of the Maori which accounts for von fuming crater is reminiscent of the fire-myth of Prometheus, and long and circumstantial is the story—how that the great wizard-priest Ngatoroirangi, freezing on the mountain-top, cried to the goddess guardians of the sacred fire in far Hawaiki, and how the saving flames were instantly

borne by submarine and subterranean ways to the magic-working *tohunga*, who lit with them this demon-oven that ever since has burned and smoked unceasingly.

Then even a mightier mountain-king captured all eyes—the ice-peaked height of Ruapehu, glittering radiantly in the clear heavens. This icy apex of the Island swells from the tussock-plains into a supernal height of shining peaks and ridges. Ruapehu's icy coat hides a fiery heart, for the crater-summit of the mountain holds a warm lake, which is often boiling, and which occasionally becomes a geyser, spouting its water and steam high above its ice-cliffs—the strangest, and certainly the loftiest, geyser in the world.

Turning our eyes to the north we overlooked the great lake of Taupo, spreading away, in colour sea-blue, to the distant cone of lone Tauhara. Nearer was another lake, pretty little Rotoaira, with the forested slopes of Pihanga sweeping up steeply from its northern shore.



MT. RUAPEHU (9,000 FT.), FROM THE NORTH, NEAR WAIHOENU.

Pihanga is a symmetrically rounded volcanic cone long extinct, clothed with timber and fern, and with a deep, round crater, hollowed out like a great saucer, in its summit. Pihanga has a story, one of the many strange Nature-myths that one hears in the homes of the Maoris.

Long, long ago, when the gods were young, all these great volcanic mountains were sentient beings, and had powers of speech and locomotion. They loved too, and fought, just like ordinary mortals. In those dim old days lofty snow-crowned Taranaki stood here, between Ngauruhoe and Ruapehu. There they lifted their stern heads skywards, the four great mountains of the Island, peacefully smoking their volcanic pipes and communing with each other in the voices of the wind. But the disturbing element presently appeared—the eternal feminine. It was Pihanga, the “lady-mountain” of the Maoris. Gently sloping Pihanga was in those days, says the legend, a female, and her softly-rounded beauties of form took the eyes of the

mountain-gods. Tongariro (this name when used by the Maoris generally includes Ngauruhoe) made her his wife, and they greeted each other, as mountains do, in the wind-song and in the clouds of the day and the softly floating mists of the night. Till Taranaki took a hand. Taranaki, presuming on the fact that he was taller and finer than Tongariro, made violent love to Pihanga, and sought to steal the lady-mountain's affections from her volcano-husband. Then came the Titanic battle—the battle of the mountains. They fought, and the land quaked and the heavens cracked with the colossal combat. Tongariro and Ngauruhoe hurled their blazing lava-showers and their terrific volcanic thunders at Taranaki, who, less fiery, was overcome and forced to flee. Uprooting his tremendous bulk from the high table-land—where the little lakes Nga-puna-a-Tama now mark the place on which he once stood—he pounded away over the plains west and south. To escape the mountains of wrath and fire he fled to the sea, tearing out in his course the deep and winding cañon through which the Wanganui River flows southwards. Then he travelled up along the west coast to the westernmost cape, when he sat down to rest; and, finding himself safe, there he has remained ever since; and the pakeha calls him Mount Egmont.

Looking due westward, over eighty miles of forest and hill and cañon, we saw from our post on Tongariro's rim a pure, glinting cone of snow, rising like a white tent from the blue-hazed woods of far away. This was Taranaki, the bald-headed old Don Juan of mountains.

We stood there on the mountain-rim with our Maori companions from Otukou village, gazing on the wonderful panorama of peak and snow-field, green forest, brown plain, and azure lake spread round about us. The southerly breeze, the *hau-tonga*, was blowing, with a tang of frost in it, straight from Ruapehu's ice-fields. Ngauruhoe's crater-pit was steaming heavily. Great curly masses of thick, whitey-yellow vapour issued from it, and blew all about the northern side of the mountain, and on the breeze we caught a sniff of sulphur. The *hau-tonga* freshened, and it blew hard. Ngauruhoe sent a long cloud of sulphurous steam streaming over towards us, and past us, flying north. It blew straight for Pihanga, that lay between us and Taupo lake. Ketetahi and Te Maré craters, too, we saw as we topped the northern rim of Tongariro, were steaming violently, and their vapour-clouds were cut off as they lifted, and were sent flying Roto-aira- and Pihanga-wards, in long white trails.

"Tena! Behold the sign," said old Wairehu, from Otukou. "It is Tongariro's *mihī*, his message of love and greeting for his wife Pihanga. See how it blows, from Ngauruhoe's great *rua* and from Ketetahi, straight for Pihanga's head. We Maoris often see such messages sent on the winds by Ngauruhoe and Tongariro. The clouds and the winds are their *kareré*, their messengers. You pakehas know nothing about that sort of thing, but we Maoris do; and when we see these signs we know that the sacred fire-peaks are speaking to each other as they did of old. The *mihī* of the mountains!"

TE AROHA.



SECOND only to Rotorua as a spa is the pretty little mountain-shadowed township of Te Aroha, 115 miles by daily train from Auckland. Few pleasure spots or health resorts are more picturesquely placed. Here there are no boiling cauldrons or feathery geysers, no violent thermal activity. On one side of the township flows the Waihou River, winding, and placid, and fringed with weeping-willows; on the other abruptly rises the lofty mountain of Te Aroha, forest-clad to its cloudy summit, nearly 3,000 ft. above the sea. Immediately above the town there are high hills, beautifully wooded, rich in groves of fern-trees, and abounding with streams and cascades. The hot mineral bathing-springs and the mineral drinking-waters for which Te Aroha is celebrated well from the mountain-base in the Government Domain, between the range and the river. This Domain has been converted into a pretty park, shady with trees, green with well-laid-out tennis courts and bowling-greens and grassy parterres. On a central



THE GOVERNMENT SPA, TE AROHA.

terrace stands a handsome and excellently appointed bathing-pavilion, where the traveller and the invalid may enjoy hot baths of delightful softness and powerful curative properties. The waters, according to Dr. Wohlmann, the Government Balneologist, resemble those of Vichy, in France, but are distinctly stronger. The baths are efficacious in cases of rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, neuralgia, sciatica, disorders of the kidneys and liver, and various forms of skin-disease.

The New Zealand Tourist Department controls Te Aroha Spa, and there is a Government resident Medical Officer, besides trained attendants.

A detailed description of the Spa, with analyses of the mineral waters, and hints to visitors and invalids, will be found in Dr. Wohlmann's book "The Mineral Waters and Health Resorts of New Zealand."

DOWN THE MAIN TRUNK RAILWAY.

SCENES IN THE KING COUNTRY.

THE WAITOMO AND RUAKURI CAVES ; KAWHIA ;
THE MOKAU RIVER.



THROUGH the heart of the North Island runs the Main Trunk Railway, connecting Auckland and Wellington Cities, 426 miles apart. This rail-line, now just completed, penetrates some very beautiful and wonderful scenery, and the railway itself is a very remarkable piece of work. New Zealand railway-building is a task often involving great engineering skill, and travel in these beautiful islands of mountain and forest frequently brings before the eye huge viaducts and other triumphs of the road-builder's art that would be notable even in America or Switzerland, those lands of wonderful railroad engineering.

A run over the Main Trunk Line, or a large section of it, may be combined with a trip up or down the Wanganui River. Traveling southwards by rail from Auckland, you strike the head of navigation of this beautiful cañon-river at Taumarunui, 175 miles from Auckland and 140 miles from Wanganui town. The northern part of the line passes through the celebrated King Country, with its trout-rivers and forested ranges, its Maori villages, and its white pioneer settlements

The Waikato River, along which the northern section of the rail-line runs for many miles, is one of New Zealand's classic battle-grounds. From where the Mangatawhiri Stream joins it near the Township of Mercer—named after a Royal Artillery captain who fell in the battle of Rangiriri in 1863—southwards for seventy miles the white troops fought their way, and the Government followed up their victory by confiscating the whole territory. At Mercer the train-traveller on his way to Rotorua or down to Wanganui or Wellington usually gets his first glimpse of Maori life. There are sawmills and flaxmills; small river-steamers puff up and down; and the slender Maori canoes, cocked up with a graceful sheer bow and stern, are seen for the first time. Prior to the time of the Waikato war in 1863 no vessel or boat of European construction had ever floated on the waters of the Waikato; Maori canoes alone navigated its strong current. On these lower parts the Waikato (Maori for "On-sweeping Waters") is a broad and splendid stream, fringed for mile after mile with beautiful weeping willows. In some places it is more than a third of a mile wide; on its shallower

reaches between Mercer and the sea there are large wooded islands. Reckoning its course from its parent-spring on the ice slopes of Mount Ruapehu, and thence through Lake Taupo, it has a length of two hundred miles. For seventy-five miles from the sea it is navigable by steamers; the higher one stems its current the deeper it becomes, until at Hamilton and Cambridge (the latter place the head of navigation) the soundings show fathoms sufficient to float a man-of-war. As a matter of fact, war-vessels did once steam up and down the Waikato, but they were shallow-draught gunboats specially built for dodging around and over the shoals in the lower passages.

Along the Waikato rail-line some interesting places are passed. Opposite the coal-town of Huntly is the large Maori settlement Waahi, the home of Mahuta, the Waikato "King." Further southwards is Ngaruawahia, a very beautiful spot at the confluence of the Waikato and Waipa Rivers; half a century ago



A SUNSET PICTURE, ON THE WAIKATO RIVER, AT RANGIRIRI.

it was the primitive capital of the Maori kingdom, and here in the days before the Waikato war the Maori Kingites printed a little newspaper of their own—the historic *Hokioi*. The township is shaded with fine old trees, stretching their branches over grassy parterres on the river-terraces. The oak and the ash and the weeping-willow tree all grow green on this delta, where the dark slow current of the Waipa glides into the broad and sweeping Waikato, which above the confluence is known as the Horotiu. Looking down the stream from the point where the waterways meet you see a noble wide stretch of glimmering water, walled in on either hand by the willows. Across the river tower the blue wooded spurs and ranges of the Hakarimata; over that way, across the Waipa, is the Raglan Road, the route to the Wai-ngaro ("Hidden Water") hot mineral springs, which are gaining celebrity for their curative properties.

At Frankton Junction, near Hamilton Town, the Rotorua rail-line diverges. The Main Trunk traveller goes on due south, and just

beyond Te Awamutu (100 miles from Auckland) crosses the clear trout-stream of the Puniu—the historic *aukati* line or “pale,” the old Maori frontier—and enters the rich volcanic and limestone region known to the Maoris as the Rohe-potae, and to Europeans as the King Country, so called because it was here that the Maori King Tawhiao and his defeated followers took shelter after the Waikato War of 1863–64, which lost to them the greater portion of their lands. The white man’s law up to twenty-five years ago did not run southwards of the Puniu River. Now the romance and glamour which once hazed the blue hills of the Rohe-potae* as seen from the “white” side of the *aukati*-line have melted away; the surveyor’s trig-stations stand on every commanding peak, and his “blazed” trees are to be seen in the uttermost depths of the bush.

The white settler has already got a good footing in this old-time “Takiwa-Hauhau,” the district of the Hauhau rebels, and the locomotive’s whistle is heard on the very spot where but a few years back Maori fanatics danced their wild war-dances, and council meetings planned an invasion of the white man’s Waikato. Yes, the old romance of the *aukati* hinterland is gone; the taming of the Kingites is long accomplished, and though there be some lively old caterans that make lament like Kipling’s border cattle-lifter,—

O woe is me for the merry life
I led beyond the bar,

yet the Ngati-Maniapoto and their kin are falling in with the white man’s progressive ways; and before our eyes there is the new romance—the breaking-in of this bush and fern land to the needs of the pioneer.

Much of the good limestone and volcanic soil is densely wooded at present, and there is a great deal of rough, broken country, but the forest trees are falling before the axe of the bushman-settler, and no finer cattle can be seen in the Waikato sale-yards than those fattened on these newly grassed lands.

The lover of Nature will find all varieties of scenic beauty within the bounds of the Rohe-potae. There are lofty forest-clothed mountains, rushing rivers and waterfalls, wonderful limestone stalactite caves, deep cañons walled in by precipitous tree-topped cliffs, a wild coast lashed by ocean-breakers, calm harbour and river reaches, and sparkling brooks tinkling down through green groves of the drooping fern-tree.

One may ride for a long day without seeing a fence or a habitation, through a gently undulating wilderness of flax and fern and manuka scrub, raising an occasional pheasant, frightening foraging families

* The term “Rohe-potae” means an external boundary-line. “Rohe” is a boundary, and “potae” a head-covering. The name was applied to the King Country in modern times, as a comprehensive term for the vast, roughly circular tract of country held by the Maoris who followed King Tawhiao.

of fern-root-hunting pigs, and starting wild horses on a mad scatter over the plain.

From the summit of any one of the high hills a few miles across the Puniu or the Waipa, there is stretched out to the eye a vast expanse of open country, free and fenceless. Take post on some commanding eminence such as Hikurangi Hill, the historic site of the Kingite Maoris' great village, where Sir George Grey conferred with dour old Tawhiao and his chiefs in 1878 and 1879, and look around



Beattie & Co., photo.]

IN THE RUAKURI CAVES, KING COUNTRY.

you—a typical King-country panorama, where you can see the line of demarcation between civilisation and barbarism. At your feet the overgrown ruins of the famous Kingite hill-town; on one side the Pirongia forest spurs where the great-hearted small settler is working like a hero with his bushfelling and his cows; on the other, far-sweeping dreaming valleys and gentle slopes spreading out below, the land of flax and fern, where old crater-topped Kakepuku rises from the

Waipa plains in a graceful cone of violet, mountain-warden of a rich and lovely land; away on the left front the green farms and tree-bowered homesteads of the well-grassed Waikato. Maori tracks wind in and out through this good volcanic country, twisting down through the tall rank bracken and tupakihi, and skirting the edges of the swamps and the banks of the little creeks whose waters find their way into the Puniu and the Waipa. Far beyond rise the misty blue wooded ranges of Rangitoto, Wharepuhunga, and other rugged ridges, where the wild-pigs root. All over this silent country one comes upon the ruins of deserted Native settlements; and upon almost every hill-top the fern-covered terraces and deep-trenched ditches tell that here once stood a fortified village, a pa of the olden time.

The King Country abounds in freaks of Nature in the form of subterranean streams, disappearing, and reappearing in unexpected places; natural rock bridges spanning river-gorges; and stalactite caves of great extent.

The most wonderful and beautiful of these limestone caves are the WAITOMO and RUAKURI CAVERNS, reached by a few hours' run from Auckland by rail to Hangatiki, thence a short drive. The Government Tourist Department controls these caves, and there is an accommodation-house for visitors at Waitomo, where guides may be obtained.

The Waitomo Caves, the most easily explored of these caverns, are to be lighted with electricity by the Government. A river runs through the caves, a series of wide and lofty stalactite chambers in the heart of a wooded hill. There are two entrances, one by the river where it emerges from the caves, the other through a rocky portal high on the hillside in the midst of a deep and fantastic thicket. Lovely beyond description are some of these glistening halls of the underworld as lit by the magnesium light or electric lamp. Long snowy stalactites hang from the domed ceilings of glittering white rock and sparkle with innumerable beads of moisture. Many of the stalactites and stalagmites seem almost transparent; in one chamber a most curious formation exactly resembles a blanket hanging in many folds; in another there is a replica in limestone of a great organ. Pillars of purest white support the roof in these fairy halls and winding corridors, and in the lowermost, near the river's exit, the place is illumined with the beams of myriads of glow-worms, shining with a faint pale lustre on the snowy fingers and glistening spears of the slowly dripping stalactites. Another marvellous apartment, with its singular white silent figures, is called the Court Room, surely the most romantic hall of justice ever seen—a court befitting the mystic trials of the *patu-paiarehe* sprites and other uncanny creatures with which the imaginative Maori peopled these strange and echoing caverns.

Finer still, in point of dimensions, as well as of variety of stalactite forms, are the Ruakuri Caves, about a mile and a half up the valley from Waitomo. They are exceedingly wonderful and of great

size. There are at least a dozen spacious caverns or halls, connected by corridors and passages. The caves are very wide and lofty, and the stalactites and stalagmites seem even more delicate and fairy-like than those of Waitomo. Some are just about the thickness of a lead pencil; some, again, are many feet in thickness, and therefore of great age. Some are pure white, others an exquisite creamy hue. The entrance is an archway in the rocks; thence the first corridor descends at a steep slant for some distance. Somewhere in the recesses of the great caves is a waterfall. The deep booming sound of this hidden cataract is weird in the extreme. The



Beattie & Co., photo.]

IN THE RUAKURI CAVES, KING COUNTRY.

Kahikatea Stream, a tributary of the Waitomo, runs through the caves. To the Maoris the entrance to the caves had been known for many generations, but no Native ventured to explore them, as the Maori as a rule has a great aversion to entering caves; they were the abode of spirits and ghosts. "Rua-kuri" means the "Cave of the Dogs." A local legend states that this name was given to the caverns long ago because of the fact that a number of the ancient wild Maori dogs were once found living in the holes at the entrance to the cave. These dogs were killed by the Natives for the sake of their skins, which were much valued for the purpose of making white dogskin mats worn by the chiefs. The recesses near the entrance to the Ruakuri were afterwards used by the Maoris as burial-places.

At Otorohanga, Te Kuiti, and other settlements along the Main Trunk line, the traveller will see a good deal of the Natives and get something of an insight into up-country life. Here one sees, as in many another back district, the bullock-wagon and the primitive Maori *koneke*, or sledge, alongside the train-rails; there are typical bush stores, where one can buy anything from a Jew's-harp to a pack-saddle, or a gay Maori shawl to a bag of flour. Back of the line the far-spreading haze of smoke tells of the "burning off" which precedes the grassing and stocking of the sections hard-won from the heart of the forests.

Westward of the rail-line, fern and forest lands lead away into the blue wooded ranges that look down upon beautiful KAWHIA HARBOUR. A region of gentle forest-clothed hills, shining expanses of lake-



A SOUTH KAWHIA COAST SCENE.

like salt sea, the shores fringed with noble pohutukawa groves and studded with olden cultivations and orchards; its waters navigated by the pakeha steamer as well as the primitive Maori canoe; a coastal district teeming with bird and fish; its hinterland seamed with coal-deposits; streams walled by bold rocky bluffs, weathered into all fantastic forms and trailing with lovely tapestries of ferns and wild flowers and vines; hill, beach, and stream rich with mythic song and legend; burial caves of the neolithic race in its limestone mountains, the homes of the white pioneers on its estuaries and on the encircling ranges—this is Kawhia, the coming centre of the west coast, which in the days to come shall see

The smoke of a hundred coasters,
The sheep on a thousand hills.

There is a European township at Pouwewe, on Kawhia Harbour, with stores, temperance hostelrys, and a weekly newspaper. From here the visitor may make fishing-trips, and visit the beautiful tidal-creeks of the Awaroa, Waiharakeke, and Rakaunui, exquisite calm watery reaches walled in by lofty rocks and luxuriant vegetation, and echoing with the notes of many birds. Starting from Kawhia township on some fine summer morning (a little before high water is best) the oil-launch run across to the Rakaunui mouth is the pleasantest of water-trips. Shoals of kahawai and other fish ruffle the calm waters, which lie like some great silver mirror for miles and miles. The river is entered between piles of grey limestone rocks, and the banks on either side are boldly craggy, and here and there prettily wooded with the most ornamental of New Zealand's trees. One or two small Maori villages are passed, with old-fashioned wharfs roofed with ponga ferns, or the palm-like leaves of the nikau. Canoes are drawn up on the beach; women are wading in the shallow reaches and gathering shell-fish. The river narrows, and high castellated limestone bluffs rise on either side, adorned with lovely tangles of green shrubbery and arborescent ferns, where the tui and the riroriro sing.

A very beautiful stage-coach drive is that to Kawhia from the railway-line at Te Awamutu (thirty-five miles). Leaving the green Waipa Plains the road



ON THE RAKAUNUI RIVER, KAWHIA.

passes through the ruined Maori village of Whatiwhatihoe, once the residence of King Tawhiao, and crossing runnels and creeks of the sweetest, coolest mountain-water, gradually mounts up over the wooded southern shoulder of Mt. Pirongia. Here you see the great crimson-flowered rata, the graceful tawa, lofty rimu-pines with their drooping foliage, wild flowers festooning the trailing thickets, bunches and sprays of parasitic plants and orchids springing from the tree-forks, cable-like swinging creepers, crags and cliffs of grey weather-worn limestone peeping out, often draped with a delicate garment of soft mosses and feathery ferns. On the top of the saddle, 1,400 ft. above the sea, is Te Rau-a-moa, a small bush-farming settlement.

Twelve miles south of Kawhia Heads, past towering surf-beaten cliffs, the Marokopa River, a romantic stream from the heart of the limestone land, flows into the Tasman Sea. It is navigable for canoes and power-launches for many miles. Already the white pioneer is at work on the banks of the river. The scenery on the Marokopa is of the finest—high looming white cliffs of cave-worn limestone, tapestried with flowering creepers, and crowned by the lofty forest trees, and in places luxuriant bush, flax, and fern-trees growing right down to the edge of the slow-gliding deep river.

Resuming the rail-journey southwards the upper watershed of the Wanganui is entered. A grand open country is this valley of the Ongarue (the main tributary of the Wanganui) into which we now descend. It is free and breezy and wide; the fresh winds blow up keen from the south from the snows of Ruapehu; they come from the west with the pure breath of the immense pine-forests over which they have played; the air is exhilarating; the atmosphere clear; it is a pleasure simply to be alive in these healthy inlands and uplands. The Ongarue is a wide, clear stream, and a good trout-river. The Marama-taha, just such another pure and sparkling river, rushes in singing over its gravelly bed from the plateau of the Maraeroa, and the two form a large deep river, navigable lower down below the rapids.

From Ongarue Station (160 miles) there is a driving and riding road through to Taranaki by way of what is known as the Stratford route. It emerges from the forest lands near Stratford, 100 miles away. This road takes one through some very interesting and picturesque country. Here one sees the pioneer settlers at work—breaking in the land, bushfelling and burning, grass-sowing, driving stock; some live in comfortable newly built weatherboarded dwellings, the furthest out in slab whares and tents. The route is through the fine pastoral valleys of the Ohura and the Mangaroa, where mobs of fat cattle feed on the richly grassed oases freshly won from the great bush; then the gorge of the Tangarakau (a tributary of the Wanganui), and the bush settlement Whangamomona. The Tangarakau River gorge will be celebrated for its grand scenery some day when a railway runs through the defile, and when the camera captures its bold cliff pictures. Above the swift turbulent river, boiling down over immense boulders, the great papa bluffs rise for many hundreds of feet above the creek-level—rock ramparts topped by dense forest. In some spots the hanging creepers and trailers and mosses soften the outlines of the great precipice, in others the rock stands out white and bare, a palisade 500 ft. or 600 ft. sheer. Bend after bend opens up some fresh glory of the cañon, with its towering piles of castled rock and its sweet green forest; and the sound of many waterfalls is in the traveller's ears.

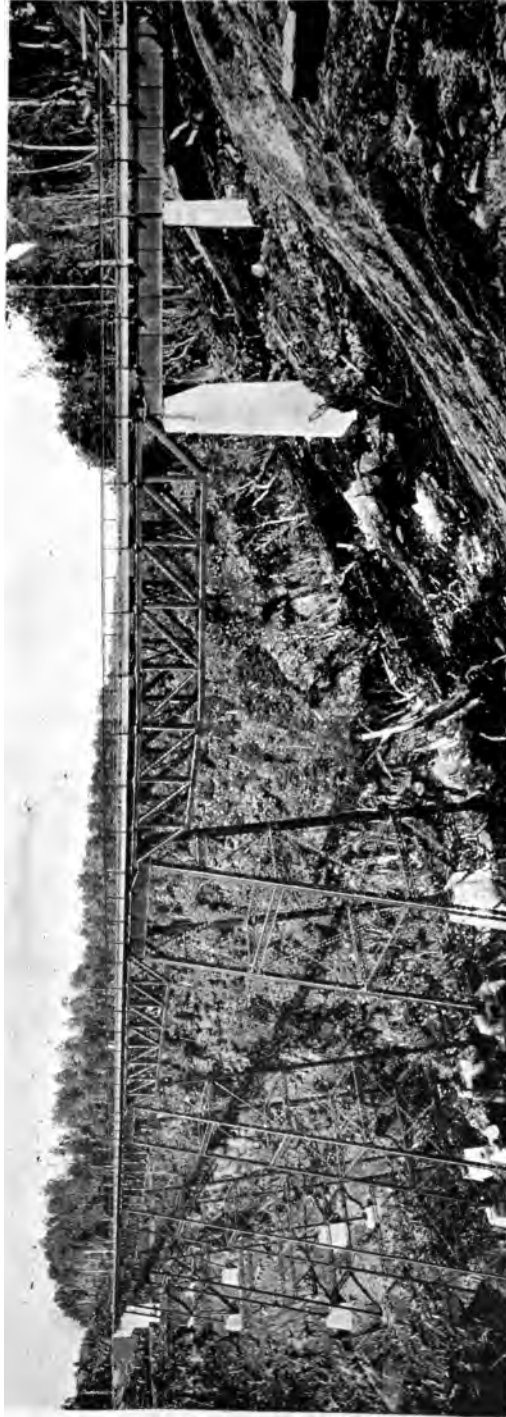
At Taumarunui (175 miles from Auckland) the traveller may either board the river-launch down the Wanganui River or may continue his journey along the Main Trunk Railway. The Ongarue and Wanganui Rivers join each other at Taumarunui, the head of navigation. The railway-line crosses the Wanganui here, and strikes straightway into the magnificent forest, which extends south and west across the Waimarino plateau to the base of Mount Ruapehu. Picturesquely-set pioneer townships are passed through—Piri-aka (a pretty Maori name that may be translated as the place "Where the Woodbine Twineth"), Kakahi, Rau-rimu, Makatote, Ohakune. The railway runs for mile after mile through a stately forest avenue.

This Waimarino is probably the finest rimu forest in existence, a broad belt of forest primeval. The barrels of the rimu here raise to a great height their gracefully-drooping heads of piney foliage, and the totara and tawa and matai grow to a huge size. Bird-life is prolific, wild-pigeons, tui, and kaka in particular. In the midst of the bush the line crosses some wonderfully fine ravines and gulches, down which



IN THE WAIMARINO FOREST, MAIN TRUNK RAILWAY LINE.

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THE MAKATOTE VIADUCT, MAIN TRUNK RAILWAY.

This great viaduct is just midway on the North Island Main Trunk Railway; it is 213 miles from Auckland and the same distance from Wellington. It is 860 ft. in length, and its height above the bed of the Makatote Stream in the gorge below is 260 ft. In its construction nearly 1,000 tons of steel-work were used; the steel piers rest on huge blocks of concrete. The work cost close on £57,000. A magnificent view of Mount Ruapehu (about nine miles distant) is obtained from the viaduct looking up the gorge eastwards, while from the same place Mount Egmont's white peak is seen in the west. Makatote is 2,600 ft. above sea-level.

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brawling creeks dash on their way to the Wanganui, over boulder-beds overhung by the loveliest feathery ferns and tender drooping foliage of every tint of green. To the railway engineers who had to construct this road these ravines were serious obstacles. The Makatote and the Manganui-a-te-ao and other cañons, banked by precipitous and overhanging cliffs, had to be bridged by long and high and costly viaducts of steel. Emerging from the forest, there are views across the plains of the magnificent mountains of the Tongariro National Park. The railway-line sweeps over the tussock plateau just to the south of snowy Ruapehu, and then curves down southward to Taihape and into the forest-lands and good grazing country of the Wellington Province.

THE MOKAU RIVER.

From Te Kuiti Railway-station, in the heart of the King Country, a good vehicle-road diverges to Awakino, Mokau, and Taranaki. A drive or ride over this route, as an alternative to the southward rail-trip, will take the traveller through some beautiful country, and introduce him to the homes of the back-country pioneers.

The Mokau River, a beautiful forest-bordered stream of considerable size, may be explored. It is navigable by small steamers for about twenty-two miles, and by canoes for another twenty-three, as high as Totoro, a short distance from the Te Kuiti-Awakino Main Road. Though not so large or grand a river as the Wanganui, it surpasses it in the wild luxuriance of the forests which bank it in like a wall for mile after mile. Above the present limit of steam navigation there are many rapids that can only be surmounted or "shot" in a Maori canoe, but no portages are necessary. Below Totoro there are some thirty rapids; the total fall of the river from that place to tide-level is 70 ft.

For the Nature-lover there are few more delightful trips than a canoeing cruise on the Mokau, either going down stream or paddling and poling up and camping out on the woody shores. The bush is full of bird-life and alive with wild pigs, which afford some exciting sport; wild ducks abound, pigeons and tui are all around, and in the denser woods at night one hears the cry of the kiwi, the "hidden bird of Tane." All this country is coal-bearing, and often the voyager passes veritable cliffs of coal, great seams outcropping on the river, fringed with ferns and streaming with little cascades. The memories of the Mokau trip will linger with one long and pleasantly, in spite of the little privations and mild perils of the river-passage. What grander, freer holiday life than



Photo by Mr. W. E. Spencer.]

ON THE MOKAU.

to paddle a way up this beautiful river, so redolent of poetic Maori legend, so suggestive of exploration and adventure; such life and healing in the breath of the great pine woods! You paddle up calm reach after reach, where the great rimus and ratas stretch their mossy boughs over the dark-brown current, where every tree is mirrored perfectly in the quiet stream, the veritable "Wai-whakaata" ("Mirror-waters") of the Maori; where the tree-ferns slanting over the water are even taller and lovelier than those of the Wanganui; where the kiekie and kawhara-whara droop their long sword-leaves from the mossy banks and brush the canoe as it swings past; and vines bearing crimson flowers and the starry white clematis trail from the bending trees.

Up in the morning early, when the tui gurgles its bell-song in the bush and the ribbon of mist above the forest marks the course of the dark river flowing so silently between its walls of soft foliage; the regular plash and chunk of the paddles the only sound beside the bird-notes that breaks the quiet of the woods. Round bend after bend and reach after reach; high blue ranges around us, thickly forested to the sky-line. A shag with long black neck and gleaming blue breast



A BEAUTIFUL REACH ON THE MOKAU.

floats down on the current, diving and reappearing, and coming so close to the canoe that it looks as if with very little invitation it would flop on board. The nearing roar of the rapids—then the excitement of fighting one's way foot by foot through the white water and up the glassy curve of the fall, poling slowly and steadily up, sometimes hauling the canoe along by the low-bending tree-branches, until the rapid is surmounted; then another tranquil stretch of deep mirror-waters where the poles are laid inboard and paddles come out again.

And the blazing camp-fire when the night-mists come down and the voices of the night-birds mingle with the rushing of the river; the "billy-tea" and the frizzly bacon and delicious roast wild pigeon, the folk-tales and snatches of song of the Maori canoemen, the slumbrous *Wawara-wai*—literally "babble of the waters," in the beautiful Native tongue—Nature's own lullaby. Dreamless sleep, then up at daylight again, for such another river-day. It is the ideal life in the open, and right fortunate are we in our wealth of pleasure-tracks by land and water, where the city-dweller may revert for a time, as here on the Mokau, to the healthy, simple, self-reliant life of bush and camp.

THE WANGANUI RIVER.



THE Wanganui River is the most beautiful of the many fine scenic rivers in New Zealand, and affords a magnificent river-road into the very heart of the North Island. It rises in the mountainous centre of the Island, and flows for about two hundred miles through densely forested country; for much of this distance it runs in deep-cut cañons, narrow, and walled by precipitous cliffs clothed with ferns and topped by lovely woods. The river is navigable for 140 miles from the sea, up as far as Taumarunui, where it is tapped by the Main Trunk Railway line, 175 miles from Auckland. For two days the traveller voyages down the river by launch and steamer until Wanganui town is reached, close to the sea. A region of singular

enchantment: it is so unlike anything one sees in the outside world; and the traveller who has once run through the watery cañons of the Wanganui never forgets the experience. The cruise down those fairy waterways, with the cool fragrant forests all around, the gorgeous shadow-pictures in the water, the wonderful wild gardens of ferns on the banks, the murmur of the little waterfalls and the rush of the river in one's ears, is one of the most truly delightful in this land of a thousand fine tourist pilgrimages.



ON THE UPPER REACHES OF THE WANGANUI.

The upper part of the river—that from Taumarunui to Pipiriki, eighty miles—is by far the finest section. The launch leaves Taumarunui in the early morning and arrives at Pipiriki the same evening. As the swift launch swings down-stream the scenery quickly becomes delightful—lacy cascades stream down the cliffs, bush-canopied tributary creeks come stealing out of the gloom; there are hillsides ablaze with the crimson blossoms of the rata; there are perpendicular buttresses of rock thickly draped with ferns, varicoloured moss, and sprays of the drooping flax-like kiekie. Round bend after bend sweeps the river, now smooth and inscrutable, now dashing wildly with tremendous velocity through a gorge where landslips and boulders and fallen trees



A RIVER PICTURE, NEAR PIPIRIKI.

narrow its course and form a rapid. The shooting of these rapids in a small launch or a Maori canoe is an exciting experience, with just enough thrill to sink it well into the traveller's memory. From Taumarunui to the Town of Wanganui the river descends about 600 ft.; there are more than two hundred rapids, and down the swiftest of these runs the river-craft shoots with the speed of an express train. Very different is the up-river trip. The canoes laboriously pole up these long reaches and roaring rapids—a task requiring great skill and experience in canoe-work. The steamers literally crawl up some of the more difficult rapids by hauling themselves along with a stout wire rope laid down in the channel of navigation. So numerous and impetuous are the rapids above Pipiriki that the launch trip up to Taumarunui takes two days, as against one day coming down.

The wonderful reflections are one of the delights of a fine-weather trip on the Wanganui, more particularly on the upper parts. The leafy glories of the forest, the overhanging sprays of wild flowers, the tall tree-ferns, the vivid crimson and green and gold of the mossy river-walls, are all mirrored with an added lustre in the deep waters. Marvellous are these water-pictures. For miles and miles you may watch the changing scenery of wooded range and painted cliff and ferny gully without raising your eyes from the surface of the river.

One spot of particularly unforgettable beauty is the Kirikiriroa reach—just below a long rapid—where a bold cliff, called by the Maoris “Koinaki’s Leap,” juts out into the stream like a battleship’s ram bow, with an olden Maori settlement on a wooded terrace opposite, and a long curving hillside thickly clothed with ponga tree-ferns, —nothing but tree-ferns, all their plumey crests swaying in the breeze. Bird-notes and the whirr of soft wings are around the voyager here. The tui sings in the trees; the wild-pigeons, with their iridescent



PIPIRIKI.

feathers glancing in the sun, fly cooing from bank to bank. Now and then we startle grey ducks floating silently with the current, and long-necked cormorants diving in the quiet reaches. Sometimes a razor-backed wild pig, all his bristles on end, glares at us from the edge of the woods, or on some open bank where the fern and pink-flowered veronica betoken an ancient Maori clearing, and with a grunt of defiance turns and dives into the gloom of the bush. Now and then, too, we pass a solitary Maori village, with its brown-thatched huts, perched on a cliff-top; and canoes, laden with brightly-garbed passengers, poling up the long, calm reaches, with many a warning cry of “*Purutia!*” (“Hold her!”) from the toiling bow-poler, or paddling easily down-stream to the music of a river-song that echoes from rocky wall to wall.

The twenty-mile run from the mouth of the Tangarakau tributary to Pipiriki—the last portion of the day’s run from Taumarunui—is the finest bit on the whole river. Here the Wanganui flows through a deep

and narrow defile between lofty walls of smooth and water-polished papa rock—Te Wahi-pari, "The Place of Cliffs." The upper parts of the papa walls are beautiful with a many-coloured garment of waving sword-grasses, soft moss, and clinging ferns, kept ever fresh and green by the down-trickling rivulets, and topped far above by the forests. The



ON THE WANGANUI, NEAR PIPIRIKI.

songs of the birds, heard as one passes through these dark ravines, come down from above very faintly—the bird-twitterings of a dream. We shoot down past gloomy little gorges, like deep knife-cuts, arched by trees; in the depths tinkle little waterfalls. There are deep cave-like openings where the black water swirls and eddies; and there are dark cliff-caves, in Maori legend the haunt of *taniwha* and *maero*, fabulous monsters of river and wilderness and "wild men of the woods." One of the mountain-born rivers that swells the Wanganui, the Manga-nui-a-Te-Ao, rushes in through a remarkable cañon, with straight white walls of rock rising to a great height. Up this wild stream there are very strange and beautiful pictures for those who have some time to spend on the river. The Manga-nui-a-Te-Ao being interpreted means "The Great Stream of The Land," but as if this were not a big enough name for it there is another more high-sounding still, its classic and mythological name, "Te Wai-Whakamanamana-a-Rongomai-tahaenui"—"The Powerful and Famous River of Rongomai"—a deified ancestor of the ancient Maori. As for the Wanganui itself, it has its classic names—the most often used is "Te-Wai-nui-a-Tarawera" ("Tarawera's Great River").

Very deep, very swift is the river as it sweeps down through the dark cañon. Now and again rocky shoals bar its course; it leaps them in a turmoil of flying water. Through the whirl and spray of the rapids launch like an arrow in its flight, through the little waves, speeds smooth reach; and so rapid calm water until Pipiriki is



Here there is a large and comfortable house of stay for travellers, and here the tourist transfers to the steamer for Wanganui town.

The Native population on the upper waters of the Wanganui is small. It is not until Pipiriki is passed that one sees much of Maori life. Then village after village (*kainga*, in the Maori tongue) is seen, each set on a green river-terrace, embowered in groves of fruit and shade trees, and surrounded by plantations of potatoes, kumara, maize, tobacco, and clumps of cultivated flax. Low-eaved dwellings and carved meeting-houses, with their decorated barge-boards, fancifully fret-worked and brightly painted, surround the central *marae*, or village square; behind the houses are high-legged *patakas*, or food-stores. Long canoes, each hewn out of a single tree, are drawn up on the banks or swing to the current. The great number of canoes on the river is, in fact, one of the remarkable features of the Wanganui; and the sight of a canoe-load of Maori voyagers is a frequent and pretty picture.

Some of these Maori villages have quaintly high-sounding names, most of them Biblical names given in the old missionary days. A few miles below Pipiriki there is Hiruharama—the Maorified form of Jerusalem—a pretty village on a sweeping bend of the river, with a tall chapel-spire crowning the green hill above the *kainga*. Then, there are Atene (Athens), Koriniti (Corinth), Karatia (Galatia), Ramaiku (Damascus), and Raorikia (Laodicea). One of the largest of the Native settlements is Ranana—London, no less!—where the pride of the *kainga* is the large carved meeting-house built many years ago by the Wanganui chief Kepa te Rangihwinui, better known as Major Kemp, who fought for several years on the whites' side against the Hauhaus. A particularly pretty spot on these lower waters of the great river is the little village of Tawhitinui, on the right bank, with its carved communal sleeping-house and its *patakas*, half hidden in its pear-groves and its clumps of beautiful native trees. Here, in the river's course, there is a long, low sandspit-island with a tall poplar grove at one end, the historic battle-island of Moutoa. This spot was the scene of a Homeric Maori combat in 1864, when two large war-parties, one a body of Hauhau fanatics, the other a force of Lower Wanganui *kupapas*—men friendly to the white settlers—met and fought a desperate fight with rifle and tomahawk. The Hauhaus had threatened to canoe down the river and attack the pakeha settlements, but the brave *kupapas* defeated them—though losing heavily themselves—killed fifty of their warriors, clubbed their pet prophet, and saved Wanganui Town. At many other spots along the river there are old battle-grounds and ruins of ancient parapeted forts. Raorikia *kainga* is particularly beautifully situated, where the river curves round into a still, shadow-painted reach. The *whares* of the villagers stand on both sides of the wide stream; *wharepunis*, with high-pitched roofs and gay barge-boards, and *patakas* are scattered about under the trees. There are groves of the laurel-like *karaka* at many places hereabouts; this is a beautiful ornamental tree with yellow drupes growing in great clusters amongst the “varnished green” of the

foliage. The Maoris planted these trees about their villages for the sake of the fruit. Maize-plots are plentiful, and in the autumn stages are seen at many places along the river-banks hung with the golden cobs of corn drying preparatory to being stored in the *patakas*.

Every season of the year has its charm of leaf and flower on these lower banks of the Wanganui. In the early spring the kowhai's golden blossom fires the riverside for miles, and its reflections are seen on many a glassy reach—*te ura o te kowhai*, ("the glow of the kowhai") of Maori song. Then the weeping-willows burst into leaf; they trail in the stream on either bank for long distances. The clematis (*puawananga*) stars the bush with its beautiful pure white sprays. In the late autumn the golden spires of the poplars in the Maori clearings gleam ruddy and cheerful, a glow of rich colour against the evergreen of the native forest.

The river-steamer is a travelling post-office. Here and there as a settlement is passed a Maori comes down to the bank to post a letter on the passing packet. The letter is stuck in a slit on the end of a long pole; the steamer is headed in to pass close to the bank, and from his post on the little bridge, without stopping, the captain takes the mail and drops it in the mail-basket. Thus is the work of His Majesty's post-office simplified. At the landing-places below the Maori villages Native passengers embark and disembark—parties of visitors bound to the kaingas of their friends, or returning after a tribal meeting or a tangi. The women and girls are picturesque in their easy garb and their bright colours; most of them are tattooed on chin and lips, and in their ears they wear shark's-tooth ornaments or greenstone pendants hung by black ribbons. The coming and going of the Maori passengers are lively scenes. The parties of visitors are received on the banks with much waving of shawls, and loud calls of greeting, "*Nau-mai!*" and "*Haere-mai!*" and with the *hongi* or nose-pressing salutation of immemorial usage; and the departing ones are farewelled with the oft-repeated cry of "*Haere-ra, haere-ra!*"

Many wild stories of the past cluster about this great river. For many generations the Ngati-Hau tribe have occupied the banks of the Wanganui, from the large village of Putiki-wharanui, near its mouth, right up to Taumarunui. Generations of paddling and poling up the strong and dangerous river made them expert canoe-men; their fame as climbers of cataracts and daring runners of rapids spread all over the island. Their rapids and their impregnable cliffy eyries, overlooking the rushing river storming along in its dark cañon, were their defences against raiding war-parties. A favourite tribal proverbial expression, "*Te koura puta-roa*," likened the Wanganui river-dwellers to a crayfish which could always elude its pursuers by escaping into the holes between the stones. In the year 1817 or 1818 a very large northern war-party consisting of men of the Ngapuhi and Ngati-Whatua tribes from the Bay of Islands, the Kai-para, and the shores of the Waitemata and the Manukau, and Ngati-Toa.



ON THE WANGANUI, BELOW PIPIRIKI.

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STEAMING UP THE PAPAROA RAPID, NEAR PIPIRIKI.

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from Kawhia marched south on a conquering and man-eating expedition, under the celebrated chiefs Waka Nene, Patuone, Tuwhare, Te Rauparaha, and other leaders. They were armed with that new and terrible weapon the musket, which to the terrified Southerners was a veritable *rakau tipua*, an enchanted weapon, darting its bullets with a voice of thunder and a flash of fire. The cannibal army swept all before them and massacred and ate their way down from Taranaki to Te Whanganui-a-Tara, now known as Wellington Harbour.

Returning from the southern end of the Island, Tuwhare led a division of the *opé* or army up the Wanganui River in canoes. At first a number of the Wanganui people fell to the musket, which until that time was quite an unknown weapon to them. Tuwhare rashly canoed far up the river, until he passed Pipiriki, and then the long-suffering *koura* of Ngati-Hau put forth its claws. As the flotilla of the Northmen was slowly working up through the deep and narrow gorge at Te-ana-o-Tararo, where the cliffs on either side are straight and high and almost meet each other, the *tangata-whenua*, the men of the land, who had gathered there in force, suddenly hurled great rocks and showers of stones and heavy logs down upon the canoes. Under this unexpected and deadly avalanche most of the canoes were swamped and broken, and the crews killed or wounded; and then the wild men of the forest descended on them and despatched the survivors with club and tomahawk and spear. Only a very few were allowed to return to the Northland to tell of how the cliff-dwellers of the Wanganui had conquered even the strange and wizard musket.

In much later days, during the wars with the Hauhau rebels, 1864-69, there was a good deal of active campaigning on the Wanganui River, and several Government forces canoed up the stream as far as Pipiriki, which was an important position in those days, for it secured the passage of the river against the Hauhau tribes of the Upper Wanganui, the King-country, and Taupo. In 1865 a force of two hundred colonial soldiers, stationed in three small redoubts on the right bank of the river (just opposite the present Pipiriki township and hotel) was beleaguered by three or four times that number of Hauhaus, and there was some sharp skirmishing. The whites ran short of ammunition, but were relieved by a strong expedition of Forest Rangers and Government Maoris, who swept up the river in a large canoe fleet, and raced into the Pipiriki shore one morning, headed by the friendly chief Haimona, leading on his fifty warriors of Ngati-Pamoana in a great war-canoe. There was a brisk little fight and the Hauhau blockade was broken.

The original and correct spelling of the name of this river is Whanga-nui, meaning "Large Bay," or "Large Opening," applied to the river-mouth; but the "h" has been elided in popular pakeha usage.

TARANAKI (MOUNT EGMONT).



AUNGA tu noa Taranaki
I te uru

[Lofty and lone stands Taranaki
In the west]

Are the opening words of a beautiful west coast Native lament, in which a departed chieftain is likened to the stately snowy mountain of Egmont, whose Maori name is Taranaki—now applied generally to the province of which it is the crowning glory. From all parts of the great Taranaki Plain it is indeed the dominating feature of the landscape, this lovely peak lifting so far above the green forests and blue foothills around its base, and enhanced in height and dignity by its remarkable isolation from all other mountains. While yet a hundred miles out in the Tasman Sea the sailor sights a tent-like cone of snow rising from the eastern waters—Taranaki's summit, 8,260 ft. above sea-level, probably the most perfectly shaped volcanic mountain in the world. It was Captain Cook who, sailing past these unknown and uncharted shores in his exploring-ship the "Endeavour," in 1770, saw towering above the clouds a noble snow-covered peak, "which in appearance," he wrote in his log, "greatly resembles the Peak of Teneriffe"; and it was he who named it Mount Egmont. It has been compared by much more recent visitors not only to Teneriffe's lofty mountain, but also to Fusi-yama and Mount Shasta; and its exceeding regularity of outline and its gracefully tapering crest are the admiration and wonder of every voyager who skirts the circling coast, and of every train traveller who makes the New Plymouth—Wellington rail journey.

To the west coast Maoris Taranaki (known anciently as Puke-haupapa, or "Snowy Mountain") was something more than a mere lofty height of rock and forest; they came to identify it with their *mana* and their land-chieftainship; in their songs and proverbs it was, and is, the mighty symbol of their nationality. The white settler, too, has come to love and almost revere the mountain; he may well do so, for it is on the good volcanic soil that came from its slopes and spurs, radiating from the common centre like the spokes of a wheel, that he fattens his cattle and makes his prime butter and cheese. On Taranaki's woody sides rise the beautiful springs and rivers of the purest coolest water that makes this province the best-watered in New Zealand. One cannot get far out of sight of the great tent-shaped

mountain with its splendid white spear-head wherever he may travel by rail, coach, or horse in the province. It shapes one's impressions and memories of the place just as it shaped the very land itself.

The mountain is now a favourite summer resort for pleasers ; there are four alpine houses for visitors on its slopes, about half-way to its summit, which is easily scaled. The principal mountain houses are reached by vehicle and horse, either from New Plymouth, the chief town of the province, or from the rail-side inland towns of Stratford, Inglewood, and Hawera. A circular area of forest surrounding the mountain and covering its lower slopes, for a radius of six miles from the summit, has been set apart as a scenic reserve, where the pristine beauties of bush and fern land will for ever be preserved.

The beautiful province that lies around the base of Egmont's peak is a picture-land and story-land. It is richly grassed to the



MAORI WAR-CANOE, OFF CAPE EGMONT.

(From a sketch by G. F. Angas, in 1844.)

edge of the cliffs that lift from the black ironsand beaches, and it is bountifully timbered ; clear cold streams flow down a hundred valleys from the mountain-fan ; there are hundreds of fine homesteads surrounded by luxuriant pastures. The country abounds in places of historic interest, and there are many Native settlements where the old-fashioned thatched whares built of ponga tree-fern trunks and manuka and nikau-palm have not yet been supplanted by dwellings of pakeha pattern. In contrast there is the large Maori township of Parihaka, with its smart modern buildings, its halls, its pipe water-supply, and other up-to-date conveniences. Probably the best way to see the Taranaki country-side, after travelling through in the railway-train over the self-same route that General Chute took in his great forest march from the southern part of the province to New Plymouth

in the campaign of 1865, is to drive or ride from Hawera to New Plymouth round the base of the mountain, skirting the sea-coast. The road intersects the splendid pastoral plains of the Waimate, traverses Manaia, Opunake, and other old military townships ; and then, passing Parihaka on the right, winds on into New Plymouth through a delightfully picturesque land of hill and dale and bush-land and river, and over old battle-fields, the ocean always on one hand and the grand wooded mountain swelling up to its snowy apex on the other. New Plymouth is a very pretty coastal town with abundance of shade and flowers ; the public gardens are gemmed with a little lake and rich in native ferns.

North and east Taranaki is still to a large extent a great forest, but the bush is gradually giving way to the axe, and rich pastures and dairy factories are replacing the primeval woods. The sight of these pioneer homes in the north Taranaki bush appealed with peculiar force and interest to an American writer, who said of one of the Government's new farm - settlements which he visited on the borders of Taranaki and the King Country forests :

The gardens, the galvanised-iron " tin " houses, the wooden chimneys built outside, the doorways filled with groups of children growing within, and the flowers and vines without, make a landscape which may have too many sharp edges and colours too incongruous to delight the eye of the landscape artist, but it is a picture any statesman might be proud to sign his name to. Every home here is an adventure, the goal of a Pilgrim's Progress.



IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS, NEW PLYMOUTH.

THE UREWERA COUNTRY.



ABOUT fifty miles south-east of Rotorua a long range of wooded mountains, broken into peaked summits of sharp but singularly regular outline, and cleft at intervals by deep and narrow river-gorges, rises suddenly like a great purple wall from the tussocky plains of the Rangitaiki. This is the outermost rampart of the Urewera Country, or Tuhoe Land, a strange wild region of forest and mountain, the most remarkable of the purely Native districts in the Dominion of New Zealand, inhabited by a tribe of Maori highlanders whose hostility to their European neighbours and isolation from the outer world until quite recent years has tended to the preservation within their borders of many peculiarly primitive ways of life. Roughly circular in boundary-outline, this mass of most rugged and broken country is about forty miles in diameter, extending from the plains of the Rangitaiki and the Bay of Plenty on the north and north-west to the beautiful Lake Waikare-moana and the Hawke's Bay watershed on the south. The Urewera and their kindred hapus or clans number about a thousand people. They were never very numerous, but for many centuries they have held their mountain-fastnesses in spite of almost perpetual forays and raids from without—for the Maori's normal state was one of war—and they present to this day those independent conservative traits that have in all ages and all lands marked the dwellers in a high country.

There is a route from Rotorua through these forests of Tuhoe Land to Waikare-moana; distance, about 100 miles. Although coaches cannot as yet run from Geyserland right through to the lake, the Urewera route is a very pleasant one for the horseman, or the traveller who cares for a short walking-tour.

The visitor to the villages of the Urewera must not expect to find the people attired in the picturesque garb of olden Maoridom, but here and there old men may be seen who cling stubbornly to the ways of their forefathers. The Native women are seen at work weaving flax fibre and the iridescent feathers of the pigeon and the red plumes of the kaka parrot into ornamental cloaks and capes—the old, old industry presided over by the goddess Hine-te-iwaiwa, the Maori Minerva. A pleasant kindly people are these mountain-dwellers,

hospitable to the extreme; yet little more than a generation ago they were our deadly enemies.

The first day's drive from Rotorua, or from Waimangu House, takes one across the breezy Kaingaroa Plains, a great plateau stretching away beyond the range of vision, its only tenants mobs of wild horses, which the Galatea and Waiotapu Maoris sometimes contrive to round up in a blind gully and lasso. Crossing the swift Rangitaiki we enter the mountains by a narrow pass that opens out like a gateway between

two lofty hills. On our left is woody Tawhiuau, towering in deep purple 2,000 ft. from the plains into the sky—the guardian mountain of the Ngati-Manawa Tribe, and the fabled haunt of the last moa. Thenceforward one is among the mountains all the way to Waikare-moana. The bush scenery in this region is of the finest. Great forest trees and magnificent ferns of every variety clothe the impending hills to their sky-high peaks; the tui (or koko, as it is called here) chimes its bell-notes, and the wild-pigeon “ku-ku’s” in the leafy depths. Far below clear cool streams ripple over their rocky beds, and the bending trees dip their green fingers in the water; little waterfalls gush down the clefts between the rocks. Now and then on some hill may be observed the steep escarpments and the fosses and parapets of a ruined bush-castle, a centre



MATAHERA, A CHIEFTAINESS OF RUATAHUNA,
UREWERA COUNTRY.

of busy life in the old days, when armed warriors garrisoned its palisaded terraces. Some of these hill-forts were occupied up to 1871, the year of the last campaign against the Urewera Maoris. The bush road from Te Whaiti (the first settlement reached in the mountains) to Ruatahuna passes through some magnificent scenery. In places it mounts up many hundreds of feet sheer above the rushing rivers, roaring along in their pine-shadowed cañons. Topping the sharp ridge of Tarapounamu we survey a wonderful mountain-wilderness. As far as the vision carries, the vast forest extends—the

forest and the mountains—a sea of mountains, great green waves dipping and rising and dipping again, away to the far-off soft blue peaks of the horizon. Here and there, perhaps, the seemingly interminable forest is varied by a little clearing, where a company of shaggy-headed shawl-kilted sons of Tuhoe are felling bush for a new cultivation-ground. Roughly built thatched huts are dotted about under the arrowy boled rimus, and blue smoke coils up through the trees from the cooking-*hangi*, the earth-made steam-ovens of the Maori. Sometimes, too, particularly if preparations for a tribal feast are under way, we pass Maori hunters returning from the chase with the singed and dressed carcasses of wild-pigs strapped across their broad shoulders; and fowlers laden with the spoil of the forest—kaka parrots, parson-



THE CARVED MEETING-HOUSE "TE WHAI-A-TE-MOTU," AT MATAATUA, RUATAHUNA VALLEY.

birds, and pigeons. The bushmen of Tuhoe are expert in the capture of the "wing-flapping children of Tané" without the aid of powder and shot, and, though the younger generation prefer the fowling-piece, the older men still on occasion practise the olden arts and lures, particularly the use of the *pépé*, or call-leaf, by which the birds are cunningly enticed within easy striking distance. They also still occasionally use the ancient bird-snares, carved perches not unlike crooked, dead tree-branches in appearance, with snaring tackle of plaited flax-fibre attached.

Seventy miles from Rotorua is the large Maori village of Mataatua, in the long narrow valley of Ruatahuna, jammed between the blue ranges—a pretty village, with its tree-clumps and its squares of culti-

vations, some of its houses shingled, some covered with brown strips of totara-bark, and the roof of a great council-house gleaming in the sun. On a cliff-verge rises the terraced front and flat-topped citadel of a model palisaded pa, a stockade with great posts carved in the semblance of human figures.

One of the sights of Mataatua is the large carved house which stands by the side of the village *marae*, or square. Massively built of local materials, and decorated in curious and fantastic Maori style, it is sure to be of much interest to the tourist who visits this at present unfrequented valley. This large carved *whare-runanga*, or council-house, is named "Te Whai-a-te-Motu" ("The Chase of the Island"), in allusion to the long and fruitless pursuit of Te Kooti by the Government forces from 1868 to 1871. It was built about eighteen years



RUATAPU, THE "PROPHET" OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN.

ago for that guerilla chieftain, who died in 1894. The house is about 84 ft. long, and of proportionate width, and the porch and the dimly lighted interior are adorned with grotesque figures carved out of totara slabs—fierce, glaring, tattooed faces of warrior ancestors, their hands grasping stone weapons in attitudes of defiance; sea-monsters (*maraki-hau*), with long tongues, scooping in the fish of the ocean; strange reptilian forms, reminiscent of drawings of the plesiosaurus and other fearsome creatures of the past. Chief of all the figures is the effigy of the celebrated navigator Toroa, whose majestic, scornful face stares out at you from the foot of the sacred *poutoko-manawa*, the house-pillar, beautifully carved even to the lines of tattoo which scroll this statue of the olden sea-king, he who commanded the Ureweras' ancestral canoe "Mataatua" on the voyage from palm-clad Hawaiiiki to this country six centuries ago. On the rafters of the great tribal house are remarkable black-and-white paintings executed after the

primitive style of the Maori, representing rata, maire, toromiro, and papauma trees, with quaintly figured hunters in the act of killing with their long slender barbed bird-spears the koko, kuku, and kaka. Pigeons are flying from tree to tree or resting in the branches of the toromiro tree, on the berries of which they feed; there is a papauma-tree with its bird-occupants; there are leafy ratas with the men-slayers of old, Te Umu-ariki and Te Kurapa, perched in the branches, awaiting the approach of some unsuspecting "flapping child of Tane." As an artistic exposition of the bird-hunting arts of the olden time these rafter-pictures are unique.

A singular Native community living in a large newly-built village constructed partly in European fashion is that headed by the Maori prophet Ruatapu, at Maungapohatu ("Rocky Mountain"), several hours' ride up into the wild and misty mountains from Mataatua. Here, deep in the forests of Tuhoe Land, the Urewera have at the bidding of Ruatapu erected a curiously designed round "temple" for their prophet, priest, and medicine-man, and here Rua preaches his revised version of the old Hauhau religion. The prophet's followers have certainly been diligent disciples, for they have carved with great labour a clearing of several hundred acres out of the heavy bush, and the "Zion City" they have established is a most remarkable oasis-town in the heart of the mountain-land.

From Mataatua to Lake House, at Waikare-moana, is a day's ride over a rough bush-track. The great forested range of Huiaarau is crossed *en route* at an elevation of between 3,000 ft. and 4,000 ft. The track is a series of sharp ascents and descents; numerous small streams are crossed. The forest scenery is beautiful in the extreme, and, given fine summer weather, there is no more delightful bush expedition. The last look back at the sleepy "Happy Valley" of Ruatahuna lying spread out below, with the roof of the great council-house shining as the morning sun catches it; then the plunge into the fragrant forest, and the wild gardens of ferns, splashing through shallow watercourses, clambering up steep mossy tracks roofed in by the totara-pines and tawai and flowering rata; the occasional glimpse of a soft blue peak far away in the sky; the long traverse down the southern mountain-slopes, with the music of little cascades in one's ears; then at last the glimmering waters of the lake and the craggy head of old Panekiri glowing golden in the sunset—these are some of the memories of the crossing of Huiaarau.



LAKE WAIKARE-MOANA.



DEEP in the woody mountain-land lies this very beautiful lake, the star-shaped sheet of blue water called by the Maoris Waikare-moana—the “Sea of the Rippling Waters.” Two thousand feet above the sea, and surrounded by lofty cliffs and densely forested ranges, it stretches its arms far into the hills, and presents a coast-line of exceeding irregularity and corresponding picturesqueness. It is distant thirty-five miles from Wairoa township, on the northern coast of Hawke’s Bay, from which it is reached by coach. Only recently opened up to the tourist, this lake is becoming widely known as a charming holiday-place, more delightfully varied in scenery than any other New Zealand lake, except perhaps Manapouri, and rich in those glimpses of woodland life that win the heart of the Nature-lover. A few years ago Waikare-moana was comparatively unknown even to New-Zealanders; its shores were peopled only by a few small hapus of the Native race, and dug-out canoes of the neolithic type were the only craft that floated on its surface. Now the Tourist Department has provided a comfortable house of stay for the traveller who desires to visit this beautiful mountain-lake, and has placed an oil-launch and good boats on its waters. Very delightful is a cruise round the winding shores of this miniature inland sea, by hanging cliff and shining beach and peaceful forest-arched bay, and from green “island unto island.” Here you are in the most romantic part of old Maori-land. Even the name of the motor-launch which bears you round the lake is a poetic reminder of Native folk-lore—“Kohu-rangi” (“Mist of Heaven”), a contraction of the name of the goddess Hine-pukohu-rangi, the “Maid of the Mist,” whom the Nature-worshipping aboriginals claim as an ancestress, and whose fleecy form you may see descending upon the sleeping lake in the soft evening vapours, or melting away ghost-like in the fog of morning.

Waikare-moana is about eleven miles in length, and over 800 ft. deep—a crystal reservoir in the heart of the mountains. So broken and so labyrinthine is its coast-line that to completely coast its shores in a boat would involve a round voyage of about eighty miles. The view from the front of “Lake House” is one of extreme beauty.

The greater part of Waikare-moana lies spread out before one. On the left tower sheer 2,000 ft. above the deep waters the grey cliffs of Panekiri. On the right, and, in fact, on every hand, rise the blue ranges, rolling away to height on height, smothered to the sky line with a curtain of foliage. Loftiest of all soar the sharp sierras of the Huiaarau Range, commanding the lake on the north and interposing a rugged barrier of peak and cañon between Waikare-moana and the famous Urewera Maori country. Straight ahead, looking down the lake, the Strait of Manaia narrows in six miles away, between two opposing high wooded points; beyond are the delightful islet-strewn arms of glassy Wairau-moana, the many-cornered western bight of the Sea of the Rippling Waters.

One of the most beautiful portions of the lake is the Mokau Inlet, on the northern side. At the head of the inlet is the Mokau Falls,



WAIKARE-MOANA AND PANEKIRI BLUFF.

a forest-framed cascade dropping over a cliff nearly 100 ft. in height, striking on a semicircular abutment of the rock as it falls, and spreading out therefrom in a lovely sheet of glancing foam. Just to the west of the Mokau Bay is the picturesque indent of Whanganui, so cunningly landlocked that it seems a lake in itself. Here, as in many another part of the lake-shores, the woods descend to the verge of the water. The entrance to the bight which contains the Mokau and Whanganui Bays is dominated on the one side by Tikitiki and on the other by Matuahau, both the sites of populous Hauhau hill-forts in the war-days of 1869-70. These stockaded pas, only a mile from each other, completely commanded the entrance to the northern arm of the lake, the principal avenue to the interior of the Urewera Country from Waikare-moana.

Steering south-west from the Whanganui and rounding the peninsula of Pukehou, the launch glides through the historic Strait of Manaia—across which the rebel chieftain Te Kooti swam his stolen horses in the war-time—and enters Wairau-moana, with its charming vistas of silvery-blue water, verdurous islets, white sandy beaches, and forest-clothed headlands. Almost a separate lake is Wairau-moana, so narrow is the strait connecting it with the main body of



THE MOKAU FALLS, WAIKARE-MOANA.

Waikare-moana. The arm is five and a half miles in length and has many subsidiary branches and baylets. The wooded islands of Wairau-moana are excellent picnicking and pleasuring places—with the exception of one, Pa-te-kaha, which is *tapu* as a Maori place of sepulchre. On some there are old Maori camping-places, and groves of peach and cherry trees loaded with fruit in summer time. Motungarara ("Lizard Island") is a particularly charming spot. At

Ohinekura Point, just within the entrance to Wairau-moana, cherry-trees, bearing ripe fruit in great abundance, grow in a tangle of native bush by the beach-side.

Nearly every yard of Waikare-moana's shores holds its story of the past. Folk tales and songs are heard from the lake Maoris that take one back many centuries, and there are many spots around the coast-line notable because of the campaigns against Te Kooti and his Hauhaus. Here one will hear from the Natives tales of dread *taniwhas* of the lake depths; of the *turehu*, or fairy beings, which were to be heard singing their fairy songs in the dim and misty mornings on the



WAIKARE-MOANA, FROM NEAR LAKE HOUSE.

slopes of cloud-capped Panekiri; of Tutaua, the enchanted *tawai* log—the *rakau tipua*, which once went cruising around the lake on its own account, “singing as it went”; of demon-rocks and *tapu* trees, of wars and cannibal raids without end; of fights between war-canoe crews not only in ancient days, but in the campaigns of 1869 and 1870. Strong forces of colonial soldiery were stationed yonder at Onepoto; the land was lively with bugle-calls and with all the turmoil of war-time. The ghosts of departed warriors haply hover round these silent bays and ruined hill-pas. It is the last lake in New Zealand of which one could say that it had no history.

The dense humid forests of Waikare-moana are an enchanting region for the botanist and the field naturalist. Few parts of New Zealand, apart from the luxuriantly wooded west coast and Fiordland of the South Island, are so rich in beautiful forms of plant-life. Sixty-five years ago the missionary Colenso—the first white man that ever crossed Waikare-moana and the Urewera Mountains—expressed his delight at the wonderful wealth and variety of ferns and epiphytes in the forests around the lake. The ferns are just as luxuriant to-day, for the bush is comparatively little disturbed. That loveliest of the fern tribe, the magnificent *Todea superba*, is in its glory here. There is a fund of Nature-lore to be obtained from the few Maoris who still live on the lake-shores. Poetic names sometimes attach to the forest-plants. The rata, with its crimson blossoms, bears the honorific titles of “The Face of Tawhaki,” and “The Loin-mat of Tane”—



PAPA-O-KORITO FALLS, WAIKARE-MOANA.

the god of the woods. The pretty *Asplenium flaccidum*, hanging in clusters and festoons from the mossy trees, is called by the Ngati-Ruapani and Urewera people “Nga-makawe-a-Raukatauri”—“The Tresses of Raukatauri,” a Polynesian chieftainess who lived in her South Sea isle long centuries ago, and who is said to have been one of the inventors of the *poi*-dance. A remarkable and beautiful plant, abundant everywhere around Waikare-moana, is the toi, or mountain-palm (*Cordyline indivisa*). The leaves of this palm are often 6 in. to 9 in. in width. Native-bird life is very plentiful around the shores of the lake, and the sweet notes of the tui are everywhere heard.

About four miles from Lake House in a northerly direction is the mountain-lake Waikare-iti (Little Waikare), 600 ft. higher than Waikare-moana. The lake is two and a quarter miles in length and about two miles in width. This is a delightful spot—a sweet calm sheet

of blue, inconceivably lonely, and very beautiful, lying there amongst the thickly timbered hills, with no smoke of fire or human habitation on its shores. The forest surrounding it is exceedingly dense, and the trees, bearded with long moss, carry to the mind a suggestion of vast antiquity. There are Government boats on the lake, and the visitor may explore the seven pretty islands that rise like tree-groves from the placid waters. These islets were in ancient war-days used as places of refuge by the Ngati-Ruapani Tribe, of Waikare-moana. Right on the top of one, called "Te Kaha-o-Tuwai," is a little lake, hidden in the woods—a lake within a lake. On the Aniwaniwa (Rainbow) Creek, the outflow of Waikare-iti, there are four beautiful waterfalls within the compass of about a mile.



RAINBOW TROUT CAUGHT IN WAIKARE-MOANA.

As an alternative to returning *via* Wairoa or Rotorua, there is the 75-mile riding and driving road from Waikare-moana to Gisborne. The route is one of great beauty. From Lake House it climbs by many a wind and turn along the magnificent wooded spurs of the Ngapakira Range. From an altitude of about 3,000 ft. above the sea there is a final look back at calm, blue Waikare-moana far in the distance; then the road goes on through the splendid forest. The mountain-palm, the huge-leaved tot, grows in whole avenues along the roadside for mile after mile. At the Ruakituri River the scenery is rather remarkable. High above the flax-bordered brawling river rise the huge bluffs of Ngapakira (3,290 ft.), wooded on their more sloping parts, but in many places exposing great grey cliffs of bare rock. From the Ruakituri this mountain seems like some immense wall guarding the entrance to the wonderful region of Waikare-moana. Thence on to Hangaroa there are fine panoramas of hill and forest as far as the eye can reach; then sheep-runs and farms—the great wool-producing back-country of misnamed "Poverty Bay." The Tuahu Range is traversed; from a height of about 3,000 ft. on this saddle there is a far-reaching view, extending to the ocean. Then by vehicle through the settled lands to Gisborne. There

are few more lovely sights than the picture that is opened out before as one descends to Waerenga-o-Kuri and the plains. The whole of the Gisborne flat lies spread out 1,000 ft. below—a beautiful fertile country-side, with its flocks and herds, its cultivations and its tree-shaded homesteads, and in the distance the waterside town, with the surf creaming in on the sandy beaches for miles upon miles of curving coast.



LAKE WAIKARE-ITI.

TE PUIA HOT SPRINGS.

At Te Puia ("The Geyser"), close to Waipiro Bay, on the East Coast, seventy miles north of Gisborne by coach-road, there are some hot mineral springs of considerable medicinal value. The Government Tourist Department has a small accommodation-house here, and there are bath-houses over the springs, which rise from the bases of two remarkable volcanic mounds, or rather rocks, known to the Maoris as Pahuri-tane-nui and Pahuri-tane-iti. The locality is about four miles on the Gisborne side of Waipiro Bay, on rising ground commanding an extensive view of sea and shore. Te Puia, with its manuka-clad slopes and its odour of sulphur, is somewhat suggestive of Rotorua, and the surrounding country reminds one of the volcanic region around Kaikohe, in the Bay of Islands. The razor-backed rocks above the springs are evidently ancient volcanic lava "plugs." The ground here is saturated with natural gas; if a hole is made with a stick near the springs gas issues therefrom, and may be ignited with a match. The water is pleasant to the skin, soft and emollient, and it is a good medicinal drink. For rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and similar complaints these Te Puia baths are of considerable efficacy, and they are resorted to by Europeans and Maoris from all parts of the coast. There are mud springs as at Rotorua; and in the manuka scrub near the main road is a large muddy hot pool which is much resorted to by Maori invalids. It is called by the Natives "Hiroama," the Maorified form of the name "Siloam"—the Pool of Siloam of the Scriptures.

The coastal scenery *en route* to Te Puia is in places very beautiful. The road is for many miles along the hard sandy beach, where the surf often comes hissing up to the coach-wheels; then there are detours inland through splendid pastoral country, some of the best grazing land in the Dominion. This is the land of wool and prime mutton. One remarkable panorama is that obtained from the top of the Puatai Hill, just inland of Gable End Foreland. Two curving bays are spread out far below—Wairua and Te Reinga Bays—the wavy lines of surf advancing and retreating upon the glittering sands, backed by broken cliffs and the richly grassed and partly wooded pasture hills. Many hundreds of feet below the viewpoint, on a little flat between the ocean and the cliffs, is the historic Maori village of Puatai—a toy village, with its tiny houses and its liliputian flagstaff, so far below it lies. Then, in the distance, the picture is completed by the black cliffs of Te Reinga, several hundreds of feet high, jutting far out into the sea. Just one this of many fine seascapes on that Waipiro Road. There is a good deal of Maori life along the road, and the maize and potato and kumara cultivations are larger than those seen in most other Native districts. At Tolago Bay and Waipiro Bay there are large carved Native meeting-houses.

The country surrounding Te Puia shows landscapes of much variety and beauty. There are stretches of undulating sheep-country, diversified with pretty clumps of native bush. A few miles inland is the singular cone-shaped mountain called Puketiti, with its well-marked crateral top; then far away on the northern sky-line rise the bold peaks of Hikurangi (5,600 ft. high) and Aorangi, both famous and sacred mountains in Maori folk-lore, and both named by the Maori pioneers after well-known peaks in their ancient homes in the Cook and Society Islands. Truly a fine country-side, and one that will increase in wealth-producing capacity; and in the healing springs of Te Puia it has by no means the least of the blessings with which Nature has endowed it.



ON THE BEACH ROAD, GISBORNE TO TE PUIA.



ON THE OTIRA COACH-ROAD.

THE SOUTH ISLAND.

MARLBOROUGH SOUNDS AND
NELSON.

THE BULLER GORGE ROUTE.

THE WEST COAST.



FRANZ JOSEF GLACIER, WESTLAND.

THE OTIRA TRANSALPINE ROAD.



IN the South Island of New Zealand the traveller finds the country very different in many of its features from the typical landscapes of the North. Here he has the alp-dominated land of tussock and forest; a land of immense snowy ranges, of huge glaciers and ice-falls, of roaring ice-fed rivers, of great gorges and cañons; the land, too, of magnificent grain-crops and great sheep-runs; the granary of the Dominion.

There are several ways of reaching the South Island from Wellington, the port of departure in the North. The busiest line of traffic is that of the nightly ferry-service to Lyttelton, in which trade large, fast, and comfortable steamships of the most modern class are employed. The shortest route between the two Islands is by steamer to Picton, at the head of Queen Charlotte Sound, a matter of about four hours' steam. From Picton one may travel by rail and coach southwards into Canterbury, or by coach to Nelson and down to the West Coast *via* the celebrated Buller Valley. Steamers also run frequently from Wellington to Nelson; and to Westport and Greymouth, the two principal towns of the West Coast.

The MARLBOROUGH SOUNDS are within three hours' steam of Wellington City. As may be imagined after a glance at the map of this sea-bitten region of a thousand jutting capes and sheltered coves,



HEAD OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE SOUND, NEAR PICTON.

it is a territory of exceedingly varied and picturesque scenery. The land is high, rising in places into peaks of from 3,000 ft. to 4,000 ft., and holds within its countless headlands and outstretched mountain-arms a maze of quiet waters, rich in enticing picnic retreats, beautifully sheltered bays and beaches. Pelorus and Queen Charlotte Sounds are splendid yachting-grounds—the best cruising-waters, in fact, south of the Hauraki Gulf. A grand fishing and hunting place. The sounds swarm with cod and other fish; there are red-deer around Pelorus and southward on the mainland; many of the rivers have been stocked with trout. A land and a sea haunted with historic memories. Here it was, on Motuara Island, that Captain Cook in 1770 hoisted the British flag, named the deep inlet after Queen Charlotte, and took possession of the country in the name of King George the Third. Here, too, some of the first adventurous white

men settled, established whaling-stations, and laid the rude foundations of civilisation in a wild and barbarous land. On Pelorus Sound, the more beautiful of the two, some days may be very pleasantly spent. There are numerous steamers, oil-launches, and sailing-craft trading on this sound, which has a sheltered inner coast-line of three hundred miles. The winding shores of Pelorus are in many places well wooded; in others farmers have cleared and grassed the lower slopes of the ranges, leaving the summits clothed in beautiful forest. In the bays and at the feet of the great hills are the sound-settler's homesteads; at many of these the traveller can obtain accommodation. Some of the subsidiary sounds—such as Kenepuru and Mahau, the Tawhitinui Reach, Nydia Bay, and other lakelike expanses of g'immering waters—are delightful places to explore in motor-launch or sailing-yacht. Tawhitinui is a particularly beautiful bay, with its islands and its little harbour-nooks, woody watersides, and sandy beaches. At the head of Pelorus Sound is the little township of Havelock, where the traveller bound to Nelson may board the mail-coach from Blenheim for the forest and mountain run.



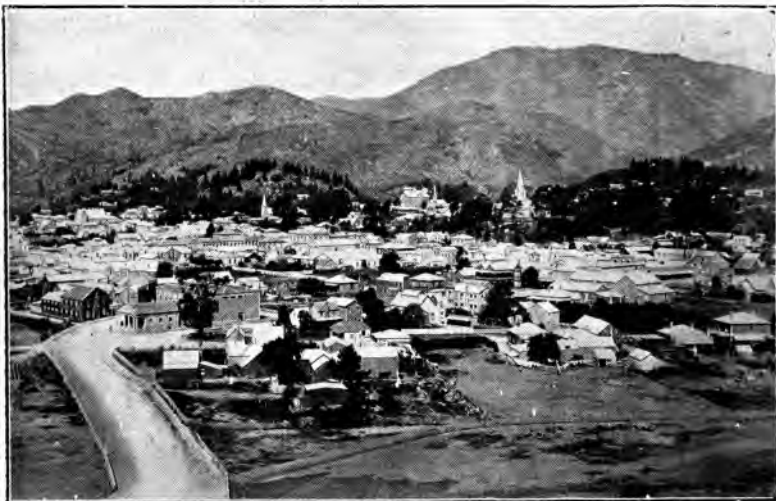
G. Read, photo.]

IN PELORUS SOUND.

The traveller who visits Nelson by steamer will have an opportunity of seeing the famous "pilot" fish of the French Pass, "Pelorus Jack." This singular cetacean is probably the most remarkable known of the creatures of the deep. For many years past he has been constantly observed by the crews and passengers of the steamers trading between Wellington and Nelson by way of the narrow channel known to the Maoris as the Au-miti, the "Licking" (or "Swirling") Current, and to the pakeha as the French Pass, separating the mainland from mountainous Rangitoto, or D'Urville Island. Both by night and by day he is ever on the watch. Directly a steamer heaves in sight off the mouth of Pelorus Sound, bound for the Pass, "Jack" appears, and accompanies her for several miles, playing round her bows as if he recognised her as some great playmate. "Jack" is believed to be the only fish in the world protected by a special Government Proclamation. He has been classed by naturalists as Risso's dolphin

(*Grampus griseus*), and an Order in Council in 1904 protected all animals of that species in the waters of Cook Strait. "Pelorus Jack" is about 14 ft. in length, and is bluish-white in colour. The Maoris have some remarkable legends about him. In Maori eyes he is a *taniwha*, or ocean-god, just such a sea deity as those which played around Father Neptune in Old-World mythology. His Maori name is Kaikai-a-warō, or "Food-of-the-Deep," and it is said that he was seen here first several generations ago. The fish of the *Grampus griseus* species are very long-lived, but the Maori tradition carries one far back indeed.

A very interesting legend associated with "Pelorus Jack" which has never previously appeared in print may be narrated here, as told by the Natives of the Ngati-Kuia and Ngati-Toa Tribes, of Pelorus Sound and the Wellington Province. It is a good example of the strange blending of fact and fiction characteristic of so many Maori folk-tales. It shows "Jack" (or perhaps "Jack's" previous incarnation) as a beneficent kind of *taniwha*, just as he is to-day.



NELSON.

Long, long ago, when Maori tribes alone peopled the Fish-of-Maui and the Greenstone Land, this *taniwha*-fish Kaikai-a-warō, whom white men call "Pelorus Jack," lived in a sea cave at Kaimahi Rock, close to the mouth of Te Hoiere, or Pelorus Sound; his *rangatira* (chief or owner) was one Matua-Hautere. Kaikai-a-warō used to take delight in escorting the Maori canoes passing along the coast from Te Hoiere mouth towards Whakatu (now known as Nelson). He would swim along ahead of them, leading them in the direction of their haven, just as he leads the big pakeha steam-canoe to-day. He was a benevolent god-fish, although women and children on seeing him would sometimes cry out in affright, regarding him as a *taniwha-horomi-tangata*—a "man-swallowing monster." Well, in those ancient days there lived upon the Island of Rangitoto (D'Urville Island), just to the north of Pelorus and the French Pass, a young woman of high birth named Hinepoupou (or, as some traditions name her, Kuiapoupou). She married a chief called Manini-pounamu, and went to live with him at his home on Arapawa Island, Queen Charlotte Sound. Before long Manini the Fickle set eyes on another desirable woman, and straightway plotted to relieve himself

of his wife. So one day he arranged a canoe expedition to Kapiti Island, thirty miles across the Sea of Raukawa (Cook Strait), resolving to maroon his faithful Hine there. He and a crew of his hapu set off, paddle and sail, taking Hinepoupou with them. Arriving at the Island, they camped for a space at Wharekohu Bay, which is at the southern end of Kapiti. The perfidious husband induced the unsuspecting wife to walk up into the hills out of sight of the canoe landing-place, by telling her of the fragrant pokuru plant which grew there, much prized by the Maori housewives of those times because of its sweet perfume when strewn on the matted floors of the sleeping-whares. Hinepoupou set off, taking her two dogs with her, and busied herself gathering the scented pokuru. After the space of some hours she returned to the camping-place, but to her dismay found that her husband and his followers had disappeared. Far away at sea there was a black speck upon the blue waters—the canoe of Manini-pounamu. Poor Hinepoupou was deserted. The weeping chieftainess walked out to the extreme southern point of the island, and there upon a projecting rock she sang a pathetic *waiata-aro-ha*, a song of grief. Then in her indignation at her cruel desertion she resolved to be revenged. She would swim the strait and square accounts with the faithless one. So she threw off her mat, and calling to her dogs to follow her, she sprang into the sea, and struck out for the dimly looming blue mountains of her home across Raukawa's strait. Her two dogs followed her to the point, but were afraid to enter the water, and remained there on the shore, howling as only Maoris *kuris* can howl. Possibly the canine lament annoyed the gods, for the animals were transformed to stone, and to this day, say the Maoris, they are to be seen there on the Kapiti cliff-side, one behind and above the other with their petrified heads outstretched as if in the very act of *tangi*-ing for their vanished mistress.

Hinepoupou swam on, heading south-west across the strait. It was a mighty task, far outdoing Hinemoa's much-sung swim across Rotorua Lake to her lover on Mokoia Island. And as Hine swam she was buoyed up by great thoughts and by the potent *karakia*, or sacred incantations and charms, that she had learned from her tribal priests. She recited appeals to the Maori gods and to the sea-deities of her people, the antipodean Oceanides and Tritons. And this is where the *taniwha*-fish Kaikai-a-warō comes in. Far away over the sea he heard the cry of Hinepoupou to the gods, and leaving the sheltered waters of Hoiere, he shot through the ocean like a spear-dart to the lady's aid. Far out in the Sea of Raukawa he found the chieftainess, and he guided and supported her to land, bearing her up as safely and serenely as the "mermaid on a dolphin's back" of which Oberon discoursed to Titania. And so she came with her ocean-god across the rhythmically swelling blue of Raukawa; and the seas were calmed for her by virtue of a wondrous *maro* or charm which she recited, an invocation as potent as oil upon troubled waters. So sea-travelling, she passed the grim rocks of Ngawhatu (where the lighthouse known as "The Brothers" light now stands); and presently as she neared the mountainous coast of the South Island she rested for a while on a half-tide rock. Here to-day you will, if you look in the right place, see a round smooth rock over which, as the surf rolls in, long tendrils of sea-kelp swirl and stream and float out on the waves like a woman's hair. That rock, in the fanciful saying of the Maori, is Hinepoupou's *mahunga* (head), and the swaying seaweed is her hair. Some Maori accounts say that Hinepoupou, piloted and upheld by her friendly *taniwha*, first reached the land at Arapawa Island; others say that she swam to Rangitoto, her old home. Whichever place she reached, it was Kaikai-a-warō that brought her safe to shore. Yes; it was this very fish, "Pelorus Jack," say the Maoris.

The sequel to the great swim, Hinepoupou's revenge, may as well be told to complete the narrative. She went to her husband's village, and, concealing herself from him, laid her plans for *utu*. Next day Manini-pounamu and a number of his people went out to sea in their canoes fishing for hapuku (groper). This was Hine's opportunity. *Karakia* after *karakia* she repeated, ringing chants and invocations, sacred and of untold antiquity, to the gods of ocean and sky, to Tangaroa and Tawhiri-matea, and to Kaikai-a-warō and other genii of the deep,

calling upon them to destroy the fishers. And her *mana* was great, and the curse fell. For presently a terrible tempest arose, and from the cliffs Hinepoupou saw it sweep over and overwhelm the fishing-fleet. All the canoes were lost, with every one on board, Manini-pounamu and all. "*Kaitoa!* Serve them right!" said Hinepoupou.

Here endeth the tale of the swimmer of Raukawa, and of "Pelorus Jack," whom New-Zealanders trust will remain for many a year to pilot the white man's steamers to and from the sea-pass of Te Au-miti as he piloted the Maori of old.



THE COACH-ROAD THROUGH THE BULLER GORGE.

From the pretty Town of Nelson the traveller bound for the West Coast has a short train journey, then two days' coaching through remarkably fine forest and cañon scenery. The coach-route follows the winding course of the swift and beautiful BULLER RIVER, a headstrong rapid-whitened mountain-stream, sweeping down to the sea from its

source in an alpine lake. On the lower part of the Buller the coach-road is a wonderful piece of work. The left bank of the river is for a long distance a straight wall of fern-tapestried rock, where not even a mountain goat could climb its way along. The road is here chambered out of the solid rock, a long deep niche in the precipice-face, high above the river; in some places it cuts through short tunnels. It is a remarkably skilful bit of engineering and road-building.

WESTLAND.

Then, coaching from Westport and Inangahua down to Reefton, you go by rail to Greymouth and Hokitika. Now you are in Westland, most beautiful, most storied of South Island provinces—the Golden Coast, the land of lovely lakes and illimitable forests, the land of old digging towns, the land of Seddon. Here New Zealand's greatest Premier lived his bluff life in the days of the sixties and seventies—"the days of old, the days of gold"—when the Waimea, Kanieri, Dillmanstown, Staffordtown, Kumara, and other rich auriferous areas were thronged with treasure-hunters, and when "the digger's shirt was freedom's badge," as truly here as on the "Dear old Bendigo" of which Tom Bracken sang.

A long narrow strip of country—its width averages only twenty-seven miles—it stretches for 250 miles down the western side of the



BRUNNER: A COAL-TOWN ON THE GREY RIVER.

South Island; on the east the huge ice-barrier of the Southern Alps, on the west the never-resting lines of surf of the Tasman Sea. In physiographic features it is a land of wonderful variety. Probably nowhere else in the world are so many fine scenic elements presented to the traveller in such immediate juxtaposition—immense dark and jungly forests, with their towering columns of rimu, totara, and kahikatea pines, their fern-trees lifting plummy crests 50 ft. above the mossy ground; bush-fringed lakes of sapphire and silver, very calm and clear, and skimmed by the free-winged water-fowl; rushing snowy rivers, and glaciers plunging down to the forests from the blazing icefields of the great Divide.

Among the glimpses of Westland's industrial life a traveller gets from the train, one of the most characteristic is that of Brunner, on the Grey River, with its coal-mines, its belching chimneys, and its smoke-blackened hillside—a "Black Country" in miniature. Greymouth, with its long tidal river-frontage, its fleet of red-funnelled steamers,



Dr. Teichelmann, photo.]

LAKE KANIERI.

its seemingly endless lines of trucks loaded with timber and coal, is by a long way the busiest place on the Coast. Hokitika is a pleasant place—historic old Hokitika, with its surf-fringed "backyard," where the long rollers ceaselessly pound the shelving sands, its pretty homes half in the town and half in the country, its lazy old river water-front, its general atmosphere of "has-been."

Most of these West Coast towns abound in reminiscences of the great gold "rushes" of the sixties. Hokitika, Kanieri, Kumara, Ross, Okarito—once swarming with exactly the class of sturdy gold-hunter that made California in '49—have quite a Bret Harte-ish flavour. At Hokitika the traveller catches his first glimpse of Cook and Tasman and other giants of the Southern Alps, over seventy miles away. Two lakes of great beauty may be visited from here—calm deep Kanieri, its mountainous shores densely wooded, and lagoon-like Mahinapua, remarkable for its shadow effects.



MAHINAPUA, THE LAKE OF
SHADOW-PICTURES.

Far down this wildly beautiful narrow littoral lie some of the most wonderful glacier and mountain scenes in the world; scenes that deserve to be better known, for there is probably nothing quite like them in any other mountain-land on the globe. Amongst the grandest of all these West Coast pictures are the great steeply slanting ice-flows known as the FRANZ JOSEF and FOX GLACIERS, which descend from the lofty perpetual snows of the Southern Alps to within

700 ft. of the ocean-level. From the Town of Hokitika one can drive by coach to within two or three miles of the Franz Josef ice-face; from there a few hours' ride through magnificent mountain and forest scenery takes one to the foot of the Fox Glacier.

These glaciers flow down through precipitous gorges that open out at their terminals like monstrous jaws to allow the downsweep of the noble cause-ways of glittering ice, which from a short distance away seem to plunge into the very arms of the forest. The semi-tropical woods, rich in ferns and palms and orchids, even cover the mountain-slopes above the face of the glaciers, and there are amazingly lovely contrasts of gleaming ice and flower-decked forest. The latitude is about $43^{\circ}25'$ south. In the Northern Hemisphere the traveller must sail along the coast of Norway as far north as 67° before he will find a glacier whose terminal face descends to such a low level as the Franz Josef or the Fox.

Particularly beautiful is the forest bordering of the Franz Josef Glacier. On either side of the half-mile-wide tongue of ice the rocky scarps rise up, smooth-polished by the ancient ice for a space, then richly wooded in soft delicate gradations of green high to the ridgy summits, and flashing with waterfalls.

In summer the blood-red blossoms of the rata fire the mountain-sides with a gorgeous crimson—a marvellous frame



Dr. Teichelmann, photo.]
LAKE MAPOURIKA, SOUTH WESTLAND.

of colour to the pure-white picture. As a spectacle the Fox Glacier is even grander than the Franz Josef. Its immediate alpine surroundings are bolder and wilder; the mountain-portals from which the ice-torrent issues seem loftier and more precipitous, and the approach to the glacier is through forest scenes of soft and fairy splendour.

One of the most enchanting alpine and subalpine pictures the whole West Coast holds for the traveller is the vision, mountain-wards from the entrance to the Waiau Valley, below the Franz Josef Glacier, just where the coach-road after passing Lake Mapourika emerges from the forest avenue on the green cultivated lands around a settler's homestead. Here, almost at the foot of the Alps, there is a farmhouse, an orchard, a garden, children playing around the home, cattle grazing in the fields; then up beyond, so seeming-near that it almost takes one's breath away with the sharpness of the transition which



THE FRANZ JOSEF GLACIER.

yet does not jar, because of its strange harmony, are the Alps in all their snowy magnificence, the mist-wreathed lower ranges, deep hill-clefts softly blue-hazed; and, piercing the central gorge, the glittering white downflow of the Franz Josef, its foot disappearing apparently into the dark-green forest. The soft dreamy tenderness of it all, the home of man, the curling blue smoke, the melting landscape bathed in the warm afternoon light, the mountains of white and purple, make up a vision of wonder whose many tones and tints blend into a sweetly ordered whole. Let the landscape artist seek that scene by Waiau's gorge, and paint it—if he can.

The bush-ride from the Waiau to Cook's Flat and the Government alpine hut at the Fox Glacier is one that ever lingers in the memory as a vision of perfect sylvan beauty. Splashing through the bluish, opaque waters of the swift icy Waiau we have before us a long stretch of level country, covered with forest, through which the road runs

for two or three miles, then climbs into the wooded hills, benches its way along precipitous mountain-faces, swings suddenly into the recesses of dark gullies, where the little rivers have their birth. From scores of points along this route there are magnificent views of snowy mountains, deep gorges, dark forests, and foaming rivers; and it is perhaps after rain that the bush and mountain-track presents its finest atmospheric and cloud effects, and the wild country surrounding robes itself in its most entrancing colours.

Quaintest, quietest of all the old "digging" towns of the Coast is the decayed little seaside village of Okarito, away down the surgesmitten ocean-front eighty miles below Hokitika. Okarito, a short drive from the foot of the Franz Josef Glacier, is the present southern terminus of the coach-service; south away for a hundred and fifty miles you must depend on your saddle-hack and packhorse.



ICE-CARVED CLIFFS, "THE CONE" ROCK, AT FOOT OF FOX GLACIER.

From Okarito and the Waiau Settlement, at the foot of the Franz Josef Glacier, it is possible to ride right through South Westland and over the Haast Pass—the lowest saddle in the Southern Alps—down to Lake Wanaka, in North Otago. This is a grand horseback trip, occupying usually a week, and covering about 160 miles. In the variety and charm of the scenery it is about the most interesting back-country route in New Zealand. For the most part the road leads through immense forests, sometimes through bush clearings and natural open flats, very often across wide-bedded snowy rivers running in many channels; sometimes along the ocean-beach, with the surf washing the feet of the horses as they gallop along the sands;

and then up through huge mountain-gorges. Here and there the traveller comes upon pleasant farms cut out from the great dripping woods, with cattle and sheep dotted about the rich pastures ; beyond blue mountain-ranges topped by the eternal snows of the Southern Alps, and perhaps a glacier showing through the mountain-chines.

A lonely, but an interesting land. The scattered settlers are a splendid self-reliant set of people. These West Coasters exhibit to the stranger who travels their wild, rough ravines and forests and river-strands, physical and moral characteristics that are a reflex of their surroundings. They are a strong, sturdy race, good grafting



Dr. Teichelmann, photo.]

ICEFALL ON FOX GLACIER, WEST COAST: MOUNT TASMAN IN THE
DISTANCE.

of the hardy old stock, the miner-pioneers who laid the foundations of settlement ; they are inured to the ungentle play of the elements, resourceful and plucky in their continual fording of swift and treacherous ice-cold rivers, tireless in their struggle to subdue the wilderness ; hearty, and hospitable, too, as are all backwoods communities. This thin fringe on the edge of the great mountains and forests is a little world in itself, and it is to the traveller a tour rich in new knowledge of things colonial to fare from stage to stage down the torrent-split wild West Coast.

OVER THE RANGE.—THE OTIRA ROUTE.

Fine as the Buller coach-route is, it is far outdone by the magnificent boldness of the Otira alpine road, connecting Westland and Canterbury. The coach-run on this trans-alpine route is something over forty miles, connecting the western and eastern rail-heads at Otira and Broken River. The alpine spine is here intersected by a convenient pass, a narrow cut in the mountains only about 3,000 ft. above sea-level, and over this the coach-road runs—the only coaching route across the range. A railway is being built from the Canterbury side up into the Alps, destined to connect with the Westland rails. The great 5½-mile tunnel of the Otira will be one of the incidents on this train-journey of the future. But the traveller will for the present ride above-ground, and scale in the well-horsed coach the purple wall of the Alps. On a summer day, when the wooded or snowy mountains stand out clear against the brilliant blue, and the crisp mountain-air is fragrant with the breath of the illimitable forest, no upland tour in this land of many fine scenic routes is more delightful. A day's journey transports the traveller from the wild wooded valleys of the west across the glaciated backbone of the island to an entirely different country, the green cultivated plains of the well-settled Canterbury Province, and the "Garden City" of Christchurch.

The trans-alpine coach is boarded at the Otira Railway-station, the terminus of the West Coast line. Otira is at the foot of the mountains, wooded on their lower slopes, snow-clad on their summits. The coaches, of the famous Cobb and Co. type, comfortably hold six passengers inside and eight to ten on the outside seats. The horses, five in a team, are splendid well-trained animals, that seem to know every foot of the mountain road. Swingle-trees jingling and the horses' shoes striking fire from the rocky road, we swing swiftly and smoothly down into the narrow gateway of the hills, and then straightway commence the traverse of the famous Otira. The great wooded mountains are all around us, dropping in tremendous slants down to a trough through which a wild little snow-river plunges to the plains. Soon the cleverly engineered highway begins to excite one's wonder and admiration as it snakes, climbs, zigzags into the heart of the Alps. First cut in 1865-66, in the early days of the West Coast gold-diggings, it has ever since been travelled by the interprovincial coaches, and is, too, a favourite run for those cyclists who have nerve enough to risk its many sharp corners and switchbacks, and hardihood to wade the icy streams that intersect its course.

The scents of the forest are about us. There are the delicate white blossoms of the ribbonwood, resembling orange-blossom, and the sweet flowering New Zealand koromiko (veronica), that almost sweeps our faces with its pinky sprays as we turn sharply round a jutting corner, where the hill-face vegetation is so luxuriant that not a vestige of the mother rock is to be seen. The native broom, the pale-

green cedar (kohekohe), the beech-leaved tawai, the graceful fern-tree, and many another cling to the mountain-face and brace themselves against the severe slant of the slatey wall. But the rata, dwarfed here and adapting itself to its alpine surroundings, is the great feature in the hillside draping. Its gorgeous red blooms flame for miles along the slopes in midsummer, a mass of superb deep colour which gives the Otira defile its richest floral charm.

As we advance up the cañon the scenery becomes wilder and bolder; the mountains rise more precipitously, and show in places great bare dark-grey bluffs, to which no tree or fern can cling, and thousands of feet above us pierce the blue of heaven like gigantic needle-points and chisel-blades. Splendid spurs sweep in majestic proportion into high-peaked cones, showing on their slopes dark ribs divided by deep couloirs, the storm-ways of the avalanches. Highest of all, away up above us to the right, Mount Barron lifts his 5,660 ft. of rock, the abiding-place of perpetual snowfields.

Then, from the breezy, flower-spangled saddle of Arthur's Pass, there is the descent to the Canterbury rail-head. It is a grand swinging rush down the mountain-side, this coach run through the lung-strengthening mountain-air. The scenery, too, is inspiring, though so different from the sylvan beauty of the Otira. Snowfields gleam white and ineffably pure in the embrace of the purple-grey pyramidal mountains. Every outline of the tremendously slanting hills is sharp-cut in the radiant hyaline; and the atmosphere is so divinely clear that distant objects seem quite close at hand. Upland lakes are passed, reposeful tarns of violet, lying close under the superb heave of the mountain-shoulders. We are in the tussock-clothed country of the New Zealand Highland sheep-farmers—the country where that singular alpine bird the kea parrot, which was once a vegetarian, but which has become a carnivorous hunter since sheep found their way to its lofty home, raids the grazier's flocks when it gets the opportunity. Now the final descent into the valley of the Broken River. The sharp-cut road curving and winding away beneath us like a white thread stretched down and along the hill-spurs gives promise of a thrilling drive. All hands sit tight, and screw down their hats; the driver gathers up his reins, and jams his brake hard down, and away we go along the well-graded road. The tussocky scrub-dotted hills stretch their brown arms about us, but we fly from them, and sweep along the steep slopes, round sharp curves, and in and out of giddy zigzags, down, down to the river-bed glinting white below; and few there are whose blood would not be stirred by that splendid flight through the fresh, sharp mountain æther, and the amazingly rapid transition from the high mountain-pass to the Head of the Rails.

THE KAIKOURA ROUTE.

An attractive route southwards from Blenheim into Canterbury, as an alternative to that *via* Buller Gorge and Westland, is the train and coach trip *via* Kaikoura. This track of travel does not offer the grandeur and wild beauty of the

great West Coast coaching-roads, but it is a pleasant route to the Canterbury Plains, the Hanmer Springs, and Christchurch, and opens out countless charming coastal, forest, and mountain landscapes. Kaikoura itself is a pretty little coastal town, an interesting place at which to spend a few days, and it possesses a reputation as a health resort and an excellent place for recuperation and rest. It has been called the "Scarborough of New Zealand." Kaikoura is beautifully sheltered by the encircling ranges, yet free to the health-bringing breezes of ocean. The climate is mild and equable. The mountain scenery of the district is very bold and beautiful. Immediately dominating the plain rises Mount Fyffe (5,231 ft.), in whose rear towers the magnificent snowy wall of the Kaikoura. This range is especially imposing towards its eastern extremity, the Seaward Kaikouras, or "Lookers-on" as they were named by Captain Cook in 1770. Four double canoes, containing many Maoris, put off from the shore when the "Endeavour" appeared, and gazed with amazement at the strange ship. "They came within a stone's throw," says Cook in his Journal, "and then stopped, gazing at us with a look of vacant astonishment." "From the behaviour of our visitors, I gave the land from which they had put off the name of 'Lookers-on.'" The two highest peaks of the Seaward Kaikouras are Kaitarau (8,562 ft.) and Te Ao-Whakere, "The Gloomy Cloud" (8,516 ft.). In summer their purple peaks, streaked here and there with the lingering snow, stand out in sharp outline; in the frequent calm, clear days of winter they are an even more beautiful spectacle, in their spotless mantles of white, flashing back the sunshine in countless facets of dazzling brilliancy.



HANMER SPRINGS.

"The wine of life in its pleasant air."

SET down amid the brown tussocks of a high breezy plateau of the South Island, rimmed with a blue ring of rolling mountains snow-coated for many months of the year, and tapping the heated healing-waters which well from earth's bosom, here is Hanmer Spa, one of the lungs of this Wai-pounamu, ninety-three miles from Christchurch City by rail, motor, and coach. One would hardly call Hanmer either pretty or beautiful. The plains around are bare and monotonous, the mountains are hard and sparsely clothed, the occasional plantations of imported pines are sombre in their varnished gloom. But one does not come to Hanmer for romantic scenery, though a few hours' ride northwards or westwards will take the traveller into the heart of mountain landscapes of rugged wildness.

Hanmer's assets are—first, its hot mineral springs; and secondly, its pure, fresh, health-laden upland air, a tonic of Nature's own making. It is an amazingly different atmosphere to that of the Canterbury



GOVERNMENT BATH-HOUSES, HANMER HOT SPRINGS.

seaboard ; and so nerve-soothing is the place, so grateful the pleasant monotony of it all, that tired, brain-fagged men and women have found even long stays at Hanmer a feast of health and restfulness. Its elevation of 1,200 ft. above sea-level gives it its clear lucid air and that keen breeziness which blows away the cobwebs of the mind and the business worries of the city man. Then the dreariness of the surrounding country, which perhaps strikes a visitor on his first arrival, gradually vanishes as he prolongs his stay. The wind-waved tussocks of the level plains, the glinting course of the rivers winding through wide beds of grey shingly waste, the crumpled broken hills powdered here and there with snow-patches, have their several graces, their ever-changing play of light and colour.

Hanmer's hot mineral springs are good bathing-waters, extremely beneficial in cases of rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, gout, stomachic, liver, and kidney complaints, skin-diseases, nervous exhaustion and debility, insomnia, and other troubles. Inhalation of the vapour is also of service. There is massage for those requiring it, and there are hot-air and douche baths. Besides the private baths there are large warm swimming-pools.

The Hanmer Spa, conducted by the Tourist Department, is a pleasant and comfortable sanatorium, in the immediate vicinity of the baths. The spa and bath-houses are surrounded by spacious tree-sheltered grounds, adorned with flowers and ornamental shrubbery. Amongst the adjuncts which enhance the attractiveness of the place are a handsomely designed tea-house, a tennis-court, croquet-lawn, and bowling-green. In the vicinity there is good trout-fishing.

The spa has for years past been a favourite holiday rendezvous for South-Islanders, more particularly Canterbury people, but visitors from all corners of the world are to be found there, summer and winter. For even the winter months have their attractions, their periods of calm, windless weather, frosty but bright and clear, when the peaked mountains bounding this tableland of the Upper Waiau glitter in their robes of snow, lifting their sharp-toothed summits skyward 5,000 ft. and more, and when over all the wide, free country broods a beatific spirit of infinite solace untranslatable in words.



AKAROA, BANKS PENINSULA.



IN remarkable contrast to the long, level plains of Canterbury is the many-peaked volcanic mountain-knob known as Banks Peninsula, projecting eastwards from the Canterbury coast. So suddenly do the blue heights of the peninsula lift from the sea and from the low neck on the plains side, and so closely do they resemble an island from a little distance out at sea, that one hardly wonders at Captain Cook's mistake when, sailing past it in 1770, he charted it as an island. Broken into an irregular series of ridges and valleys, with bold crags of black and grey rhyolitic rock shooting up like great buttons and nipples from the grassy hills, and with woods and cascading streams, the peninsula has much of that kind of scenery usually described as "romantic." This charming variety of landscape makes it a delightful corner of the Greenstone Land. The lofty hills are grassy to their summits, and water-brooks break from almost the very mountain-tops. It is a quiet, beautiful pastoral district, with soil so rich that dairying-land is valued at from £30 to £50 per acre, and its annual cocksfoot-grass-seed harvest—the peninsula furnishes a great part of the world's cocksfoot-seed supply—yields in some years as much as £200,000. The first district peopled by white men in the Canterbury District, it has a thoroughly well-settled aspect, and is the home of a numerous and well-to-do population, living a happy and comfortable life among their beautiful hills and by the shores of their many bays.

There are more than a score of good-sized bays in the sixty miles of the circling peninsula coast, besides the splendid harbour of Akaroa, nine miles long, deep, land-locked, one of the finest havens of the New



Miss Buckland, Akaroa, photo.]

AKAROA HARBOUR.

Zealand coast. On the shores of the harbour is the pretty Town of Akaroa, reached by a few hours rail and coach run from Christchurch, and by steamer from Lyttelton. There is a happy blending of old and new in Akaroa. There are modern hotels on the waterside, but all about one are reminders of the early French occupation of these parts, over sixty years ago—for Akaroa was first settled by French families. The streets have French names, and some of the surrounding castellated peaks are French on the maps.

No New Zealand town affords pleasanter walks. The winding roads that strike up into the hills from the waterside main street have reminded English visitors of the leafy lanes of Devon. The place is one great flower-garden. The pathways are bordered by hedgegroves of fragrant hawthorn and thick alders; the air is sweet with the per-



AKAROA TOWN AND BAY.

fume of may, honeysuckle, roses, and the white acacia. Around the houses are groves of great pear and other fruit trees—relics of the old French settlers—orchard kings, laden every season. The teeming bird life is one of the charms of Akaroa. Even in the townsmen's gardens the bell-bird and tui live and breed undisturbed; these pretty Minnesingers of the vanishing forests, usually honey-eaters and lovers of the small native fruits, have here developed a taste for the pears and plums and cherries of the white man. Up behind the town there are the richest of grass lands. Tall, solitary pines lift their heads here and there in the midst of the fields, remnants of the ancient forests. Supreme overhead, crowning the central ridge and standing out in bold outline against the golden sky, rise the mountain-pinnacles of fire-fused rock, grand guardians of this goodly

land. Highest of all mounts Purple Peak, well-named and noble to look upon. One may follow the streams right up to the rocky outcrops of rhyolite that form the mountain-tops; the fountain-heads spring from the very summit of the ranges, and flow east and west into a score of bays. Here is the perfection of serene pastoral scenery.

Up in these valleys it is a sweet and dreamy land. In one of these nooks, high above Akaroa Harbour, lapped in green hills like that vale of Ida in "Aenone" where the "swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen," is a beautiful farmsteading admired of all visitors, and locally known as "Paradise." A little Paradise indeed it seems, with its fields and its orchards and gleaming shingle-roofs among the groves, perched midway between the sea and the mist-shrouded peaks of rocky Brazenose. This volcanic upjut is a mountain of three names—the Maoris called it Otehoré and the French in 1840 named it Mont Berard, after one of their naval officers. Otehoré's crags were invested with attributes of dread by the olden Natives of Akaroa. The peak was a *pa-atua*, or *nohoanga-atua*, the abiding-place of the gods—a Maori Olympus. In the mists that nearly always drifted round the sacred mount, too, there floated the spirits of their dead—quite an Ossianic concept this—and no man ventured up those hallowed heights.

Another characteristic scene of pastoral loveliness is opened out on the opposite side of the blue harbour—the fan-shaped green valley of Wainui, with its tree-shaded homesteads, its green fields, and its clumps of native wildwood shading the hillborn streams. Very peaceful, very quiet is this valley curving down from the high and grassy saddle more than 2,000 ft. above to the beach, where a sandy bay rounds in between the sheltering points. It is all the best of pasture-land, a self-contained little community, with its dairy factory, its school, its church, its store—pleasantly typical of the many golden valleys folded away between the peninsula hills.



THE CANTERBURY PLAINS.

THE railway-line from Christchurch to Dunedin traverses the Canterbury Plains for a hundred miles, running parallel with and often closely skirting the ocean-beach. This vast extent of prairie country, about fifty miles in extreme width, is one of the richest agricultural and pastoral districts in the Dominion. Built up in the course of ages by the detritus washed down from the Southern Alps, it slopes gently towards the sea, and is threaded by numerous ice-fed rivers, wandering over wide beds of shingle. These rivers swell to enormous volume with the melting of the alpine snows, and sweep down with torrential force. They are of no value for navigation purposes, but they are famous trout-fishing waters, and are made use of by the colonists in feeding irrigation channels, which in some districts are led over the plains for many miles. Originally these great plains were covered with tussock-grass, fern, and ti-palms, and harboured little life except near the sea, where the Maoris—ever adepts at picking out the “eyes of the land”—had their settlements in a few choice and sheltered spots. Now the railway-train traverses a bountiful land of goodly prospect. The grain-stores at the stations are overflowing with sacks of wheat and oats; the wool-clip is worth hundreds of thousands of pounds per annum; and the meat-raising and dairying industries are on a scale of ever-increasing magnitude. Canterbury is the home of the model farmer—two generations of uninterrupted progress and close tillage have given to the more favoured portions of the province a thoroughly well-tended appearance. A run across the plains is a particularly pleasant experience in the clear and breezy spring or early summer, when the grassy expanse inland is a vivid sheet of emerald, bounded afar off by sharp-peaked blue hills sprinkled with snow, and the keen air is sweet with the breath of clover.

Several provincial towns are passed through—Ashburton, Temuka, Timaru, and Oamaru are the largest. Timaru and Oamaru are important seaports, regularly visited by big frozen-meat and grain carriers. Ashburton and Temuka are particularly good trout-fishing districts.

THE SOUTHERN ALPS



THIS Greenstone Land is the land of greater glories. Most sublime of all are the Southern Alps, that colossal snowy range, stretching like a great white saw-edge north-east and south-west for over three hundred miles, and rising in many places into superb icy peaks more than 10,000 ft. in height. Westwards are the tangled forests of the Golden Coast; eastwards the great rolling downs and plains of

the sheep-farmers, golden-yellow with tussock.

A magnificent playground for the alpinist. It is probably the grandest national recreation-ground the Dominion possesses—a free, indomitable wilderness, where the tremendous forces of nature are supreme, and where man must exert his utmost powers of skill and courage, resource and perseverance if he is to scale the great backbone of the land with its snowy spires. The alpine Sierras with their

towering white peaks, their magnificent glaciers and ice-falls, and their enormous snowfields, present to the traveller some of the wildest and most beautiful pictures that the eye of mountain-lover has ever gazed upon. Here are huger glaciers than those in the European Alps—larger, in fact, than any outside the circumpolar regions, except the ice-streams of the Himalayas. At the feet of the mountains are numerous ice-fed lakes; and from the terminals of the glaciers issue many large rivers—the Waiau-ua, about 100 miles in length; Hurunui, 85 miles; Waimakariri, 90 miles; Rakaia, 85 miles; Ashburton, 64 miles; Rangitata 64 miles; the Waitaki and its feeders 140 miles.



MOUNT COOK, OR AORANGI (12,349 FT.), FROM THE HOOKER VALLEY.

To the Mount Cook Hermitage, the Government Tourist Department's hostelry in the heart of Alpine-land, one goes from the rail-head at Fairlie by motor-car and coach—a good day's run through a fine wide breezy pastoral country, and past the shores of two large glacial lakes, Tekapo and Pukaki. The ranges between which the Hermitage stands form the portals to some of the most glorious of all ice and mountain-scapes. All around lift the alps, their lower slopes white and yellow with vast beds of mountain-flowers, their dazzling summits flashing back the sun. On the east and south the valley is walled in by the Sealey Range, rising almost sheer from the plain for 3,000 ft., and culminating in the cone of Mount Sealey, 8,631 ft. Nor'-west the vision

is bounded by the ice-hung crags of Mount Sefton, rising cliff on cliff for more than 10,000 ft. Further away, but towering over all the alpine chain, is magnificent Aorangi, a gabled giant of black rock and blazing ice-fields. The extraordinary amount of glaciation is perhaps the most wonderful feature of this mountain-land. The largest of the many great glaciers close to the Hermitage is the Tasman, eighteen miles long and two miles wide, and perhaps 1,000 ft. deep—a truly enormous ice-river.

These are some of the ice-clad mountains in the vicinity of the Hermitage, all worthy the alpinist's attack :—

	Ft.		Ft.
Cook (Aorangi) ..	12,349	Sefton ..	10,350
Tasman ..	11,467	Elie de Beaumont ..	10,200
Dampier ..	11,291	Douglas Peak..	10,107
Silberhorn ..	10,796	Ia Perouse ..	10,101
Lendenfeldt ..	10,508	Haidinger ..	10,059
Roberts ..	10,487	The Minarets ..	10,058
Malte Brun ..	10,421		

The glaciers within easy distance include, besides the great *mer de glace* of the Tasman, the Mueller, Hooker, Murchison, and Godley. From the Ball Hut (3,400 ft.) and Malte Brun Hut (5,700 ft.), erected for the shelter of climbers, and provided with food and bedding, in the Tasman Valley, many alpine excursions may be conveniently made. The Ball Hut is fourteen miles and the Malte Brun about twenty-two miles from the Hermitage. The West Coast may also be reached *via* the Hooker Glacier, Fitzgerald's Pass, and the beautiful valleys of the Copland and Karangarua.

Travellers need not cumber themselves with alpine gear or camping-



MOUNT SEFTON (10,350 FT.).

out equipment. Everything required for alpine work is kept at the Hermitage—ice-axes, ruc-sacs, ropes, &c., even to snow-glasses and boot-nails—the mountaineer can have his boots suitably nailed here if necessary. Government guides are in waiting at the Hermitage to conduct visitors over the various glacier and mountain routes. For non-climbers there are many agreeable days to be spent around the hotel, enjoying the clear invigorating air, the views of the encircling snowy peaks, snow-fields, and ice-fed rivers, and exploring the valleys and hill-slopes for the rich and varied alpine flora, without making any high ascents or long glacial expeditions. These Alps of Maoriland are a blaze of high dramatic colour. The crystalline atmosphere intensifies all landscape hues, accentuates all golden lights and purple shadows. The sky is a deeper blue than on the plains below. The ice-fields glow like white fire. The breaking of day on the peaks of ivory, the alpen-glow that lingers on the snows of Aorangi and Sefton long after the sun has sunk from the eye, are visions to be dreamed of—not painted.

THE VALLEY OF THE HOOKER.

Just at the back of the Hermitage is the beautiful Hooker Valley, down which a glacier sweeps from the top of the divide, a valley rich in alpine meadow vegetation. The scenery here is a wonderfully fine combination of soft beauty and majestic gloom. Towering imminently and menacingly over us are the storm-worn pinnacles of the Cook Range, wild crags weathered into a thousand rocky spires and castellated walls. On the left are the ice-cased summits of the Moorhouse range, fiery with glaciers and threaded with perpendicular cataracts like white motionless lines drawn down the mountain-sides. High ahead is the ever-wonderful sharp-angled pyramid of Aorangi. But at our feet a lovely little blue stream dances down the winding valley, its grassy banks bright with flowers and blossoming shrubs and fragrant with the scent of the mountain heath. Great grey rocks, fallen from the heights, are scattered around, crusted with lichens and mosses, and all about and in between them is a tangle of mountain vegetation—long grasses, dwarf totara and koromiko shrubs, lilies and daisies, and many a bayonet-spiked "wild Spaniard," with its stiff flower-stems. Around these mossy boulders the ice-fed brook takes its way, singing the song of mountain and snow. Presently we leave the little river (about three miles from the Hermitage) and strike up along the ancient lateral moraine of the Hooker, a singularly regular and sharp-cut terrace of grass-grown *débris*, stretching for miles parallel with the flow of the glacier. The sound of distant waterfalls is borne on the wind. From one point we see on the opposite side of the valley four or five glimmering streams leaping down over the one huge cornice of rock. Grandly romantic is this wonderful ice-hewn glen, with its wild rocks, its craggy walls, its cascading brooks, and its strange mountain voices—fitting haunt for Ossianic spirits, for Fingal and his

heroes, in an antipodean *Moi-lena*, "the valley of the breeze, where mists lift their morning skirts from the blue-winding streams."

And the flowers! They are here in millions. Acres and acres—no, miles and miles—of giant mountain-lilies, golden gems set in snowy petals, and framed by cool green leaves often half full of rain-water—veritable mountain-pitchers. Great alpine daisies, with their silvery leathery leaves; little mountain violets and pimpernels; and here and there the New Zealand edelweiss.

Now we are directly opposite the Copland (or Fitzgerald's) Pass, a perpetually ice-clad saddle (altitude, 6,863 ft.) on the Moorhouse Range, sagging down between Raureka Peak and the Footstool. The trans-alpine route to the Karangarua River and the West Coast crosses this saddle. Over us on the right lean the tremendous precipices and aiguilles of Mount Mabel (6,868 ft.) and Mount Rosa (6,997 ft.), and just north of Mount Rosa is the Ball Pass (7,426 ft.), the alpine route between the Tasman and Hooker Glaciers. We leave the fields of lilies, and work across the steep faces of some immense rock-slides. A clear mountain-stream is crossed, leaping down over the boulders; then we enter the snowfields which lead up to the Ball Pass. Toiling up through the soft snow for about 1,000 ft., a beautiful waterfall is



RANUNCULUS LYALLI
(ALPINE BUTTERCUP).

[Popularly called "Mountain Lily."]

reached, dropping in a double stream of glancing water and feathery spray into a deep and shadowy cavern overhung by great black rocks like a huge chimney. Returning to the Hooker, there is some splendid glissading. Plodding up through the snow is weary work and slow, but the climber has his reward when, sitting or standing, he flies down the smooth, steeply slanting slope of white as on the wings of the wind, steering his giddy course with his ice-axe, the snow cascading from his feet in powdery showers. It is one of the thrilling sports of the high Alps—the very luxury of motion.

THE GREAT TASMAN GLACIER.

But the most fascinating excursion of all is that up the Tasman Valley to the Government rest-house on the Malte Brun Range, where one may sleep comfortably at an elevation of 500 ft. above the Tasman Glacier. More than half the distance to the Malte Brun hut (as far as the hut at the foot of the Ball Pass, Cook Range) may be traversed

on horseback; then there is an easy eight-miles walk up and across the Tasman's huge gently sloping ice-flow. The Tasman is an enormous white inclined plane, broken here and there by outcropping seracs and ice-towers, and by miniature valleys and gorges in the ice, through which lovely blue surface-streams rush downwards. Numerous subsidiary glaciers and ice-cascades descend into the Tasman Valley, and swell the volume of the main glacier. The most remarkable of these tributaries is the magnificent Hochstetter Ice-fall, descending precipitously from the ice-hung flanks of Aorangi and the great ice-plateau that lies below the peak of Tasman.



MOUNT COOK AND THE HOCHSTETTER ICEFALL: FROM THE GREAT TASMAN GLACIER.

Imagine a colossal cascade of ice, 4,000 ft. high and a mile wide—a thousand Niagaras frozen into one—plunging steeply down the dark and rugged side of a mountain more than 12,000 ft. in height, heaving in great waves of milky whiteness, and again broken into enormous spires and pinnacles; rolling downwards in a dazzle of many-coloured light, its hollows glinting a wondrous ethereal blue, and its splintered bergs and minarets glittering like countless points of fire. In its midst lies a great black rock, a sombre island buttressed against the enormous pressure of the downflowing serac ice, which every now and then

forces immense blocks over its polished head, and drops them with a crash of thunder on to the broken ice below. At the foot, where the great cataract swings with loud groanings and crackings into the mighty mass of the Tasman, there are ice grottoes and caverns, blue-hazed and gleaming with the strange lustre of refracted light, their floors gemmed with the loveliest of little purple pools—baths fit for some fairy Titania of Ice Land. This is the great Hochstetter Ice-fall, often photographed, but of a beauty far beyond the poor art of man to portray, whether by camera or brush. Below the fall, just where it merges into the Tasman, the Hochstetter is a maze of peaked ridges and broken masses of ice, squirming under tremendous pressure. At



MAUNGA-MA ("WHITE MOUNTAIN"), AND HANGING GLACIERS OF THE MOORHOUSE RANGE, SOUTHERN ALPS: FROM THE SEALEY RANGE.

one place there is a miniature cold-water geyser—a subglacial stream suddenly released from its prison-cave, and bursting forth in a powerful fountain-spring. Throw a stone or a lump of ice into the fount and you will see it hurled back with the angry energy of a Hot Lakes *puia*.

Now we are on the blue ice. All around the surface of the glacier is wonderfully cut and fractured and crevassed. The *moulins* and

crevasses quiver with an exquisite blue—a tenderer, more entrancing hue than was ever seen in sea or sky—so close to you, yet so ghostly and intangible. You can thrust your hand or your ice-axe into these mystic fissures and wells of rich warm colour, and marvel at the vision. Into some of the deep *moulins* large surface-streams disappear. With the aid of rope and ice-axe you can descend into the upper and wider portions of these wonderful cave-pipes leading to the subglacial rivers, and, bending over, see through the hazy blue the corkscrew course of the water-cut well. The sides of the frosty funnels are worn as smooth as the inside of a geyser-pipe, to which, indeed, they bear a remarkable resemblance. Some of the well-shafts suggest walls of veined marble, pink and blue. Down, far down into the blue depths roars the icy stream, plunging from ledge to ledge, and surging from side to side, until at last it takes a desperate leap into utter gloom, and you see it no more. But at many places, if you pause and listen, on the glacier fields you may hear far below the dull roar of the imprisoned river, blindly seeking its way downward and out beneath unknown hundreds of feet of ice. Here and there are piles and ridges of moraine just like vast heaps of road-metal, sharp-edged, and sliding beneath the feet. The ice seems to run in waves, heaving like the billows of the sea; then again it is level for long spaces severed by far-stretching narrow crevasses; most of these can be stepped over. When at last we emerge on the clear ice of the Tasman main stream, a grand *mer de glace* lies before us—a gently sloping plane over which one could almost walk blindfolded for considerable distances.

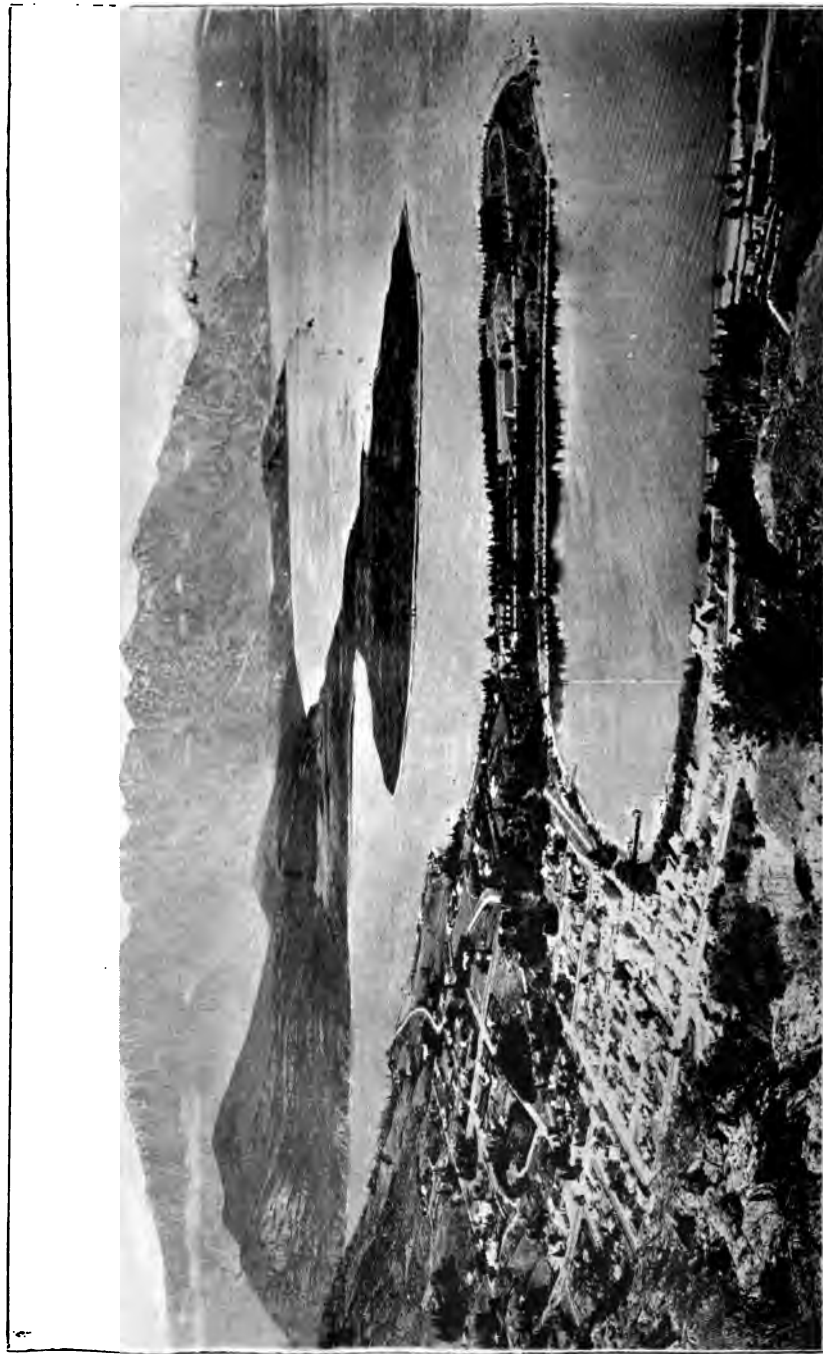
Rounding the great bend on the Upper Tasman, where the glacier swings round the bold spur of Malte Brun, we continue along the ice for about two miles, and then scramble up the rocks of the Malte Brun Range to the Government hut, about 500 ft. above the glacier. A snug weatherproof shelter is this comfortable little alpine rendezvous—a two-roomed iron house, securely ensconced on a tiny tussocky plateau, guyed down with wire ropes, and backed by an immense rock which guards it from the occasional showers of stones that come rattling down the mountain-side when the winter snow begins to melt. This hut, like that at the Ball Pass-foot, is always kept well-stocked with food, and furnished with sleeping-requirements. “Grateful and comforting” indeed is the cup of hot soup that is the orthodox prescription for chilled and weary alpinists in these parts; and then the excellent tea-dinner that the guides manage to conjure up with the aid of sundry mysterious lockers and an oil-stove—surely the best meal ever set before man! And afterwards—it is the acme of luxury to roll into the blankets in the cosy hut, and listen with equanimity to the crashing of the avalanches, and perhaps the howling of a mountain gale, or the driving of sleety rain upon the iron roof—and call down benedictions upon the thoughtfulness that prompted the erection of this shelter-house in the heart of the alpine wilderness.

Then the glorious early morning vision from our mountain house on a bright, clear day—the sky a stainless blue, the air cool and crisp with the breath of the snow. It is a spectacle of dazzling splendour, almost too brilliant in its supernal radiance for the eye of man. At our feet stretches the pure, white ice-sheet of the Tasman, here a mile and a quarter wide, and curving far up into the central ridge on our right. Directly opposite lift in glorious array the glittering mountain-kings, shooting 11,000 ft. and 12,000 ft. and more into the sky—magnificent Aorangi cleaving the sky, then Tasman's polished ice-dome, De la Beche's splintered crags, all glistening with glaciers, from which avalanches continually fall, and a score of other monstrous peaks—the whole forming a panorama of dark rock and gleaming ice grand beyond compare. A world of rock and ice; how it burns upon man's weak vision this dazzling day! Ice-cataracts descending in a million facets of fiery light into the glacier-valley; waterfalls glancing in feathery spray, veining with lines of quicksilver the black precipices; ice-peaks twinkling away on right and left as far as the vision extends, like so many colossal heliographs of Alpine-land.



THE GREAT DIVIDE: PANORAMA OF THE SOUTHERN ALPS, FROM NEAR THE MALTE BRUN HUT, ABOVE TASMAN GLACIER.

The peaks shown in this picture, from left to right, are: Mounts Dampier (11,291 ft.), Silberhorn (10,796 ft.), Tasman (11,467 ft.), Haidinger (10,059 ft.), Douglas Peak (10,107 ft.), Glacier Peak (9,871 ft.).



QUEENSTOWN, LAKE WAKATIPU, AND THE REMARKABLE MOUNTAINS.

THE SOUTHERN LAKES.

WAKATIPU.

WANAKA and HAWEA.

MANAPOURI.

TE ANAU.



A WAKATIPU PICTURE.

FINE as the Northern Lakeland is, Nature is perhaps seen at her richest as a colourist in the great southern region of Lakeland and Fiordland comprising the Western portion of the Otago and Southland Provincial Districts. The lakes here are immensely deep and intensely blue; the woods, owing to the humidity of the climate,

are of exceeding luxuriance, and the contrasts of the many shades of forest verdure, the purple of the mountains, the blue and silver of the lakes, the flashing foam of the innumerable cataracts, the fiery-white glitter of the icefields and glaciers, and the grey and black walls of craggy rock, compose an unending series of wonderful landscapes. There is convenient access by rail and coach, and Government passenger-steamers trade on the principal lakes.

LAKE WAKATIPU, the most readily accessible of these great lakes, is reached by rail from Dunedin or Invercargill. It is fifty miles in length, and is serpentine in shape, filling the vast hollow formed by an ancient glacier. Wakatipu has been termed "New Zealand's Lucerne"; but, unlike Lucerne and other famous lakes of Europe, the great lakes of south New Zealand owe nothing of their beauty or interest to works of man. The lordly architecture of Wakatipu's mountain towers and snowy peaks, the singularity of its outline, the glorious cobalt-blue of its pure waters, and the marvellous ever-changing play of colour over land and lake are features which call for no human enhancement. In some of its narrowest parts, where it is barely two miles across, the dark precipitous heights which confine its waters rise nearly perpendicularly to majestic heights, and throw their shadows from side to side of the silent fiord-like lake.

Infinite variety, however, is a characteristic of Wakatipu. Along its shores there are many spots of quiet sylvan beauty, and one of the prettiest of waterside villages is the little Township of Queenstown, with its white houses, its gardens and tree-groves, and its shady walks and park, rimmed by a crescent of shining sandy beach; the pleasantest of nooks for a quiet holiday, where one inhales health and new life with every breath of the pure mountain-air.

With Queenstown as one's headquarters, many fine excursions offer, and even without making any long drives or high mountain ascents there are a multitude of interesting places close at hand. In the local domain—an ancient glacial moraine, now a tree-shaded peninsula—there is a good bowling-green. Back of the town there are driving roads out to some of the townships founded in the old gold-digging



THE REMARKABLE MOUNTAINS (7,688 FT.), LAKE
WAKATIPU.

days, such as Arrowtown, and to the wild gorge of the roaring Shotover, and the magnificently bold, rocky cañon of Skipper's. This way is seen a pretty blue lake, in the midst of richly cultivated farm lands; the early white settlers called it Lake Hayes, but the olden Maori gave it a more poetic and appropriate name, Te Wai-Whakaata ("The Mirror-like Waters"). At the back of the town in another direction lifts the huge bulk of Ben Lomond, 5,747 ft. high; this fine peak, commanding a magnificent view of alp and lake, is climbed by great numbers of visitors every summer. There is a horse-track to within 1,500 ft. of the top. There are some pretty drives and walks along the lake-shore below the flanks of Ben Lomond. Then, there is the grandest excursion of all—a cruise to the head of the



THE SEA OF MOUNTAINS.

A PANORAMA FROM THE SUMMIT OF BEN LOMOND (5,700 ft.), LAKE WAKATIPU, LOOKING NORTH.

lake in one of the Government steamers as far as Glenorchy, about twenty-nine miles from Queenstown. This is a most delightful water-trip on a fine summer day, or even on a calm day of winter, when the huge mountains that dip to the deep-blue lake are blanketed in snow and ice. Beyond the head of the lake rises the giant of all these Wakatipu mountains, Mount Earnslaw, 9,200 ft. high, carrying some very large glaciers. Nearer Glenorchy are such lovely spots as Diamond Lake, Paradise, the Rees Valley, and the Lennox Falls. Paradise, with its fagus woods, its bright waters, and its mountain vistas, is a place of exceeding charm for many travellers. Perhaps its name is not inappropriate; but the "old hands" of the exploring and gold-digging days were not thinking of scenery or of Edenic bowers when



THE HEAD OF LAKE WAKATIPU.

they so christened it. They called it Paradise Flat because it abounded in the brightly plumaged paradise-duck, which were very tame, and made many a meal for the hungry pioneer.

West of Paradise is a wild and splendid mountain-land, extending to the west coast and the head of Milford Sound. The beautiful Routeburn Valley, Lake Harris Saddle, and the Hollyford Valley are objectives of magnificent expeditions. It is an indomitable alpine world, only half explored as yet—a world of tremendous peaks and enormous icefields and glaciers, illimitable evergreen forests, cascading rivers, and countless pure-blue mountain tarns.

A European traveller, one who had seen many lands and many beautiful sights, recently said of one of the most remarkable panoramas in this wonderful lakeland—the view from the Lake Harris Saddle, above the Routeburn Valley, head of Lake Wakatipu:—

The beautiful Hollyford Valley, winding like a silver streak between those lofty ranges, the snow-capped Cosmos Peaks, the vast snowfields of the cathedral-like peak of Aspiring, the great glaciers, the sapphire jewels of the lakes in their settings of green and blue and purple and white mountains, and the vast forest of jagged peaks made up a picture the equal of which could not be seen anywhere in the world, not even in Switzerland, much as I admire the Swiss scenery.

Wakatipu Lake I regard as in the front rank of tourist attractions of the world. One might spend a year in that locality, and then not exhaust its glories. Queenstown is one of the prettiest spots on earth, and that view from the slopes below Ben Lomond, looking over the lake to the Remarkable Mountains, is something I should like to think of when my turn comes and I am going out over the Great Divide.



PEMBROKE, LAKE WANAKA.

WANAKA and HAWEA, a day's coach-drive north of Wakatipu, are large glacier-formed lakes, one thirty-five and the other twenty-two miles in length, surrounded by bold and lofty mountains. At the southern end of Wanaka is the pretty township of Pembroke; from here a steamer and launches run up the lake to its head at Makarore. There is much of alpine beauty about Wanaka. The shores break abruptly from the deep-blue waters, and rise into mountains of from 5,000 ft. to nearly 8,000 ft. in height; the coastline is much indented; there are several islands; and around the head of the lake the configuration of the snow-tipped ranges becomes very wild and broken, with madly rushing snow-rivers coming down through deeply cloven ravines of dark purple. From the lake-head there is a horse-track over the alpine divide, through the Haast Pass, winding past the foot of glacier-coated Mount Brewster ("Hau-mai-tikétiké," the old Maoris of Wanaka called it—"The Wind from the Lofty Heights"), and through the magnificently forested gorge and valley of the swift and

turbid Haast to the west coast. West of the lake is the great ice-peak of Mount Aspiring, 9,975 ft., the highest mountain south of the Aorangi group of peaks. This alp has never yet been scaled by mountaineers. Huge glaciers lie on its shoulders, the sources of many streams, and up the Matakītaki River (flowing into Lake Wanaka) there are some ice caves of immense size and wonderful beauty. In one place a great water-fall, descending thousands of feet from a lofty glacier, strikes another glacier, bores right through it, and emerges as a torrential river. All about the head of the Matakītaki there are high waterfalls, and there are ice bridges and other remarkable sights.



Dr. Teichelmann, photo.]

[By courtesy of the *Weekly Press*.

MOUNT ASPIRING, FROM THE WEST.

[“Titi-tea,” meaning the “Sharp, Glittering Peak,” is the Maori name of this grand Alp, the highest south of the Aorangi group of peaks. It is 9,975 ft. in height, and has never yet been climbed; it has been called the Matterhorn of the New Zealand Alps. In February, 1908, Dr. E. Teichelmann, of Hokitika, attempted the ascent of Aspiring from the western side, but was blocked by immense precipices. He took this photo from the Therma Glacier, nearly 4,000 ft. above sea-level, at the head of the Waiaototo Valley, South Westland.]

Hawea is a fine alpine water-sheet; the shores rise into lofty purple mountains; parts of the lake-sides are covered with thick forest. The rough forest and mountain country surrounding Hawea on the east, north, and west abounds in red-deer; this is one of the principal stalking-districts in the Dominion. The lake teems with brown trout; there is good sport for the angler about the mouth of the swift and deep Tauru River, which flows out of Hawea and joins the Clutha, the outlet of Lake Wanaka.

MANAPOURI, whose appropriate ancient name in the Maori tongue was *Motu-rau*—the “Lake of a Hundred Islands”—is probably the most enchantingly beautiful of all the New Zealand water-sheets. It is dotted over with lovely little islands, all richly wooded, and is bordered by snowy mountains aflash with waterfalls and by the densest of primeval forests. Manapouri is about twenty-two miles in length, and is the deepest of the New Zealand lakes. Its bottom sinks to nearly 900 ft. below sea-level. The head of the lake presents some exceedingly grand alpine pictures, walled as it is by precipitous mountains broken into peaks of wild and jagged outline. Cruising up towards the head of this beautiful lake, in the Tourist Department’s steam-



LAKE MANAPOURI, AND THE CATHEDRAL PEAKS.

yacht, and threading the maze of the Channel Islands, all wooded to the water’s edge, the deepest portion of the lake is soon entered, with nearly 250 fathoms beneath our keel. The scenery quickly increases in grandeur. On the right the precipitous northern shores rest in deep-purple shadow, but the sun pours dazzlingly on the snowy Cathedral Peaks far above. On the left opens up the long South Arm, a beautiful calm sheet of water, more than 1,000 ft. in depth, banked by high turreted peaks that slant at bold and sweeping angles to the silver fiord. The lake now becomes narrow and fiord-like as we head up its Western Arm. For the artist this is the most magnificent portion of Manapouri. Vast mountains, dark-grey, soft-green, or gloriously blue,

and whitened by the play of cataracts, tower on either side. In the distance a wild uplift of peaks, the Matterhorn Range, fills in the view, with a glacier glittering on the central mountain's brow. Then returning there is a cruise along the northern shore under the tremendous precipices of the Cathedral Peaks. In the great height of the mountain cliffs, the countless waterfalls, the deeply cloven ravines, and the exuberance of the vegetation, this portion of Manapouri strongly resembles the West Coast Sounds. The launch steams out of the warm sunlit expanse of the lake into the cool shadow of the cliffs, which rise straight above for thousands of feet—vast walls of dripping rock hung with a glorious garment of green. Here and there a bold white face of rock drops vertically to the deep water, so



“THE LAKE OF A HUNDRED ISLANDS.”

smooth and polished that nothing can grow on it. But almost everywhere the front of this gigantic rampart of the peaks is clothed with the richest of forest, rooted in every crevice. Tree-ferns wave their fans, and tiny ground-ferns and vivid golden and crimson mosses embroider every stone. And over all tiny water-runnels ooze and cascades leap from dizzy heights. Extraordinarily deep and narrow gulches slash the cliffs in places; between the topmost walls, where the mountain-birch trees on either side seem scarcely larger than ferns, the eye rests for a moment on the shining snow-fields of the back ranges, and just where the afternoon sun glints on the upper crags of the ravine a wild pigeon or a kaka parrot perhaps is seen in flight, tiny as a butterfly, and only visible against the white of the snows. Another unforgettable sensation is the rounding into a little cove, where the trees growing out of the solid rock-face extend their moss-sheathed arms over the lakeside, and where, by looking straight up through the branches, one sees the naked pinnacles and aiguilles of the great peaks, more than 3,000 ft. above the water on which the steamer floats.

A neighbouring lake, TE ANAU, is broken up into a series of narrow fiord-like arms closely resembling the sounds of the West Coast. This grand lake, forty miles long, is the largest in the South Island (it is nearly two and a half times the size of Manapouri), and is on the avenue of overland traffic to famous Milford Sound. The western and northern shores are very beautiful and very wild. The fiords run far up between the towering forest-clothed and snow-capped mountains, where waterfalls everywhere cascade down from the misty heights, and the calm turquoise waters are green-starred with wooded and mossy islands. Huge craggy tors and turrets of granite rock lift in places thousands of feet above the lakeside forests, and back and higher glacier-faces flash and burn in points of white fire. The grandeur and bold beauty of Te Anau increase as the head of the lake is approached, and all Lakeland and Fiordland does not hold a more gorgeously coloured picture than that which opens out before one as the steamer rounds up into the calm bay where the Clinton River flows into the lake; the Worsley Arm lying on the left, all in its soft greys and golds and dreamy purples, and on the right a tremendous uplift of dark granite peaks, mist-wreathed, rising out of the intensely green forests and gardens of ferns that belt the lake-shores. And from every niche in the mountain-face and through every forest-gap and chine pours a flashing waterfall.

On a calm morning, when the night mists have lifted from the silent lake and the blue waters flash to life, it is glorious to sail on and on along these lovely inland seas, watching green headland after headland opening out, and the grand peaks rising like glittering islets out of the broad bands of fog that swathe the mountain-sides. Quiet windless days, when the placid lake glasses sky, mountain, and forest on its untroubled surface, are perhaps more frequent in late



A MANAPOURI PICTURE.



IN THE NORTH FIORD, LAKE TE ANAU.

autumn and in midwinter than in the season when most travellers visit the lakes. But summer has its lovely days of gentle breezes and warm airs fresh with the breath of the great woods, when one feels as if he could cruise for ever on these seas of rest and solace, careless of the outer world and its work and turmoil, lazily watching the sailing clouds, the procession of verdurous slopes, islanded fiords, and pure snowy summits, and the brilliant water-pictures that every passing "williwaw" sets fantastically a-quiver.*

* Detailed descriptions of these lakes and their historical associations, &c., also of the West Coast Sounds, are given in the Tourist Department's new illustrated guide-book, "Southern Lakes and Fiords of New Zealand."





COLOSSAL rock-architecture is the scenic keynote of New Zealand's Fiordland National Park, the wild and beautiful region of crag and forest, loch and waterfall that lies between the lakes of Otago and the huge sea-cliffs of the West Coast Sounds, the deepest inlets of the Great South Sea. This primeval region, as yet imperfectly explored, covers more than two million acres—a vast wilderness from whose lone depths protrude a countless multitude of snowy peaks, whose solitudes are jewelled with a thousand blue lakes and mountain-tarns, and whose dense and mossy woods are peopled by strange flightless feathered creatures—the relics of an old, old avifauna coeval with the great prehistoric continent of the South Pacific—that Lost Atlantis which once extended perhaps half-way to the coast of South America, and of which New Zealand is but the remnant.

Very wonderful are the sights one sees in this noblest and wildest of great national parks. Coastwise, Fiordland extends north and south for a distance of about 140 miles. Within these bounds, where the mighty swell of the Southern Ocean, rolling unobstructed for many thousands of miles, breaks against the granite cliffs of a wild unpeopled coast, are the grandest examples of sea-fiords on the globe, fourteen in number, opening out in islanded lake-like harbours, and in deep ice-grooved clefts between the towering granite mountains, culminating in the enormously high precipices of MILFORD SOUND. Here the waters are the deepest on the New Zealand coast, and the sea-cliffs are the loftiest—probably the loftiest in the world.

Large steamers run summer excursions round the fiords, from the Port of Dunedin to Milford, and spend each night at anchor in some mountain-locked sound, as peaceful as an alpine lake. Fine, however, as the sea-coast of Fiordland is, the overland route from Lake Te Anau to Milford penetrates even more magnificent scenery. Only one or two tracks have been cut through the Fiordland Park; but one of these—that leading from Lake Te Anau through the cañon-valleys and over the pass to Milford Sound—is travelled by hundreds of tourists every summer, for it is an easy journey, and the scenery is amongst the very wildest and, at the same time, the most beautiful that any travel-country possesses. To inland Fiordland one goes by rail and coach from either Dunedin City or Invercargill Town, then forty miles by a Government steamer to the head of Lake Te Anau, thence a two to three days' walking tour to the head of wonderful Milford. The New Zealand Tourist Department attends to the comfort of travellers by maintaining a good accommodation-house at the head of Te Anau and rustic places of stay at intervals along the walking-route, and few sights are more agreeable to the tired tourist at the end of a day's tramp than the blue smoke curling up through the trees from the wide chimneys of these snug little forest hospices. And it is a grand experience to drop the cares of the outer world and for a space revel in the simpler life. Breathing the glorious lung-strengthening mountain-air and the balsam of the bush, breasting the alpine pass until the foot is set upon the very roof of Fiordland, one feels his lost youth returning, his muscles hardening, his heart thrilling to the call of the free and open places. He is once more a primal man, spending his days in healthy exertion in the wilds, his nights in dreamless slumber; and in this fresh and vivifying atmosphere he develops a truly primal appetite which the regulation number of "square" meals a day will scarcely satisfy.

The overland traveller enters into the regions of delight very soon after he lands from the Te Anau Lake steamer. Straight ahead opens out the cañon-valley of the Clinton. The Government accommodation-house, "Glade House," stands just at the entrance to the great cañon, on the banks of the Clinton River, a lovely tree-shadowed trout-stream, as clear as glass and icy cold. From here for fourteen miles the cañon extends, its sides straight precipices of hardest rock, bearing everywhere the signs of glacial action. Gorgeous beyond belief is the colouring, amazing the conformation of this strange depression in the midst of the mountains. Its width is from a quarter of a mile to half a mile. On either side rise perpendicular mountain-cliffs 3,000 ft. and 4,000 ft. in height, and sloping back to snowy peaks of from 6,000 ft. to 7,000 ft. This stupendous mountain-trough was carved out ages ago by some enormous glacier, the present-day remnants of which are to be seen here and there on the high mountains at the head of the cañon—a glacier which filled not only the depression known as the Clinton, but also the bed of Lake Te Anau, and was

probably at least sixty miles in length. Everywhere as one journeys up the mountain-shadowed valley are reminders of the glacial age. The cliffs on right and left—you crane your neck and look straight above you to where their summits vanish in the clouds—are for miles and miles cut and polished by the ancient ice-teeth. The valley is filled to overflowing with a dense and lovely forest, cool and dark, pregnant with the mystery of untold centuries, orchids growing in



BALLOON PEAK, FROM MCKINNON'S PASS.

the forks of the fern-matted trees, long weeping beards of grey and golden moss hanging from the branches. Strange flightless birds—the weka and kiwi and kakapo—haunt the forest. In many places the glassy stream of the Clinton is overarched by a canopy of green, and pretty water-birds swarm on the river. The shadowy, mossy forest resounds with the voices of falling water and many singing-

birds. Waterfalls are everywhere. Thin cascades leap thousands of feet down the dark cliffs, quivering and sparkling in the sunshine, waved to and fro by the wind. One stupendous face of rock, perhaps three-quarters of a mile wide and half a mile high, is completely tapestried with lacy cascades, all flashing like silver in the sun.

The head of the valley is the most extraordinary of sights. It is an enormous *cul-de-sac*, sweeping round in a crescent of adamant

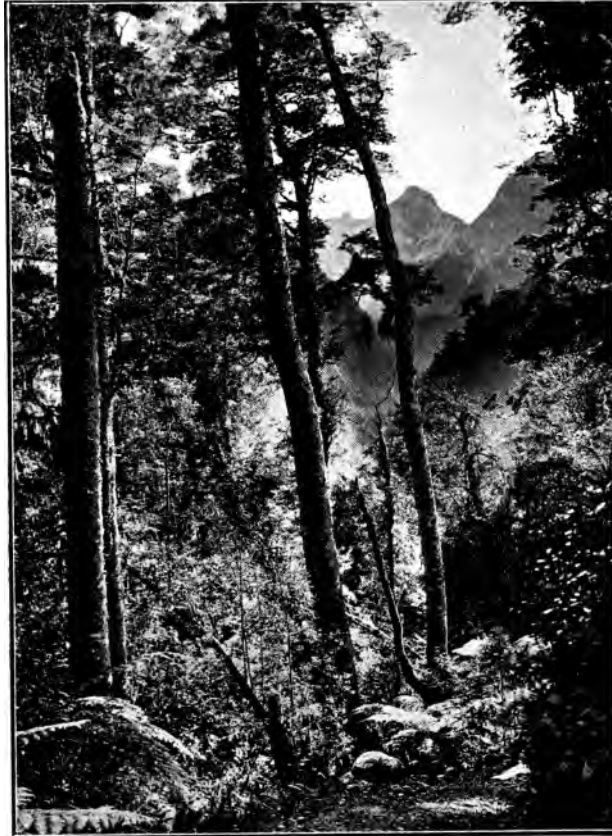


THE SUTHERLAND FALLS.
(1,904 FT.).

ice-hewn rock, perhaps half a mile across at the summit of the basin, and 2,000 ft. to 3,000 ft. in vertical height. Down the walls of this mighty amphitheatre stream scores of cataracts. Emerging from the cañon, the track corkscrews through ribbonwood thickets and beds of alpine flowers to the summit of McKinnon's Pass, a sharp razor-back sagging down between two extraordinarily precipitous peaks. Approach the northern brink of the pass, a narrow ridge, and look over. You step back hastily, for you are looking into space—a vast chasm flecked with clouds floating far below. The grassy verge of the pass literally overhangs. Then, as you look again, you see a sea of green woods 2,000 ft. beneath you, at times half-hidden by the drifting mists. You catch glimpses of flashing cataracts and silver streams gleaming through the trees, and the murmur of many waters comes faintly from the depths. And all round are great mountains. Peak after peak rises to the sky, snow-capped and glacier-coated. From the Jervis Glacier, blazing in the sun right opposite, bedded in the lap of a black mountain, an avalanche of ice slowly and majestically breaks away, and falls in a thundering cascade of glittering white to the rocky abyss below, where a roaring creek pours down seaward-bound. For this ridge is the watershed, and all the streams below us form the Arthur River, which flows into the head of Milford Sound.

Then down in the Arthur Valley is seen the famous Sutherland Fall. It measures 1,904 ft. from the top to the bottom, divided into three leaps—815 ft., 751 ft., and 338 ft. The great Yosemite Fall is said to descend 2,600 ft. in a series of cascades. A stream, however, intervenes between two of the leaps, the highest of which is 1,600 ft. There is no stream between the leaps of the Sutherland, which must be considered as one waterfall, outrivalling even the Yosemite.

A day's journey northwards through the wildly picturesque valley of the Arthur, with its mirror-like Lake Ada, where the big brown trout leap, brings the traveller to the shores of Milford Sound. It is a glorious region for the landscape artist. The route is a succession of indescribably beautiful sights—cascades flashing down through groves of plummy tree-ferns, and round about huge boulders glowing



IN THE BEECH WOODS, ARTHUR VALLEY, ON THE TRACK
TO MILFORD.

crimson and green and gold in their velvety coats of dewy mosses ; bounding streams roaring over rocky rapids ; mountains forested to the snow-line ; a boat-trip across the glassy lake—then all at once the mountains lift tremendously sheer from the deep circular basins at the head of the most famous of the world's fiords.

In Milford Sound the gigantic scenery of south New Zealand reaches its culminating-point. The traveller may glide in a motor-launch along the bases of towering and awful granite walls whose summits are lost in the sky. In its most restricted part Milford Sound barely exceeds a quarter of a mile in width. This is truly a tremendous place—a sea-cañon where the dark cliffs are from 3,000 ft. to 5,000 ft. in perpendicular height on either side. Milford, unlike the other sounds, has no arms or branch fiords. After rounding out at the head into deep circular basins, it terminates abruptly ten miles from the sea at the foot of the grim Sheerdown Heights, 4,000 ft. high. Then, back of the sound, are the ice-capped mountains, the outliers of the Southern Alps, which here closely approach the sea—the fine



THE HEAD OF MILFORD SOUND, AND MITRE PEAK.

peaks of Tutoko (9,042 ft.) and Pembroke (6,700 ft.), both of which carry large glaciers. The most remarkable of the towering cliffy walls which hem in the sound are the fantastic Mitre Peak, which shoots up abruptly, almost vertically, on the south side of the fiord to a height of 5,560 ft., and the Lion Rock and the Palisades of Mount Kimberley, which, on the northern shore, dominate the narrow sound, and fall so straightly to the waters as to apparently lean over them.

Milford Sound was long, long ago filled by a huge glacier. You can see the marks of the ice-teeth on its smooth and polished cliffs. Now it is an immensely deep sea-cañon. Its walls sink below the water for considerably more than 1,000 ft. A sounding of 214 fathoms

has been obtained about half-way up the fiord, near the Stirling Fall. The dimensions of the mountain-walls are so vast that one's sense of proportion is quite lost, and it is hard to believe that the two principal waterfalls leaping into the sound—the Stirling and the Bowen—are each about 500 ft. in height: they look like mere white streaks against the mighty cliffs.

Donald Sutherland, a veteran sailor and Maori-war bush-fighter, has a comfortable accommodation-house for visitors at the head of Milford Sound, and runs his oil-launch on excursions round the fiord. A cruise around this wonderful sea-arm, past the tremendous ice-chiselled cliffs where the water is an uncanny blue-black, is an experience fraught with many an amazing sensation.

Crossing the sound to the giant palisades of Mount Kimberley, one gets a crick in the neck in an endeavour to see to the tops of the cliffs, where the little clouds are tailing through the ravines and sporting with the waterfalls. At the water-edge these granite walls are shaved as clean as if carved by some gigantic knife. We steer close up to the Stirling Fall, where it plunges thunderingly into the tide-waters, and the spray wets us like a shower of rain. The water here is dark-blue, swirling in oily eddies from the fall, and of immense depth. Continuing along the tremendous shores, we pass countless waterfalls. Kohu-réré ("Flying Mist") is a name the Maori explorers of the ancient days might well have bestowed on one of these remarkable cascades we saw one day after heavy rains. Descending from the very top of the mountain-cliff it reached the sound in the form of a most beautiful broad veil of lacy water, blown at its edges into thinnest curtains of spray, and showered over the ferns that hung on the cliff-sides; under this gauzy veil, spanned by a rainbow, we saw a hundred tiny cascades dropping from ledge to ledge. Another stream, emerging like a phantom from the clouds, lay stretched in one glimmering line down the steeply sloping cliffs until it reached a spot 700 ft. or 800 ft. above us, where it divided into two, and flowed in cascades round a verdurous patch of shrubbery and ferns about 100 yards in length, the streams uniting again below it and presenting to us that singular sight, an island on a mountain-side. Another sprang from the very top of the Lion Rock—a 3,000-ft. perpendicular wall, along whose gloomy base we glided in our launch. Long and slender and glinting like glass in the sun, it fell straight down over us, but never reached us. It had dropped, say, 1,000 ft. when it was caught by the wind, swayed this way and that, and finally blown clean away, dissolving in misty rain. We passed right under it, or, rather, right under the place where it ought to have been, and experienced the peculiar sensation of looking straight up at a waterfall that, as the launch-skipper put it, "never fell anywhere."

Nowhere in New Zealand is the bush more beautiful, more sub-tropical in its jungly wealth of flowering-tree, and palm and tree-fern than in these sheltered humid fiords.

We cruise into lovely landlocked nooks, very calm and still, where palms and tree-ferns wave their fronds over sandy beaches, and the gnarled and knotty rata is a blaze of crimson in its dress of summer



THE GRANITE WALLS OF MILFORD: A 4,500-FT. FACE, MITRE PEAK.

flowers; past the feet of gushing waterfalls and the mouths of quiet creeks issuing from dark woody valleys; and listen to the music of the sweet-voiced tui and the bell-bird, and the summer-time cry of the shining cuckoo (the pipiwharau) "*Tio-o-o! Tio-o-o! Whiti-whiti-ora!*" as the Nature-loving Maori voices its clear piping call. Very rich is the vegetation in this sheltered humid region. Wander a little way up any of the cup-like valleys through which the rocky streams, exhaling a thin smoke-like mist, cascade to the waters of the sound, and you might imagine yourself in some tropical forest—until you perhaps reach an open glade in the bush and see high, high above you, like a white splash on the mountain's purple brow, the ivory-like shimmer of an icefield. Flowering olearias grow close to the waterside, and the titoi, or *Cordyline indivisa*, and the mamaku fern-trees give a touch of tropical beauty to the dense woods. The drooping kiekie (*Freycinetia banksii*), with its long pointed flax-like leaves, is very abundant, fringing the rocky sound-edge for miles. Its presence here is accounted for by the Maoris in one of the legends of ancient Milford. The first man that visited this part of the coast was one Tama-ki-te-Rangi, the captain of the "Tairea" canoe, which had crossed the Great-Ocean-of-Kiwa from the South Sea Islands. Tama explored this region in search of his missing wives, and in travelling through the dense and thorny forest strips of his shaggy *pokeka*, or shoulder-mat, made of fibre, were torn off, and, taking root, became these kiekie—which compels a large respect for the size of the Hawaiian hero's *pokeka*.

Schools of grampus and black-fish enliven the waters of the sound. These big playful creatures seem to recognise Sutherland's launch as some playmate that comes out for the special purpose of allowing them to "run rings" round it. One day cruising down to the sound-head we were escorted to Anita Bay in a triumphal procession by a score of spouting grampus. Returning, the launch was joined near the Stirling Fall by a fleet of black-fish. They came racing and rolling after the launch, and played round us like an army of marine monsters. Perhaps it was the sight of a school of black-fish that suggested to the imaginative Maori the notion, so frequently expressed in legends, of an army of *taniwha* or water-deities and ocean-goblins assembling to escort a chief's canoe. They race round and round us, and sometimes suddenly sound, remaining below for a minute or two, coming up again ahead and blowing thin sprays into the air from their spiracles while they wait for us. Then our marine guard of honour forms up on either side, and away we go homewards in the midst of the madly gambolling company, one after the other leaping clean out of the water in regular succession and coming down with a splashing thump that resounds across the fiord. They probably wonder why their strangely tardy companion does not follow their example. Right up to the entrance of Sutherland's Bay they escort us, then they all with one accord right-about face, turn a final somersault, and go plunging and spouting away seawards again.

Coasting southwards from the mouth of Milford a dozen other grand fiords may be explored. This wild south-west segment of the island is a stern and gloomy country to the eye of the mariner who sails along its surf-whitened coast, but as the narrow portals of these magnificent harbours—the best on the whole west coast of New Zealand—



Muir & Moodie, photo,]

[Dunedin.

THE STIRLING FALL (500 FT.), MILFORD SOUND.

are entered the voyager's feelings of awe are quickly mingled with delight at the richness and plentitude of the vegetation, the myriad number of the streams and waterfalls that cascade down from the mountains, and the gorgeous colours in which nature robes these most wonderful and most lovely of her secret places. Going from north to south there are in succession the fiords charted as Bligh Sound—one of the last homes of the vanished Ngati-Mamoe Tribe, the Maori "Children of the Mist"—George, Caswell, Charles, Nancy, and Thompson Sounds; Doubtful Sound (with its numerous islands and its crooked mountain-pent arms), Daggs Sound, Breaksea Sound, Dusky Sound (of the thousand islands and thousand coves and bays),



Muir & Moodie, photo.]

[Dunedin.

HALL'S ARM, DOUBTFUL SOUND.

Chalky Inlet, and Preservation Inlet. A savagely beautiful coast and a huge unpeopled wilderness domain. In all these hundreds of miles of coast-line from Preservation Inlet to the north side of Milford Sound there are not more than half a dozen permanent human inhabitants. Dusky Sound is sheltered by mountainous forest-clad Resolution Island, the southern sanctuary for native birds. This sound is really a labyrinthine system of fiords within fiords; there are scores of beautiful islets, richly wooded from hill-top to the verge of the clear, deep waters; there are snug little harbours where large ships can lie, as Captain Cook's "Resolution" did in 1773, moored stem and stern to the trees on the shore, so deep are the waters and so landlocked and

calm and safe these coves of refuge. In the olden days, a century ago and more, these sounds were the resort of the seal-hunting adventurers who pioneered the south New Zealand shores, and many a roving crew made rendezvous in the well-hidden maze of fiord-ways to replenish their stores of wood and water, and hove down their vessels, "walty from far voyage," on the shelving beaches for repairs.

In this vast tangled mountain and forest park of Fiordland the people of New Zealand have a splendid heritage. It will be one of the great Nature-schools of the future when the forests and the native birds that they shelter will have alike disappeared from the face of most other parts of the Dominion. To-day it is for the most part exactly in the state of primeval Nature in which Cook found its shores nearly a hundred and forty years ago. And not only will it be a noble holiday-ground for New-Zealanders, but it will be a grand field of recreation and recuperation, refreshment bodily and mentally, for our neighbours of the Australian Continent, and for travellers from all parts of the world.



Muir and Moodie,] WET JACKET ARM, NEAR DUSKY SOUND. [photo, Dunedin.

STEWART ISLAND.

WHEN there is the Dominion's *Ultima Thule*, the beautiful mountainous and wooded island known as Stewart Island, containing about 665 square miles, and roughly triangular in outline. Its shores are broken into a multitude of bays and deep harbours. Its climate is remarkably mild and pleasant, though it is the most southerly of the three main islands of New Zealand. For boating, bathing, fishing, bush-rambling, there is no more attractive spot. Of bold and striking beauty, there is little in comparison with the grand scenes of Lakeland and Fiordland. But everywhere there are charmingly pretty spots,



OBAN, HALF-MOON BAY, STEWART ISLAND.

and there is infinite variety of form and colour in the labyrinthine coast-line, with its soft fringing woodlands, its picturesque promontories and craggy cliffs, sparkling sandy beaches, and rocky verdurous islets. The island abounds in tales of the days of old, the wild early days, when the trading brigs and schooners were armed with cannon for fear of the cannibal savages. To these snug harbours of retreat many a ship resorted to careen and repair, and of many a hill-circled cove the olden sailorman could have said with Kipling's Diego Valdez,

There burned our breaming-faggots
 All pale along the shore :
 There rose our worn pavilions—
 A sail above an oar.

The Maori name of Stewart Island is Raki-ura (in the North Island tongue "Rangi-ura"), the isle of the "Glowing Sky." It has, too, a curious ancient figurative or honorific name, "Te Punga-o-te-waka-a-Maui" ("The Anchor of Maui's Canoe"). In the mythology of the southern Maoris the South Island (anciently named "Maahunui") was the "canoe" from which the god-like Polynesian sailor-explorer Maui "fished up" the North Island, Te Ika-a-Maui.

The bays and harbours of the island were once the resort of whalers and sealers from all parts of the world; in the early days countless numbers of seals were killed by the skin-hunters around these coasts. Fur-seals are still occasionally seen on the wild west coast of Rakiura; they are protected by the State.

The bush-backed village of Oban, on Half-moon Bay, twenty-two miles by steamer from Bluff Harbour, is the Island metropolis. Close to Oban is Paterson Inlet, one of the finest harbours in the



MOUTH OF PATERSON INLET, STEWART ISLAND.

Dominion—a splendid sheet of island-sprinkled water, about ten miles in length, with a maze of land-locked coves and bays and hidden creeks. Its entrance is sheltered by groups of islands. There are many pretty nooks and bays to explore, and there is good sea-fishing. The Maori settlement at The Neck, near the mouth of the inlet, is within easy reach. Most of the Natives are fishermen and oysterers, and in March and April each year they go "mutton-birding" to the rocky offshore islets. The flora of these shores includes some remarkable trees and plants. One of these is the puharitaiko shrub (*Senecio rotundifolius*), whose broad tough leaf has often been used by visitors as a unique post-card. A message can be written on the thick silvery under-surface of the puharitaiko; and on the beautiful little island of Ulva, in Paterson Inlet, the tourist who likes to surprise a distant friend with some quaint reminder such as this may stamp and post his leaf letter at the most southerly post-office in Australasia.

A few miles north of Half-moon Bay is the harbour-nook known as Port William, a favourite rendezvous for American and colonial whale-ships up to twenty or thirty years ago. In the other direction, coasting southwards from Paterson Inlet along the east coast, there is Port Adventure, with its lake-like subsidiary bays and bird-teeming creeks. Lord's River, south of Port Adventure, is a sea-indent of great beauty, winding up between the richly forested hills. Port Pegasus, near the southern point of the island, is a deep landlocked harbour of large extent, completely sheltered by its surrounding heights, with many a quiet bay and cove, and strewn with beautifully wooded islets. These harbours of Rakiura, and their strenuous associations in the old adventurous whaling-days, are the subject of interesting chapters in Mr. Frank Bullen's epic of the sperm-whale hunter "The Cruise of the Cachalot."

Foveaux Strait, between the Southland coast and Stewart Island, is the scene of a great oyster-dredging industry. For many miles the sea-bed is one huge bed of oysters, believed to be the largest in the world. It is estimated that over three-quarters of a million oysters are taken from these deposits of shell-fish weekly by the dredging-vessels belonging to the Bluff and Stewart Island; a large proportion of this quantity is exported to Australia.*

* For detailed description of Stewart Island, see the Tourist Department's book, "Southern Lakes and Fiords of New Zealand."





THE Islands of New Zealand are now almost as famous for their excellent shooting and fishing as they are for their strange and beautiful scenery. Numbers of British deer-stalkers sail round the world for the satisfaction of bringing home from this Far South hunting-ground heads which surpass in size and symmetry the antlers that adorn the monarchs of the Scottish glens, and British anglers for the pleasure of fishing in trout-waters whose supply of big "fighting" fish is inexhaustible. In both the main islands of the Dominion there are numerous herds of red-deer, and the streams and lakes from end to end of the Islands swarm with trout averaging five or six times the size and weight of those in the Northern Hemisphere.

The fish with which the waters of New Zealand are stocked are the Californian rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*), brown trout, and Loch Leven trout. In the North Island the fish are mostly rainbow trout; in the South Island brown trout. In the North the best fishing districts are the Rotorua Geyserland and vicinity; in the South there is grand sport with the brown trout. At the mouths of the snow-fed rivers that flow down from the Southern Alps through Canterbury the sea-run trout attain a great size, and the angler has all his work cut out to land one of these great "game" fish. Both rainbow and brown trout sometimes scale 20 lb. and more in weight. In the Rotorua district the fish often scale from 12 lb. to 20 lb. in weight; baskets of twenty to thirty fish, running up to 70 lb. and 80 lb., are frequent rewards of a day's work with the fly. One English angler's total catch in the Rotorua waters for seventy-two days fishing during the season of 1907-8 was 904 fish, aggregating 2,695 lb., or nearly a ton and a quarter, which was probably more than his fair share of New

Zealand's fish. His daily catches exclusively with fly ranged from sixteen to twenty-five fish. 4 lb. or 5 lb. is probably the average size of the rainbow trout caught in these lakes and streams, but 10- and 12-pounders and larger fish are very common.

Quite 70 tons of trout were taken by anglers from the lakes and streams around Rotorua during the season 1907-8, according to a local estimate.

Rotorua is, indeed, an extraordinarily fine angling-place, both for the expert fly-fisher and for those, less experienced but no less anxious to land a trout, who prefer the minnow trolling. The district



Iles, photo, Rotorua.]

STRANDING A RAINBOW TROUT, LAKE ROTORUA.

has every natural feature to delight the sportsman. Beautiful, clear streams flow into the lakes; these streams are ideal breeding-places for trout. Connected with Lake Rotorua by a winding creek, navigable by the lake launches, is Rotoiti, about ten miles in length. These two water-sheets and Tarawera are the chief trout lakes. Trolling from oil-launches and boats is a very popular method of fishing. Various minnows are used with success; about 30 fathoms of strong line are required, mounted in the ordinary way on a rod and reel. Oil-launches have proved the most successful for trolling purposes. Every day during the seven months' fishing season these launches may be



Hes, photo, Rotorua.]

FLY-FISHING FOR RAINBOW TROUT, ROTORUA.

seen out with fishing parties. The launch moves along at slow speed until a cry of "Fish!" announces a rainbow trout on the hook, and the boat is immediately stopped for the exciting fight between angler and fish. But the splendid fish of the swift rivers south and east of Rotorua give even better sport. An English angler who recently fished the Tongariro River, flowing from the mountains into Taupo, had such magnificent sport with the big, heavy trout of that stream, that he pronounced it by far the best fly-fishing he had ever enjoyed, and he had fished in all parts of the world. This beautiful clear river



Hes, photo, Rotorua.]

GAFFING A RAINBOW TROUT FROM A TROLLING-LAUNCH, LAKE ROTOITI.

carries both rainbow and brown trout, running up to a great size. The angler mentioned found that the really big brown trout were caught at night, and one of his night catches near Tokaanu, close to where the Tongariro discharges into Lake Taupo, was twenty-two fish, weighing 250 lb.; on another evening twelve fish were taken, weighing 14 lb. each, and on another six trout, averaging 17 lb. each. The biggest trout that took the fly scaled $23\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Describing his experiences here this fisherman said,—

“I found that the fish in the Tongariro River averaged about 11 lb. each, and about one in every twenty or thirty would weigh 20 lb. or over. This is larger than anything to be got in the South Island, and probably larger than any brown trout to be obtained in any other river in the world. I believe there is one place in Finland where they get some very big ones by trolling in a highly preserved water at the outlet of a lake, but the number caught is relatively small. In most rivers in England a 3-lb. trout is a sort of thing a man wants to go and have stuffed, and there are many streams where a half-pound trout is considered a great prize. In Lake Taupo, where rainbow trout were only introduced four years ago, they have now been caught up to 18 lb. It does not seem possible that they have got up past the Huka Falls in earlier years, and this must consequently be taken as an example of the phenomenal growth which a trout may attain under favourable conditions. The brown trout vary tremendously in the amount of sport they afford on different nights. Sometimes every fish will be playing magnificently, and on another night, or later in the same night, there will scarcely be a ‘kick’ in them. Then, again, they will change their tactics, and one has the greatest difficulty to prevent them from breaking the line with the wildness of their leaps and rushes. A rainbow trout, on the other hand, will always play himself to a standstill, although his first few runs are scarcely as wild as those of the big brown trout. As far as eating goes there is not much to choose between them. The brown trout are better as compared with the salmon at Home. The salmon are bigger and more stubborn, but do not give such a wild fight as these do at their best.”

The Waikato River too, affords wonderfully good trout-fishing, particularly for the first thirty or forty miles of its course from Lake Taupo northwards. Another excellent place for the fly-fisher is the district on the borders of the mountainous Urewera country, between forty and fifty miles south-east of Rotorua; here the Rangitaiki and Whirinaki Rivers abound in large rainbow trout. Many oversea anglers spend some weeks during the season at Galatea, on the banks of the Rangitaiki (a forty-four-mile drive from Rotorua), and they are generally rewarded with splendid baskets of fish from these clear beautiful streams winding down through the pumice lands.

Good sport, too, is sometimes had in such remote places as Waikaremoana, the beautiful mountain-lake near the eastern coast of the North Island. A story is told of an English tourist here who, in a heroic attempt to land a big rainbow, was “landed” by it instead; plucked out of his boat, and towed along in the wake of a very indignant fish. There is no lack of good “fish stories” in New Zealand; the only thing that differentiates them from fish-stories in other countries is that they are all solid truth. There is no need to exaggerate the size of one’s catch in New Zealand waters.

The trout-fishing season in the Rotorua district is from the 1st November to the 31st May, and in other parts of New Zealand from

1st October to 30th April. The license fee, covering the whole Dominion, is only £1 for the season for men, and 5s. for ladies ; licenses for shorter periods are issued for smaller sums. The best fishing waters are all free to the angler.

For the deer-stalker there are in the North Island the forests of the Wairarapa, near Wellington ; and in the South Island the forested hills of Nelson and Marlborough, the Morven Hills, the Upper Waitaki, the shores of Lakes Hawea and Wanaka, all near the eastern side of the Southern Alps, covering the border-lines of the Provincial Districts of Canterbury and Otago. These are the haunts of the red-deer, grand game animals, carrying the finest and largest antlers ever seen on any red-deer. The progenitors of the deer were introduced from England some forty years ago. They have thriven wonderfully in these fertile islands of bountiful feed and good shelter, and they



TROUT-FISHING FROM A CANOE ON THE TONGARIRO RIVER,
LAKE TAUPO.

afford the stalker magnificent sport—which, however, differs considerably from Scottish deer-stalking in that it often has to be pursued in the thick forest. The Wairarapa forests are easily reached from Wellington City in a few hours by rail and vehicle ; the Southern forests are somewhat more remote from populous centres.

The principal stalking months are March, April, and May ; the license fees range from £1 to £5 for the season, according to the district. Mr. T. E. Donne, the General Manager of the New Zealand Government Tourist Department, is himself an experienced deer-stalker, with many fine heads to his credit, and intending visitors to the Dominion who wish to engage in the chase of the red-deer would do well to place themselves in communication with him, and ask for the information, in booklet form, which is freely supplied by *his Department* to all inquirers.

The Government, through the Tourist Department, has also been engaged in stocking various parts of the Dominion with other kinds of big game, including moose, wapiti, and Virginian deer from America, sambur, chamois, and Caucasian mountain-goats, so that in a few years' time when these have increased sufficiently to be shot, New Zealand should be able to give the world's hunters a wide range of sport with the rifle.

Wild-cattle shooting is a favourite bush sport, and wild-goats abound on many of the rocky islands and rugged coastal hills, par-



RED-DEER HEAD, SOUTH ISLAND,
NEW ZEALAND.

ticularly in the Auckland District, also in the Tararua Ranges, Wellington Province. Wild-pigs are abundant in many parts of both islands, and provide exciting sport with rifle, spear, and dog. Some of these monster boars seem almost impervious to bullets, and will give the hunter many a stiff run through the high fern and tangled bush.

The gunner will find feathered game fairly plentiful throughout New Zealand. Wild-ducks swarm in the lagoons and swamps and on the margins of the larger rivers; other game are teal, Californian quail, pheasants, swamp-hens (pukeko), pigeons, and curlew.

Let the overseas sportsman note the exceeding *cheapness* of the shooting and fishing in New Zealand. The Wairarapa deer-forests can be stalked during April and May for £2 license-fee (limit, four stags), and the North Otago forests, from 1st April to 31st May, for a fee of £5 (limit, four stags). In the other districts the license fees



A NEW ZEALAND WILD-BOAR HEAD.

range from £1 to £5. On payment of another £1 the sportsman can spend a season (1st May to 31st July) in shooting feathered game, native and imported, and for another £1 he can fish in every river and lake in the Dominion for seven months of the year. Where else in the world could he obtain such sport on such conditions ?

OTHER SPORTS.

Hunting, horse-racing, football, cricket, polo, yachting, rowing—all are followed with the whole-hearted enthusiasm characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt. The young New Zealand athlete is a worthy “chip of the old block,” and in football, at least, he has many times shown his overwhelming prowess in the very home of the Rugby game.

In no country is the cult of the horse more assiduously honoured, and no country produces finer specimens of thoroughbred horseflesh. From end to end of the islands there are wealthy racing clubs, with excellent racecourses, and the breeding of blood-stock has reached a



THE AUCKLAND DOMAIN : SPORTS-OVAL AND
CRICKET-GROUND.

high stage of development. Chief amongst the many beautiful courses in New Zealand are those at Ellerslie (Auckland) and Riccarton (Christchurch). New-Zealand-bred horses have won fame on the racing-tracks beyond the seas, and the horse-breeders of the Dominion find a good market overseas for their surplus stock in India and South Africa as army remounts.

Riding to hounds may be enjoyed in many parts of the Dominion, particularly in the Auckland, Hawke's Bay, and Canterbury Districts. There are good packs of hare-hounds: the best known of these, probably, is that of the Pakuranga Hunt Club, which hunts over the principal settled parts of the Auckland Province. The neighbourhood of Auckland City is one of the best of hunting districts; the country is gently undulating and the



AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S GRANDSTAND,
ELLERSLIE RACECOURSE.

fields are in many places divided by stone walls (scoria) instead of the wire fences common elsewhere.

Polo is a favourite sport throughout the Dominion, and there are numerous clubs in town and country. An excellent type of polo-pony is bred. New Zealand ponies are frequently shipped to India, where they are in considerable demand amongst polo-players.

Golf is a popular pastime in New Zealand. There are numerous clubs of large membership and there are excellent links.



THE AUCKLAND GOLF CLUB'S HOUSE, CORNWALL
PARK LINKS.

YACHTING.

Auckland, with its hundreds of miles of sheltered harbour and gulf waters, is a magnificent pleasure-ground for the yachtsman. All classes of yachts are seen on the Waitemata, from the little centre-board *patiki* (Maori for flounder or flat-fish)—a local sailing-machine of the skim-dish type—to the stately deep-keeler, cutter- or yawl-rigged, that “walks the waters like a thing of life.” The working-man here often owns his 2½- or 5-rater yacht. The craft being of small and handy size, the crews are all amateurs, and one and all are enthusiastic sailormen. The many-islanded Hauraki Gulf is a glorious marine playground. Here one may cruise on blue summer seas, wafted by the soft airs of the north, under conditions that approach the perfection of enjoyment as closely as heart can desire. Blow the wind from whatever quarter it listeth, there is always a sheltered bay on mainland or island for anchorage at night, as calm and peaceful as a lake. The clear sea-waters along the beautiful coast-line and around the myriad islands lap curving beaches of hard white sand, hard enough for cricket or football at ebb tide, or dash their spray over black, shining rocks to which the oyster and the salt-loving mussel cling; and huge and knotty pohutukawa-trees, whose heads are



Photo by H. Winkelmann,]

[Auckland.

OFF FOR THE WEEK-END: A SATURDAY AFTERNOON PICTURE,
AUCKLAND HARBOUR.

ablaze with crimson blossoms at Christmas-time, crown the craggy cliffs and bend their thick green foliage over the tideway.

Some yachting is also done at Wellington, Lyttelton, and Port Chalmers. Wellington yachts occasionally cruise across to the Marlborough Sounds, on the southern side of Cook Strait. Pelorus Sound, with its hundreds of miles of sheltered coast-line and its picturesque scenery, is a favourite summer resort for sailing and sea-fishing. The famous fiords of the west coast of Otago—Milford, Doubtful, Dusky, and other Sounds—are grand objectives for more ambitious yachting expeditions, but pleasure-vessels visiting those parts should have steam or other motive power independent of the wind.



Photo by H. Winkelmann,]

[Auckland.

RUNNING FREE: AN AUCKLAND YACHT RACE.



Winkelmann, photo.]

“ A SLASHING TOPSAIL BREEZE ” : THE AUCKLAND YACHT “ AORERE.”

AN AITUTAKI VILLAGE.



ATOLLS AND ISLANDS

NEW ZEALAND'S SOUTH
SEA POSSESSIONS.

THE fringe of the Empire. Mere dots on the map of the Pacific are these palm-clad outliers of the British dominions, now under New Zealand's jurisdiction—the Cook Islands, Niue or Savage Island, and the atolls or lagoon-islets of Suwarrow, Palmerston, Danger Island, Manihiki, Rakahanga, and Penrhyn. But they are

gardens of tropic fruit and verdure, and a trade of considerable value is carried on with these piquet-isles of Empire away in the perpetual warm sunshine of the Great South Sea. Some of them rank amongst the most beautiful of the many delightful beauty-spots in the Pacific; one or two are high islands of volcanic origin; some

are raised coral islands ; others are mere rings of coral and coco-nuts only a few feet above ocean-level, enclosing lakelike expanses of pearlshell-bearing water.

In these little island dependencies of ours a political experiment is now being quietly carried on by the New Zealand Government which is realising, though on a smaller scale, the old-time dream of Sir George Grey, who saw with the eye of faith all these isles of ocean, from the New Hebrides eastward to Samoa and Rarotonga, welded



“ WHERE THE FEATHERY PALM-TREES RISE ” :
A PICTURE ON NIUE ISLAND.

into one great sea-nation with New Zealand ; all of them under the British flag and enjoying the blessings of a common beneficent rule and civilisation. There were some advantages to start with which facilitated the amicable hoisting of the British flag and the New Zealand star-studded blue ensign over these islands. The Native peoples are all of the same race, the root-stock of the Maori ; they were one and all anxious to “ belong Beritania.” The principal islands are only

a few days' steam up to the north-east from Auckland or Wellington, and for many years past fleets of New Zealand schooners and steamers have traded there for fruit, pearl-shell, copra, and other South Sea produce. The total exports of the various islands, chiefly to New Zealand, amount to about £60,000 per annum.

A parallelogram drawn on the map of the Pacific extending from 170° to 156° west longitude, and from 23° south latitude up to within about 8° of the Equator, will enclose these oceanic dependencies of New Zealand. The nearest to the coast of the Dominion is NIUE or Savage Island, which is about fourteen hundred miles from Auckland. It is the largest island in New Zealand's tropic possessions. A solitary mass of upheaved coral, about 200 ft. in height, and densely wooded, it has an area of about 100 square miles and a Native population of



THE NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT RESIDENCY,
NIUE ISLAND.

4,300, more nearly allied perhaps to the Tongans and Samoans than to the Cook-Islanders, from whom they are separated by six hundred miles of ocean. It is a fertile, productive island, but its surf-beaten shores are without a harbour, and it is out of the track of the regular island steamer. On its long, irregular, fringing reefs and on the bold, sea-worn cliffs the great inswell of the Pacific, rolling before the strong south-east trades, continually thunders, and flings skywards clouds of spray. Landwards through the sea-born mist the voyager sees forests of tall coco-nuts waving their long feathery fronds in the wind; and below them peep the white houses of the islanders. There is a New Zealand Government Resident Commissioner (Mr. H. G. Cornwall) on Niue. The principal commercial industries of the Natives

are copra-making, cotton and fungus gathering, and hat-making. They make, too, very fine tapa-cloth, or *hiapo* as it is called on Niue. The mallets of the cloth-beaters are daily heard on the beach, as the women patiently pound away at the bark of the "cloth-tree"; then, after bleaching, the *hiapo* is traced with tasteful designs in black and white.

The COOK GROUP comprises the islands of Rarotonga, Mangaia, Aitutaki, Atiu, Mauke, Mitiaro, Takutea, and the Hervey Islets (Manuae and Te Au-o-Tu). Rarotonga, a very beautiful and boldly mountainous island, is the principal one in the group, and is the seat of Government; it is 1,638 miles from Auckland. There is communication between New Zealand and the Cook Group by the steamers of the Union Steamship Company. The regular island steamer leaves Auckland every four weeks for Rarotonga and the Society Islands.



THE LANDING-PLACE, AVARUA, RAROTONGA ISLAND.

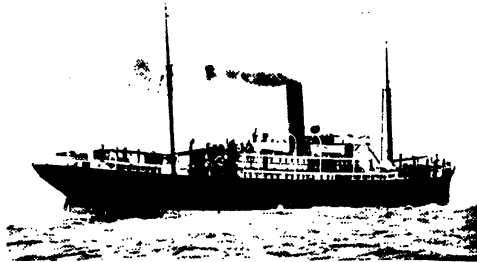
The passage from Auckland to Rarotonga occupies a little over six days. After visiting Tahiti and Raiatea, the principal islands of the Society Group (in French Oceania), the steamer returns through the Cook Islands, calling at Mangaia every trip, frequently at Aitutaki, occasionally at Atiu or Mauke, and always making Rarotonga her final port of departure for Auckland. A steamer service from Wellington to Rarotonga and Tahiti has recently been arranged, to commence in January, 1909. Rarotonga is the headquarters of the New Zealand Government Resident Commissioner in charge of these islands, Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Gudgeon, C.M.G. A Government hotel or *'are-manuiiri* (guest-house) has been established at Avarua, the port of Rarotonga, for the accommodation of visitors.

The volume of trade of the Cook Islands has increased largely since annexation to the Empire. The exports for the year 1907 totalled a value of £51,578, and the imports for the same period £50,756. The Government revenue for the period 1907-8 was £6,349. The island of Niue during 1907 exported produce to the value of £7,955, and the imports totalled £8,491; the Government revenue was £1,618 for the financial year 1907-8.

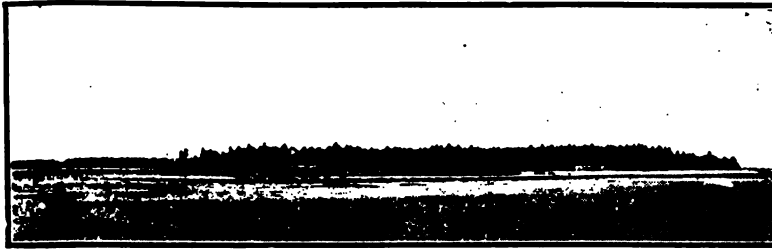
THE NORTHERN ATOLLS.

Then, six to seven hundred miles up northwards are the atolls, the "ring" islands. All are very low, enclose large tidal lagoons, and are thickly clothed with coco-nuts. Away up in the ever-smiling ocean of sapphire blue, the navigator, as his schooner approaches one or other of these pearl-shell islands, sees in the distance a tall grove of palms apparently growing out of the sea. Then, as he sails nearer, the white line of spouting spray indicates the fringing reefs; and when the vessel brings to off the reef the brown-skinned islanders put out to her in their stout whaleboats or their outrigger canoes. Very lonely but very charming are these tropic rings of coral, with their palisades of waving palms enclosing lagoons of soft sky-blue; and a very charming hospitable people are they who dwell amidst the great coconut-groves, in their quaint white coraline-walled thatched dwellings. Their language is almost exactly identical with that of the New Zealand Maoris, and many of their traditions and mythological beliefs are those held in common by all Polynesians. Physically they are a fine people. The MANIHIKI and RAKAHANGA women have always been noted for their beauty: the famous Spanish navigator Fernando Quiros named Rakahanga "Gente Hermosa," The Island of Handsome People. The northernmost of the islands is PENRHYN, or MA-NGARONGARO, a ring of coral about forty-eight miles in circuit, lying eight degrees south of the Equator; on the ring are several islands, long and narrow, and it encloses a lagoon ninety square miles in area, famous for its rich beds of pearl-shell. Penrhyn has a population of a little over four hundred natives, Manihiki has 550, and Rakahanga, 340.

SUWARROW atoll, 530 miles nearly north of Rarotonga and five hundred miles due east of Samoa, is of importance because of its great lagoon. This large and easily entered lagoon is one of the best harbours in the central part of the Pacific, and in fact is the only good safe



A NEW ZEALAND - SOUTH SEA PASSENGER STEAMER.



PENNRHYN ISLAND : NEW ZEALAND'S NORTHERNMOST OUTPOST.

Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was flown.
— Kipling.

haven between Tahiti and Pangopango, Samoa. Suwarrow produces pearl-shell and copra. Danger Island or Pukapuka, to the north-east of Suwarrow, and Palmerston, are also atoll islands, and are of small size, very lonely and isolated, and elevated very little above the surface of the ocean.

A South Sea Island cruise is now becoming a favourite trip with travellers as supplementary to the New Zealand tour, and is particularly pleasant in the southern winter season, when the climate of Rarotonga and neighbouring islands is delightful. There is infinite interest for the traveller in the tropic scenery of New Zealand's little Island kingdom, and in the life and ways of the merry dance-and-song-loving Polynesian people ; and it is an idyllic experience to sail away up into these seas of enchantment and spend a few lazy days or weeks on some surf-fringed isle such as Rarotonga, or Mangaia, or Niue, or Manihiki of the pearl lagoon—

A land of palms ring'd round with foam,
Where Summer on her shelly shore
Sits down and rests for evermore.



TRADING-STATION. PENNRHYN LAGOON.

THE COOK ISLANDS.

The following description, in detail, of the three principal islands of the Cook Group is contributed by Major J. T. Large, a veteran of the New Zealand Maori wars, who is the Government Resident Agent and Magistrate on Mangaia Island :—

RAROTONGA.

This gem of the South Seas is beyond comparison the most attractive of the British islands in the Central Pacific not only for its picturesque mountain scenery and wealth of tropical vegetation, but also for its accessibility by sea, good roads, and accommodation for visitors. It is also the most populous, productive, and—being the seat of the administration—the most important. In shape the island is roughly oval, about twenty-five miles in circumference, and contains some 16,500 acres, all of which, except the sharp peaks and ridges, is good soil. Its geological formation is volcanic, but there is nothing in the shape of a crater now visible.

The surface is most diversified. The outer circumference is the surf-washed coral reef; between this and the white sandy beach—which extends all round the island, except on the north side—is the lagoon, varying in breadth from half a mile to a few hundred yards—particularly attractive when its calm dazzling opaline waters are irradiated by the noonday sun; but during gales when the angry surges come rolling in over the reef it wears a different aspect. Stretching back from the shores of the lagoon to the base of the hills is a low-lying belt of rich land extending all round the island, averaging, perhaps, a quarter of a mile in breadth. This fertile tract is covered with luxuriant tropical vegetation, the au, or yellow hybiscus, predominating, but thickly interspersed with nobler trees, such as the huge-leaved umbrageous *Barringtonia* (utu), the buttressed Pacific chestnut (si), or the silvery foliaged candlenut (tuitui). Growing at frequent intervals are the mango, breadfruit, orange, papaw-apple, alligator-pear, custard-apple, lime, guava, grenadilla, coffee, manioc, and many other beautiful trees, and flowering-shrubs such as the frangipani, oleander, poinsettia, gardenia, and others. Then there is the screw-pine, with its singular propped trunk, which grows mostly along the edge of the lagoon; also the banyan, its forest of stems, growing down from the outspreading branches and rooted in the soil, monopolising much ground in places. Many of the trees are covered and bound together with huge climbing plants, whose stems hang down like thick ropes from the topmost branches. Of food-plants, the many varieties of taro, wild and cultivated, are conspicuous, but none approach in beauty and economic value to the prolific banana, growing in groves or singly (wherever the soil is of sufficient depth), with its enormous leaves often a dozen feet long, and great bunches of fruit, in rich contrast to the surrounding vegetation. In great number on this low-lying belt of level land and overlording all is the majestic coco-palm—the most useful of all trees in the tropics—its tall bare trunk sometimes 70 ft. or 80 ft. high, surmounted by its crown of waving fronds, exceeding even banana-leaves in length, and close-nestling bunches of green or brown nuts, in all stages of growth. Underneath, the ground is carpeted with ferns and mosses in many places, but there is only one species of tree-fern on the island, usually found in ravines inland; it has a very short stem. Most of the low-lying and moist land is covered with what is known as water-grass (called by the Natives "*mauku*"), a valuable forage plant for horses and cattle. The foregoing description, necessarily curtailed, only professes to give a general idea of the most distinctive features of the vegetation of Rarotonga. A copious scientific work on the subject is "The Flora of Rarotonga," published with the "Transactions of the Linnean Society of London" in 1903, contributed by Mr. T. F. Cheeseman, F.L.S., Curator of the Auckland Museum, who spent three months on the island for the purpose of making a botanical survey.

Inland of the belt of level country bordering the sea-shore the island is rough and mountainous, with many fine valleys, clothed with the same prolific vegetation, and watered by copious streams, most of which lose themselves in the sandy tract near the sea before reaching the lagoon. The mountain ranges are mainly sharp razor-backed ridges of basaltic rock. Only two of the peaks are over 2,000 ft. high (according to Mr. Cheeseman, who measured them)—viz., Te Maanga (2,250 ft.) and Te Atukura (2,225 ft.); but the late Rev. Wyatt Gill (a veteran missionary of these islands), puts down the former of these two sharp peaks at 5,745 ft., and states also (in his book, "Life in the Southern Isles") that the volcanic mountains of Rarotonga reach a height of 4,500 ft. above the level of the sea. So there is a very wide disparity between his estimate and the result of the measurements made by Mr. Cheeseman. Perhaps the most imposing feature is a fine symmetrical truncated mountain in the centre of the island named Te Kou (1,850 ft. high), with a flat summit of considerable extent, so straight that it looks from a distance as if the top had been cut off with a Taitanic knife. A magnificent view of the island all round is obtained from this elevation. Two most conspicuous aiguilles of basaltic rock are Maungatapu, which shoots aloft between Te Kou and Maungaroa—its summit is inaccessible to human foot—and Ikurangi [Maori, Hikurangi]. The pinnacle of Ikurangi, 1,575 ft. high, dominates the settlement of Avarua, and is a striking figure in the landscape. Though these mountains are not so high as formerly supposed, nevertheless they are most bold and picturesque, and being clothed with tropical trees, shrubs, and ferns to their summits, they are objects of great beauty. The dwarf variety of the New Zealand pohutukawa (*Metrosideros polymorpha*), called by the natives of these islands rata, is abundant on these heights.

The European population of Rarotonga is 107, and the Native population about 2,400.

The chief settlement on Rarotonga is Avarua, on the north side of the island, adjacent to a navigable channel (of the same name) through the coral reef. This snug little cove admits vessels up to about 200 or 300 tons. Here is the Union Steamship Company's wharf. About half a mile to the westward is another inlet about the same size named Avatiu, where Donald and Edenborough's wharf is located. Both these small harbours are perfectly safe during the prevailing south-east trades, and indeed with most other winds except northerly (north-east to north-west), which occasionally blow with violence during the hurricane season—from December to March inclusive—when a heavy sea sets straight in that would speedily wreck any vessel exposed to its fury. Luckily these dread visitations are rare. The last heavy hurricane at Rarotonga occurred on the 17th December, 1884, when three schooners, the "Altantic," "Agnes Bell," and "Makea Ariki," lying in Avatiu at the time, were destroyed, with the loss of seven lives. Sailing-vessels, as a rule, leave this group during the hurricane season, and so avoid being entrapped in such situations. Nevertheless, the possession of those little harbours, insecure though they may be at times, gives Rarotonga a great superiority in shipping facilities over the other islands of the group. Another small haven, somewhat larger than the two mentioned, exists on the south-east side of the island at Ngatangia, but it is so much exposed to the trade wind that it is practically unworkable for sailing-vessels. The main settlement of the island stretches along the sea-front from Avatiu to a considerable distance east of Avarua. The principal edifice, the Government Building, a concrete structure containing the Court-room and the offices of the various Government departments, stands just opposite the wharf at Avarua. A short distance to the westward is the *Are-manuiri*, the Government guest-house, capable of accommodating about a dozen visitors. A local firm has a refrigerating plant for preserving butcher's meat and other fresh edibles for daily supply; this is a great boon to the Europeans, the great majority of whom reside in Avarua. Within an extensive walled enclosure is the large cottage dwelling of Queen Makea, the head Ariki of the island. Her "palace," named "Beritane" ("Britain"), a substantial two-storied house at the back of the compound, is kept for the use of her honoured guests. In front of the compound is the long school-building

of the London Missionary Society, and on one side is their church. Of the architecture and windows of this conventicle, the "Doctor" in "South Sea Bubbles" speaks severely as being, like black clothing, out of place in this climate; but he waxes warm in praise of the mission-house situated in picturesque surroundings at the base of the hills not far distant. This is the hospitable home of the Rev. J. J. K. Hutchin, senior missionary of the London Mission Society in this group, and Mrs. Hutchin. Near by is the society's training establishment for young Native teachers, conducted by Mr. Hutchin. The London Mission Society has a high school at Tereora, about two miles distant from Avarua. The Roman Catholic Mission has a church, and a school conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, in this settlement. Inland from the main thoroughfare is Ngatipa, the residence of the Resident Commissioner, Lieut.-Colonel Gudgeon, C.M.G. This charming tree-shaded retreat is situated on a flat-topped spur running down from Mount Ikurangi, which towers aloft at no great distance at the back; a spacious wide-verandahed house, half hidden in beautiful climbing plants.



MISSION STATION, RAROTONGA.

There are three other settlements on Rarotonga, not so large as Avarua, but more or less similar in appearance; the London Mission Society churches, schools, and teachers' residences are conspicuous features in all. Arorangi, on the west side of the island, contains in addition the stone residence of Tinomana (wife of Mr. John Salmon), the Ariki second in rank to Makea. The Seventh Day Adventists have also a church and school at this village. On the opposite side of the island, at the settlement of Ngatangila, is the official residence of Te Tianui, the head Ariki of Takitumu, one of the principal divisions of the island. She is the wife of Te Pou Vakatini, a leading chief of Rarotonga.

The drive of twenty-three miles round Rarotonga by the excellent road, which runs near the shores of the lagoon in most places—the principal creeks, or dry watercourses, being spanned by solid concrete bridges—gives the visitor short of time a good comprehensive idea of the contour of the island; but a month can be very pleasantly spent in scaling the peaks and ranges, exploring the valleys, and making excursions in various directions—if with a camera so much the better. Some bold and striking bits of rock architecture and lovely views of sylvan, mountain, and coast scenery are obtainable. There is another road round the island, known as the Ara-metua, used by the Natives in olden times; this old thoroughfare, which is floored or bordered with flat stones in many places,

and runs through some of the principal heathen *marae* (stone altars and places of worship and sacrifice), keeps close to the base of the hills; it has fallen into disuse. The route round Rarotonga may also be varied by taking to the fine sandy beach along the edge of the lagoon on the south side of the island particularly; this coral strand is, except at high water, a fine hard thoroughfare.

In addition to the small harbours at Avarua, Avatiu, and Ngatangia, there is a boat-channel through the reef at Arorangi, and three others also on the south side of the island; about the best is Rutaki. These openings in the reef are invariably found opposite the mouths of the largest streams from the mountains; the fresh water flowing out at those places, particularly during freshets, kills the coral insects (zoophytes) or prevents them from building up the reef there. On the south side of the island also may be seen the largest and best of the European plantations of coco-nuts, oranges, bananas, &c. I have already mentioned that most of the streams on reaching the low-lying land on the coast disappear in the soil (except during the wet season), leaving only dry watercourses extending to the lagoon. A good supply of fresh water being required for Avarua, the Cook Islands Administration in 1906 took in hand a scheme of waterworks for that settlement, which was carried out under the supervision of Mr. H. M. Connal, the Government Engineer and Surveyor. The water is brought in in pipes from the upper part of the Tukuvaie Valley at the back, and supplied to most parts of the settlement.

If the tourist can time his visit to arrive in Rarotonga by the end of May he will have an opportunity of witnessing the annual *tarekareka*, or Native festivities, held at Avarua in June, in commemoration of the annexation of these islands to the British Empire. Then the island is *en fete* with the assemblage of dancing parties, and visitors from all the settlements, and from other islands of the group. Several days are devoted to these annual festivities, when ancient Native plays, representing stirring events in island history, are performed in primitive costume, with old-time weapons and other ancestral accessories; these plays are relieved at intervals with the lighter and more modern Tahitian dances and *imenes* (songs). The South Sea Island life in many of its attractive phases may be seen to advantage at Rarotonga. Then, the Avarua Settlement, besides being the centre from which to make many delightful excursions to all parts of the island, is itself not devoid of social attractions.

MANGAIA.

This island lies 112 miles to the eastward of Rarotonga, and ranks second to that centre of the Cook Group in size (being thirty miles round), in population (over 1,530), and volume of trade. Looked at from the sea it seems an even tableland, rising in the centre to no great elevation; Rangi-motia, the "Crown of Mangaia," is 656 ft. high. The island has none of the lofty serrated mountains and picturesque outlines that so delight the eye in Rarotonga. Nevertheless it possesses in various places inland wonderful rock formations, in cliffs, caves, and chasms, and the beautiful wild gardens of tropical vegetation hidden away in the hollows (its flora is much the same as that of Rarotonga) would not be suspected from a superficial inspection of its rugged exterior. Mangaia is girt with a rugged coast (particularly on the east and south sides), bounded by a fringing reef of live coral, between which and the overarching rocky shore is a level expanse of rock averaging 100 yards wide, nearly dry at low water, and honey-combed in places with pools, fissures, and blow-holes. Sloping up from the wave-washed overhanging shore is a belt of rough old coral, along the top of which, near the foot of the Makatea, the cart-road runs connecting the east settlement, Ivirua, and the south settlement, Tamarua, with the central and most populous centre and main shipping place—Oneroa. This belt is in most places covered with stunted shrubs and trees, interspersed with coco-palms. By far the most numerous and most conspicuous tree is the *Barringtonia* (*utu*), which appears to grow out of the solid rock; its huge limbs, gnarled and contorted to a wonderful degree, trail along the surface and support a luxuriant mass of large glossy leaves that seem to derive their sustenance from the air, as in many places where

this noble tree—dwarfed on this island—flourishes no soil is to be seen. Rising up perpendicularly in most places to a height of 80 ft. or 100 ft. is the unique feature of Mangaia called the Makatea, an immense rampart of upheaved coral from a third to two-thirds of a mile wide, extending all round the island. The veins of basaltic rock and red earth show that it was raised by volcanic agency at some remote geological period. It was probably the rim of a stupendous crater; the diameter between the inner walls of this vast circle of rock is at least seven or eight miles. The surface of the Makatea is a confused mass of jumbled-up rocks of all sizes and shapes; hollows, pits, crevices and chasms abound. On the east side of the island is an extensive desolate tract, known as the Ræi Kere, of sharp-pointed broken coral most difficult to travel over; here Rori, a famous ancestor, lived alone for many years, during which he fashioned the ancient idols of the island, now in the London Mission Society Museum, London. Some of the holes of unknown depth on the Makatea lead down—as these Natives say—to



AT MANGAIA ISLAND, COOK GROUP.

Avaiiki, the traditional home of the Polynesian race, whence they came to these islands, but which, owing to the lapse of ages, they now regard as the spirit-world. Rugged as the Makatea is, there are still extensive patches and pockets of good red soil between the masses of rock throughout its whole extent; here citron and other fruit-trees grow to perfection, and prolific crops of yams and sweet potatoes are raised; and the Mangaian coffee grown here is considered the best in the group. The centre of the island consists of the barren-topped hill Rangi-motia, from which in five places about equidistant from each other spurs connect with the top of the Makatea. Lying in the hollows inland of the Makatea, and in the valleys running up into this central mountain (down which flow copious streams) are the extensive cultivations of taro (called here "mamio"), on the irrigation and planting of which the Natives expend much labour. The banks bordering the various patches are usually planted with Samoa banana, which has a very pretty effect.

On the drier parts of these hollows and valleys grow most of the oranges and the immense quantities of bananas exported from Mangaia; also groves of coconuts and other tropical trees and plants similar to those I have described in writing of Rarotonga. On the central mountain and its radiating spurs the soil is indurated red clay, and only the screwpine (*ara*) and a few hardy shrubs manage to thrive. The surface in most places is covered with a thick coat of fern known in these islands as *tuanu*; it is found in New Zealand also to a limited extent, and is there called *tapuwae-kotuku* ["Foot of the White Heron"]. Mangaia is noted for its numerous and extensive caves, which penetrate the Makatea, mostly from its inland faces of precipitous rock. Some of them are of great length, most tortuous in their course, and with great openings that let in daylight from above, and fearsome pits in the floor that lead down to still lower depths. Sometimes these underground passages open out into halls and chambers, studded with beautiful stalactites of all sizes and shapes, which when struck with a stick resound with all the notes of the gamut according to their size and position. These recesses of Stygian darkness only reveal their hidden beauties when lit up with the magnesium or other powerful light that pales the ineffectual fire of candles or lamps, or the tuitui torches, usually used for the purpose. Then, again, these nocturnal cavities narrow in to a mere crevice in places, through which it is difficult to squeeze oneself. A stout Native woman from Rarotonga, one of the party who visited the Toruapuru Cave at Ivirua, recently had the disagreeable experience of being jammed in a crevice between two stalagmites from which she was with difficulty extricated, and had to be escorted back by the way she came, loudly bewailing, while the rest of the party went on their way rejoicing that they were not so burdened with adipose tissue, and emerged into broad daylight by another outlet. From time immemorial these caves had been used by the Natives as repositories for the dead, as the quantities of human bones, fragments of coffins, and other receptacles found therein testify; but they are seldom used for that purpose now. During the state of constant warfare that existed before Christianity was introduced, these retreats were held as strongholds by defeated tribes, or as places of refuge for hunted fugitives, where they were not infrequently starved or smoked out; or the homes of man-eaters, who were wont to pounce on solitary wayfarers, whom they cooked and devoured; but those were only pickings. On the east side of the island two immense excavated pits are shown as Te Umu Aitu, the flaming earth-ovens to which the devoted Aitu Tribe—who came from Tahiti—were decoyed, on pretence of a feast, and then thrown in wholesale to destruction. At Ananui ("Big Cave"), a cavern opening on the reef, not far from Ivirua, the same hapless tribe were surprised in their sleep by their relentless enemies; men, women, and children were massacred till the sea on the reef ran red with their blood. Perhaps the most attractive cavern on the island is Te Puta, near the same settlement. You enter it by a narrow entrance from a ravine on the Makatea, but it soon widens into a spacious natural hall, the roof supported by columns of stalagmites and ornamented with stalactites. The front, which is open to the light of day, ends at the edge of a steep cliff. You peer over the brink of this precipice and see a large creek bordered with trees 60 ft. below; the waters flow seaward under the Makatea. Overhead the arched roof, studded with petrifications, overhangs to an enormous extent. Look forward and your gaze takes in the valley stretching up to Rangimotia, with taro patches rising terrace above terrace, and bordered on each side with luxuriant tropical vegetation. Another beauty-spot is Lake Tiriara, near Tamarua, backed by high cliffs, with picturesque wooded shores in the foreground. This lovely little tarn (about 500 yards across), and two lakelets on the opposite side of the island are the favourite resorts of wild-ducks—the only true game on the island. Of land-birds, the wild-pigeons, formerly numerous, have been destroyed; still plentiful are the kingfisher and the kerearako, the latter the sweetest songster in these islands. Near Tiriara is the famous labyrinthine cave Tuatini, which had the finest show of stalactites at one time. Through the ruthless vandalism of the Natives it has sadly deteriorated in this respect; nevertheless, from its extraordinary rock formations it is still most interesting to the

visitor. Mangaia offers a great many sights of this kind, and a visitor with a camera who could afford the time to explore the island thoroughly would obtain a unique variety of views.

Mangaia is not a good place for fish generally, yet in certain seasons the Natives secure large catches of a big fish 4 ft. or 5 ft. long, called aai, with the hook. A favourite occupation with them during the early months of summer is catching flying-fish with the hand-net at night. Often twenty or thirty large canoes engage in this work, paddling in a line one after the other, their occupants shouting and laughing; with their flaring coconut-frond torches flaring brightly they make a very brilliant and lively spectacle. There is also much torch and other fishing on the reef, worth seeing.

Oneroa, on the west side of Mangaia, is the largest and most important settlement, containing over eight hundred Natives, and all the Europeans—seven in number: the whole population of the island is some 1,530. It is also the principal landing-place and port (or rather roadstead) of call for the Union Steamship Company's steamer, which now, owing to the increased output of produce, comes here every four weeks; other vessels call occasionally. At present there is no boat-passage through the reef, and everything has to be shipped or landed in canoes through the surf. This in the hands of the skilful Natives is safe enough for passengers at most times; but canoes loaded with cargo frequently come to grief. The greater part of Oneroa—unlike the settlements of Iivrua and Tamarua, which are on the Makatea—is located between the latter and the sea. In addition to the conspicuous London Mission Society's limestone church, school-house, and other buildings, common to all these settlements, Oneroa has some substantial Government structures. Here is the residence of the Government Agent (J. T. Large). There is a large stone residence occupied by the two Arikis of the island, John Trego ("King John") and Nooroa. Oneroa and all the coast settlements are remarkably dry, owing to the porous nature of the ground, and to the fact that all the streams from inland flow out to sea by subterranean channels under the Makatea. This greatly lessens the amount of sickness, and also causes a happy scarcity of mosquitoes, which are such a pest in some of the other islands. Then, as Mangaia is further south than the other islands, it is the most healthy and pleasant island to live in of any in the group.

AITUTAKI.

The pretty little atoll Aitutaki, like the other islands, is of volcanic origin, and is the most northerly point in the group; it lies over 230 miles from Mangaia, the most southerly. The island is five miles and a half long from north to south, and a mile and a half wide, and contains just seven square miles. It is surrounded by a very extensive lagoon, except at the north end, where the great coral barrier reef which encloses the lagoon joins the island. This barrier reef, over twenty-five miles in circumference, is on the east and south side studded with a chain of *motus*, beautiful little coral islets covered with coco-nuts. On the south side of the island the lagoon widens out into a broad sheet of water several miles across. Though it is much obstructed with coral patches and sand-spits, there are some deep spots in places where a large vessel could anchor with safety, but, unfortunately, there are no navigable ship-channels to connect with the ocean outside the reef. This atoll was annexed to the Empire as early as 1888, with the idea of utilising the lagoon for naval purposes. In 1892 H.M.S. "Champion" made a survey of the reef with that object, and a spot on the western side was hit upon as the most feasible point for blasting a passage through the coral barrier; but nothing further has been done. The best channel is Avatapu, opposite to the settlement of Arutanga, on the west side of the island; it is navigable for schooners, but the lagoon is so shallow in that locality that it is of little use for shipping purposes. It is used extensively as a boat-channel, vessels visiting the island invariably anchoring just outside the entrance, or standing off and on; all the shipping or landing is done with whaleboats, which have no difficulty generally in going up to the stone jetty of the settlement, about half

a mile from the channel. There are a number of other boat-passages through the reef, but none so deep as Avatapu.

There are beautiful tropic pictures everywhere. The view from the south beach across the broad expanse of the lagoon—its calm waters brilliantly irradiated by the noonday sun, and showing gorgeous tints of blue, green, or yellow, according to the depth—to the distant reef with its chain of coco-nut islets like a circlet of gems, bordered by the line of white breakers of the great Pacific, is a sight not soon forgotten. Aitutaki, which is smooth and undulating compared with Rarotonga, presents its boldest aspect at the north end, where the precipitous hill Maungapu, 360 ft. high, dominates the landscape. Near by is Pukutiare, and the bold serrated ridge of volcanic rock Mania. From there the land slopes away in smaller hills and undulations to the south end of the island. The surface is covered in most places with the same luxuriant tropical flora as Rarotonga, with the exception perhaps of the strip of level land round the shores, which in the case of Aitutaki is one continuous grove of coco-nuts; the island is most prolific in this respect. The bread-fruit (kuru) is also very abundant. This is accounted for in a great measure by the fact that horses, which by eating the bark are most



AN INTER-ISLAND TRADING SCHOONER :
THE "VAITE."

destructive to this tree, are not allowed on Aitutaki, for that reason. The Natives have adopted the bicycle to a great extent as a means of locomotion. There are three settlements on Aitutaki (the population of the island is eleven hundred odd)—viz., Arutanga—the principal—on the west side, Tautu and Vaipae on the east. The most conspicuous buildings are the limestone churches and school-houses of the London Mission Society at Arutanga; the Roman Catholic Mission have also recently established a church and school. There is a stone wharf at Arutanga; from this structure a straight road leads up to the Court-house, the Government Office, and the private quarters of the Resident Agent, Mr. J. C. Cameron, who, like Major Large at Mangaia, combines all the offices of the General Administration and local government in his own person. Aitutaki—the Arutanga district in particular—is conspicuous for the number of good stone Native dwellings with iron roofs (unsuitable to its hot clime) and boarded floors. A great deal of this is due to the money and building-material introduced into the place in connection with the labour traffic to Malden Island. A very fine building erected on the plateau between Arutanga and Vaipae is the "Araura" (ancient name of this island) High School, recently conducted by the Misses Royle, a good London Mission Society institution, from which the youth of the island have derived much benefit.

Aitutaki does not possess bold picturesque mountain scenery like Rarotonga, or wonderful caves and interesting rock formations such as are seen on Mangaia. Nevertheless, this pretty island, surrounded with its placid lagoon and outer chain of coral reef and palm-covered islets, has a quiet beauty of its own which makes it an exceedingly pleasant place of sojourn during the winter season, when the mosquitoes—the bane of the island—and the heat are at a minimum. The tourist, when tired of rambling through its sunny glades, can take boat and examine the wonderful and beautiful creations of the coral reef; or explore the reef islets, with an occasional spell of fishing. The lagoon is famous for the abundance and variety of its fish; one of the finest-flavoured and one that affords the best sport is the silvery and agile kiokio, often over 2 ft. long. An interesting sight is the netting of a school of ava—a fine fish like the New Zealand hapuku (groper). It is an exciting pastime, in which numbers of boats and canoes take part. When the fish are seen they are approached cautiously; the seine is run out, enclosing the school, and the two ends are joined. Then in a twinkling the boats and canoes are emptied of their occupants, who, with shouts and laughter, dive after the fish, which are soon transferred to the boats; the seine is hauled in, and the process repeated. Then there is fish-spearing on the reef, and there is, perhaps, the chance of a turtle-hunt. To crown all, the visitor may engage an expert Native and behold the Aitutakian method of catching sharks, by putting a slip-noose over the tail while, all unconscious, the monster is dozing in a submarine cave, under a coral patch, its usual haunt in the lagoon. This is a proceeding requiring great nerve and skill on the part of the diver. He delicately adjusts the noose, and returns to the boat, when the fish is hauled in tail foremost, much to his astonishment—and keep out of his way. With a boat well provided with water and provisions, days may be spent in this way, and in camping out on some coco-nut islet—for preference, Rapota or Moturakau, two lovely little bush-covered geological wonders of volcanic rock and soil in the lagoon. These islets look as if they had just been sliced off the tops of a couple of hills on the mainland, and transferred by some Titanic power to their present position.

The other inhabited Islands, Atiu, Mauke, Mitiaro, and Manuae, may all be visited, though there is no regular communication with them. A cruise round the group frequently offers during the winter months, when sailing-vessels are about; or, perhaps, by favour a passage in the London Mission Society's steamer "John Williams" when she makes her bi-annual visit to the mission stations.



APPENDIX.

THE CLIMATE OF NEW ZEALAND.

(BY THE REV. D. C. BATES, F.R.G.S., F.R. MET. SOC., ENG.)

THE climate of New Zealand is determined by the geographical situation of the Islands with respect to the Equator and their isolated position in the great Pacific Ocean. Its latitude in the Southern Hemisphere corresponds very nearly with that of Italy in the Boreal—Auckland having about the same latitude as Cape Passaro, in the south of Sicily, Wellington the same as Naples, Christchurch the same as Florence, and Dunedin the same as Venice. Although the weather is not always or everywhere comparable with the best in Italy, yet, on the whole, the climate of New Zealand is by no means inferior to the Italian. Its freedom from intense heat in summer and cold in winter are distinct advantages to animal and vegetable life, and one only needs to point out that, while Continental lands are exposed by turns to winds that in summer bear radiant heat and in winter bring piercing cold, yet, as the waters of the ocean are subject to but little change upon their surface and tend always to modify the atmosphere in their vicinity, so warmth is preserved in winter, and the heat of summer is tempered by their influence. Thus the surrounding ocean gives to New Zealand not only the marvellous salubrity it enjoys, but insures that equability of temperature and abundant rainfall which afford it one of the best climates in the world. It must also be borne in mind that no part of New Zealand is more than 75 miles distant from the greatest ocean in the world. On account of its great length, however—stretching as it does from lat. 34° S. southwards for a thousand miles—it is exposed to different conditions of insolation, and other local variations of climate are accounted for by differences of aspect, exposure to prevailing winds, and, above all, by the influence of the lofty mountain-chains which intersect the country.

The climate of the Dominion can best be studied by reference to standards of the whole compiled from a collection of meteorological statistics of various parts. It is thus possible for any one to arrive at valuable conclusions with regard to the climatic conditions prevailing in different districts by making simple meteorological allowances for aspect, latitude, elevation, &c. For example, temperature decreases 1° F. for every 300 ft. of altitude, and in this country by about the same amount for each degree of latitude southwards.

Means or averages of the various climatic elements are used for the sake of comparison between different seasons and countries, and the climatological means compiled in the Meteorological Office of New Zealand are based upon results obtained from reliable standardised instruments and a carefully selected number of representative stations. By taking a number of these results together, not only are useful monthly, seasonal, and annual means established, but errors of observation, &c., are often altogether eliminated, and the normals thus obtained are less subject to local and temporary changes than records from a single meteorological observatory. It is found convenient to treat the two main Islands of New Zealand as separate climatic regions, and, by taking the means of about ten stations in each Island, to arrive at fair averages which help to describe the climate of the country. The mean annual temperature of the North Island is thus found to be $55\cdot4^{\circ}$ F., and that of the South Island $51\cdot8^{\circ}$ F.; while means of the absolute daily maxima and minima of temperature show a mean diurnal range of $15\cdot9^{\circ}$ in the North and $16\cdot5^{\circ}$ in the South Island. On account of atmospheric and terrestrial effects following their solar causes, the meteorological seasons are later than the solar or astronomical seasons. Thus, in the Southern Hemisphere July is usually the coldest and wettest month of the year, while January is the driest and warmest. The seasons are thus roughly divided into: WINTER—June, July, and August; SPRING—September, October, and November; SUMMER—December, January, and February; AUTUMN—March, April, and May. The mean temperatures (deg. F.) of the seasons are,—

		Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.	Year.
North Island	...	49·0	54·2	61·8	56·6	55·4
South Island	...	44·2	51·2	59·0	52·3	51·8

Mean temperatures of particular places are usually employed in climatic comparisons, and the following annual means and monthly means of the extreme months of summer and winter are instructive :—

New Zealand.

		Auckland.	Gisborne.	Wellington.	Christchurch.	Hokitika.
Annual	...	59·0	57·2	55½	52·8	53½
January	...	66·6	64·1	62·6	62·0	62·6
July	...	51·4	51·2	47·6	42·5	47·6

Australia.

			Brisbane.	Sydney.	Adelaide.
Annual	...	...	67·8	62·8	63·1
January	...	...	75·6	71·2	74·1
July	...	...	57·7	52·2	51·3

India.

			Calcutta.	Bombay.	Madras.	Colombo.
Annual	...	...	79·5	77·7	81·9	80·1
January	...	...	65·1	73·0	75·6	80·8
July	...	...	81·0	82·9	85·8	77·9

Europe.

		London.	Edinburgh.	Paris.	Rome.	Naples.	Palermo.
Annual	...	49·8	46·9	50·0	59·5	60·8	64·2
January	...	38·1	37·8	36·1	44·2	47·1	52·2
July	...	63·1	58·3	64·9	76·6	75·7	77·5

America.

			Montreal.	Chicago.	St. Louis.	Washington.
Annual	...	...	41·9	48·4	55·6	54·7
January	...	...	12·4	23·4	30·6	33·3
July	...	...	68·9	72·0	78·8	76·8

The absolutely highest and lowest temperatures recorded every day afford most valuable climatic records, and means of these extremes give the best idea of equability of the temperature.

MEANS OF THE EXTREMES AND RANGE.

North Island.

		Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.	Annual.
Mean maximum		56·5	62·6	71·2	63·7	63·5
" minimum		42·0	46·9	53·9	47·9	47·7
" diurnal range		14·5	15·7	17·3	15·8	15·8

South Island.

Mean maximum	51·8	60·1	68·7	59·4	60·0
" minimum	36·9	43·3	50·1	43·9	43·5
" diurnal range	14·9	16·8	18·6	15·5	16·5

The mean maximum of the warmest month of the year and the mean minimum of the coldest show the mean absolute range of temperature during the year. Thus, we obtain,—

Mean.			North Island.	South Island.
January, maximum	...	...	72·2	69·9
July, minimum	...	...	42·6	36·3
			29·6	33·6

Mean.	Wellington, Lat. 41° 16' S.	Mean.	Vienna, Lat. 48° 12' N.
January, maximum	... 69·5	July, maximum	... 90·7
July, minimum	... 42·1	January, minimum	... 10·2
Mean annual range	... 27·4	Mean annual range	... 80·5

RAINFALL.

New Zealand has an abundant rainfall, which, though well distributed throughout the months of the year, especially in the South Island, is heaviest and most prevalent in the months of winter and spring. The averages from the climatological tables are,—

	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.	Annual.
North Island ...	13·86	14·07	12·08	11·34	51·34 in.
South Island ...	11·97	13·31	10·96	10·39	46·63 in.

RAINY DAYS (0·005 IN. OR MORE).

North Island ...	47	49	34	21	151 days.
South Island ...	40	38	35	38	151 days

ANNUAL RAINFALLS (INCHES).

	Auckland (43 years).	Wellington (43 years).	Wanganui (42 years).	Gisborne (29 years).	Christchurch (43 years).	Hokitika (26 years).	Dunedin (43 years).	Invercargill (30 years).
Average	41·68	50·62	37·70	46·98	25·16	115·59	38·40	45·38
Maximum	53·81	67·36	51·09	64·33	35·29	154·45	54·50	63·60
Minimum	28·14	31·36	23·58	26·09	13·54	88·21	22·15	33·26

MEAN NUMBER OF DAYS WITH RAIN (0·01 IN. OR MORE).

Gisborne (29 years), Wellington (41 years), Canterbury (39 years), and Hokitika (26 years).

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Annual Mean Total.
Gisborne ...	9	10	12	13	16	17	17	16	14	12	12	9	157
Wellington	10	9	11	13	16	17	18	17	16	14	13	12	166
Canterbury	9	8	10	9	11	12	13	12	10	10	9	9	122
Hokitika ...	15	11	14	14	16	15	16	12	12	18	17	17	177

WINDS.

The climate of New Zealand, like that of all other countries in the Temperate Zones of the earth, is a variable one, and all its atmospheric phenomena are subject to the control of passing disturbances, which in these latitudes come from the west and move eastward, seldom lasting more than three days. High pressure of the barometer—*i.e.*, above 30"—is usually associated with bright and warm days, but cold and clear nights, with dew in summer or frost in winter. Low pressure, with the barometer below 30", usually brings more humid conditions; and while the barometer falls the wind is in the north and the weather is warm and wet. When the wind turns by the west to the south for the rise of the barometer the weather is colder, and sometimes very wet and snowy on the ranges. The changes, though frequent, are never really sudden, and the storms have not the intensity of those of higher and lower latitudes.

Having a marine climate, the winds are stronger than in Continental countries; but many parts of New Zealand are so sheltered by mountain ranges that their records are very small indeed. Another surprising feature is that, as shown by means of the various months, the winds of summer are higher than those of winter. The prevailing winds throughout the year are planetary anti-trade winds—westerlies—which go round the world, and are used by mariners to take them eastward, by Cape Horn, Home (to England), and on their return they pick them up again off the Cape of Good Hope. In summer, however, to the north of Auckland the easterly trade-winds often blow with much regularity for weeks together.

SUNSHINE.

Bright sunshine is abundant not only in summer in New Zealand, but a very large percentage is maintained even in winter. This is surprising to those who have taken consideration only of the rainfall, but it is accounted for by the fact that the rain and clouds are usually associated with the fall of night and early morning. Self-registering rain-gauges show comparatively few hours with rain, and these mostly at night. Records of sunshine at Nelson, Christchurch, &c., rival those of the finest climates in the world. At Gisborne, in 1906, the Rev. H. W. Williams, M.A., F.R. Met. Soc., recorded 2,202 hours, or 52 per cent. of the possible. In 1907 the total was 1,939 hours 20 minutes. At Napier the Very Rev. D. Kennedy, D.D., F.R. Met. Soc., recorded 2,692 hours 29 minutes, being 62 per cent. of the possible. In 1907 the total was 2,610 hours 35 minutes. In the same year the total bright sunshine at Wellington was 1,853 hours 53 minutes. At the State Farm, Mounahaki, in the South Taranaki District it amounted to 1,897 hours 34 minutes, and Mr. G. Gray, Professor of Chemistry at the Agricultural College, Lincoln, in the Canterbury Province, recorded 2,133 hours 53 minutes of bright sunshine. Over the northern part of the British Isles the average is 1,200 hours, or 27 per cent., and in the south it is 1,600 hours, or 36 per cent., and Italy has averages from 2,000 to 2,400 hours, or from 45 to 54 per cent. of the possible.

In few parts of the world are climatic conditions so favourable to human life and its industries as in New Zealand. The Native Maori is one of the finest races in the world, and European families, under these skies, have generally developed into finer and stronger men and women than their parents. Imported seed and stock have in most cases thriven marvellously in the fields, where throughout winter and summer they usually find all the nourishment they need, and require no other protection than the bush, which, wherever allowed, grows most luxuriantly. From youth to age men can in such a climate keep in vigorous health and enjoy life to the fullest extent.

— New Zealand —

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Adult	...	...	6d.	Adult	...	...	1s.
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Adult	...	...	9d.	25 public baths	...	...	10s.
DOUCHE BATH:—				12	...	...	5s. 6d.
Adult	...	...	6d.	25 private baths	...	...	15s.
Child	...	...	4d.	12	...	...	8s.

• ROTORUA •

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Adult	...	...	6d.	...	...	...	1s.
Child	...	...	3d.	COMMUTATION TICKETS:—			
ORDINARY PRIVATE BATH:—				25 public baths	...	...	10s.
Adult	...	...	9d.	12	...	...	5s. 6d.
Child	...	...	4d.	25 private baths in Pavilion	...	...	15s.
DUCHESS BATH:—				12	...	...	8s.
Public bath	...	...	1s.	MUD-BATHS. ELECTRICAL			
Private bath	...	...	2s.	TREATMENT, AND			
Children	...	...	Half-price.	MASSAGE obtainable.			

Waimangu House.

GOVERNMENT ACCOMMODATION-HOUSE.

Situated near the
Crater of the Great

WAIMANGU GEYSER.

TARIFF:

For first three days, 8s. per day; for each additional day, 6s.

WAITOMO HOUSE

WAITOMO AND RUAKURI CAVES,

REACHED BY DAILY TRAIN FROM AUCKLAND, OR ROTORUA,
TO HANGATIKI, THENCE DRIVE SIX MILES.

The Government Accommodation-house at Waitomo is situated in
a position from which the Caves can be conveniently visited.

TARIFF.

ADULTS, 8s. per day; SINGLE MEALS, 2s. each; BEDS, 2s. each.

Children between the ages of three and twelve, half-price.

Admission to Caves: During day—Waitomo, 2s. each person; Ruakuri, 2s. 6d. each person. Between 7 p.m. and 8 a.m., parties of less than three persons will be required to pay ordinary admission charges for three persons, or double day-rates for each person.

Lake House, Waikaremoana

(ALTITUDE, 2,015 FT.)

The Government Accommodation-house at Waikaremoana is
beautifully situated on a headland overlooking the lake, and
commanding lovely views of water, hill, and forest. . . .

BOATING AND LAND EXCURSIONS THROUGH THE MOST ROMANTIC SCENERY.

Government Oil-launch and Boats.

Excellent Trout-fishing in the Lakes and Streams.

TARIFF.

Adults—10s. per day for the first seven days; 8s. per day after the first seven days.
Single meal, 2s. 6d.; Beds, 2s. 6d. each.

Oil-launch Fees—Round trip. Waikaremoana and Wairauamoana, 10s.; Minor trips
on lake. 2s. to 7s. 6d. each. Minimum of four tickets to be taken for each trip.

TE PUIA HOT SPRINGS.

Government Accommodation-house*

Situated about four miles from Waipiro Bay.

Reached by Coach from Gisborne via Tolago Bay.

TARIFF.

FIRST CLASS:—8s. per day for first three days; 6s. per day thereafter. Single meal
or bed, 2s.

SECOND CLASS:—6s. per day for first three days; 4s. 6d. per day thereafter. Single
meal, 1s. 6d.; Bed, 2s.

Children between the ages of three and twelve, half-price.

The above tariff includes free baths. A charge of 6d. per bath (with towel) is made
to non-visitors.

* Post and Telegraph Office.

THE "SPA," HANMER HOT SPRINGS.

(ALTITUDE, 1,218 FT.)

BATHS.

ORDINARY PUBLIC BATH:—		DOUCHE & MASSAGE (15 min.), 2s. 6d.	
Adult ... 6d.	Child ... 3d.	MASSAGE (maximum, one hour) ...	5s.
ORDINARY PRIVATE BATH:—		COMMUTATION TICKETS:—	
Adult ... 9d.	Child ... 4d.	25 public batn .	... 10s.
COLD-WATER SWIMMING BATH—		12 " "	... 5s. 6d.
Adult ... 3d.	Child ... 1d.	25 private baths	... 15s.
HOT-AIR and DOUCHE BATH ... 3s.		12 " "	... 8s.

GOVERNMENT HOTEL.



SOUTHERN ALPS.

The "Hermitage."

(ALTITUDE, 2,510 FT.)

TARIFF: 10s. per day for first seven days; 8s. per day after that time.

GUIDING FEES.

GLACIER EXCURSIONS:—		SPECIAL EXCURSION (Alpine Passes and minor Ascents):—	
For one person ...	15s. per day	For one person ...	20s. per day
" two persons ...	20s. "	" two persons ...	30s. "
" three " ...	24s. "	" three " ...	40s. "
" four " ...	28s. "	" four or more persons 12/6 ea. "	
" five or more each, 6s. "		HIGH ASCENTS (Rate charged for days of climb only):—	
Half-day (not exceeding four hours),		For one person ...	40s. per day.
half the above rates.		" two persons ...	60s. "

RETURNING-FEES.—Guide, 12s. 6d. and Porter 10s. per day.

USE OF HUTS.—With provisions, 7s. 6d. per day; without provisions, 2s. per day.

These charges apply to persons not residing at the "Hermitage."

In case of visitors residing at and paying full "Hermitage" accommodation-rates, no charge is made.

Porter, 10s. per day. Horse (riding or pack), 7s. 6d. for first day, 5s. for each subsequent consecutive day. Horse-lead, 2s. per feed. Paddock, 2s. per week, 6d. per day.

PUKAKI GOVERNMENT HOTEL.

Situated on the shores of Lake Pukaki . .

The Rest-house on the Mount Cook Road.

10s. per day for first seven days; 8s. per day after first seven days.

Single Meal, 2s. 6d. Beds, 2s. 6d. each.

TE ANAU HOUSE.

SITUATED AT THE SOUTHERN END OF LAKE TE ANAU.

**TARIFF :—10s. per day for first seven days ; 8s. per day thereafter.
Single meal, 2s. 6d. Beds, 2s. 6d. each.**

GLADE HOUSE, LAKE TE ANAU.

**THE STARTING-POINT FOR TOURISTS GOING OVER THE TE ANAU-MILFORD SOUND
TRACK, AND HEADQUARTERS FOR GUIDES.**

TARIFF.

**Adults—10s. per day for first seven days ; 8s. per day after first seven days.
Single meal, 2s. 6d. Beds, 2s. 6d. each.**

CHILDREN BETWEEN THE AGES OF THREE AND TWELVE, HALF-PRICE.

"New Zealand Lakes and Fiords."



*A Beautifully Illustrated Guide-
Book, descriptive of the scenery of
the Southern Lakes and Sounds
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